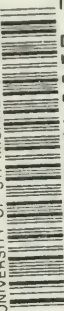



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THE PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
GEORGE CHAPMAN

THE TRAGEDIES

*EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS
AND NOTES*

By

THOMAS MARC PARROTT, Ph.D

*PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY*



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FREDERICK JAMES FURNIVALL

In Memoriam

PREFACE

THIS, the first volume of a new edition of the plays and poems of George Chapman, includes his tragedies, *Bussy D'Ambois*, *The Revenge of Bussy*, *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Byron*, *Chabot*, and *Cæsar and Pompey*, together with the two tragedies ascribed to him by their first publishers, *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, and *Revenge for Honour*. The second volume will contain his comedies, and the third his poems, along with a general introduction, a glossary, and a bibliography.

The need of a complete edition of Chapman's plays and poems has long been felt by students of Elizabethan literature. It was not until more than two centuries after his death that the first collection of his plays, *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, London, 1873, appeared. This collection was incomplete, omitting *Chabot* and *Eastward Ho*, and the text which professed to be an exact reprint of the old editions left much to be desired. In 1874-5 the first complete edition of his works appeared, edited by R. H. Shepherd, who is generally understood to have been the editor of the previous edition. This later edition, although remedying the omissions of the former, is satisfactory neither to the general reader nor to the student of the Elizabethan drama. There is no need to go into details here; evidence of the careless manner in which the task was performed will be found in abundance in my Text Notes to the various plays. Since 1875 only selected plays of Chapman have been published, and of these the largest collection, that included in the *Mermaid Series*, rests upon the work of Mr. Shepherd. There is, I believe, ample room for a new and complete edition, which will at once satisfy the demand of scholars for an accurate text, and present the work of the noble old poet in a form suited to the general reading public.

Such, at least, is the opinion of the present editor, and it is at this goal that he has aimed in the preparation of the present edition.

The text has been the object of peculiar care. Founded in every case but¹ one upon the first edition of the play in question, it has been compared, wherever possible, with later editions in Chapman's own age, and with the work of modern editors.

The spelling has been modernized throughout, and for this, in a work offered to the general public, I believe that I need offer no apology. Exact reproductions of old books are for a limited circle of scholars. They are not editions in the true sense of the word, as I understand it, but merely material from which scholars who have not access to the originals may construct editions. Nothing is gained for the general reader, nor indeed for the average student, by reproducing with painful exactness the misprints, variants in spelling, often due to the old compositors rather than to the author, and the confusing punctuation of the old texts.

On the other hand, I have attempted to keep, so far as possible, the actual language of the author. I have made no attempt to correct his grammar in accordance with our modern notions of propriety. I have even retained the old spellings when they appeared to me to denote a true, though now obsolete form of the word, as, for example, *murther*, *shipwrack*, and *porcpisc*. Here I have in the main followed the guidance of the *New English Dictionary*, modernizing such forms as it includes under the mere variants of spelling, and retaining those to which it assigns an independent place. That I have been strictly consistent in dealing with the hundreds of cases on which I have had to pass judgment, I will not venture to assert. Compromises are rarely consistent, and this edition is a frank attempt to find a middle ground between a slavish retention of the errors of the old texts, and such a radical revision as would dispel the ancient flavour of the work.

In the matter of metre, I have gone perhaps to undue lengths in my desire to retain the old. Nothing, I think, is clearer than that Elizabethan blank verse, written for the stage and meant to be judged by the ear rather than the eye, differed very widely from our modern conception of the ten-syllable iambic line meant rather to be read than heard. What seem to us irregularities and even palpable errors, were licenses which were claimed and freely employed by the Elizabethan playwright. I have

¹ The one exception is *Bussy D'Ambois*, where the edition of 1641 presents Chapman's own revision of his text. See Notes, p. 541.

therefore seldom emended a line for the sake of rendering it more 'regular,' never, indeed, except when I have been persuaded that the 'irregularity' was not due to the author, but had occurred at press.

One typographical matter I may be allowed to mention here. Chapman, it seems, was in the habit ¹ of denoting the contracted pronunciation of the past tense and the past participle in *-ed* by using the apostrophe; where he wrote out the *e* he meant to indicate that the final syllable was to be pronounced. I have followed this usage throughout, even at the cost of reproducing forms that may seem uncouth to modern eyes; where I have altered it I have treated the alteration as a correction of the text and have noted it in the Text Notes.

Any additions that I have made either to the text or to the stage directions of the old editions I have included within square brackets. Where the alteration has involved the dropping of a word or part of a word, as in the change of *suspension* to *suspect*, on p. 362, l. 105, it has been impossible to indicate this in the text, but all such changes have been carefully recorded in the text notes. In regard to the text itself no comment is necessary on this customary practice, but a word may be in place in regard to the added stage directions.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the earliest editions of Elizabethan plays are, to our modern minds, extremely deficient in stage directions. So scanty are they, indeed, that often it is difficult to grasp the situation at a glance without adding, in imagination at least, the stage directions that a modern author would supply. To facilitate the reading, then, of Shakespeare or of Chapman, I believe that a modern editor is justified in introducing whatever stage directions may seem to him to conduce to this end. On the other hand, to omit to distinguish such additions from the original directions is at once to give a false impression of the old texts, and to render the edition quite unreliable for that study of the Elizabethan stage to which at present so much attention is being directed, and from which such valuable results are, we may well hope, shortly to be obtained. I have, therefore, added stage directions wherever I saw fit, knowing that all danger of confusing my additions with the original was prevented by the typographical device of including the new within square brackets.

¹ Instances of this usage may be found in the first lines of the first play of this volume, *Bussy*, I, i. 19 and 22. Cf. with these I, i, 44.

One addition alone is not so marked. Where the old texts gave us no list of the *dramatis personæ* I have supplied such a list, omitting on account of the awkward appearance of the device to include the whole list within square brackets, but calling attention to it in the Text Notes. Where the old text gives a list, but omits one or more of the personages, the additions are marked as usual.

For the convenience of the reader and for the purposes of reference I have divided the usually² unbroken acts of the original into scenes and have numbered each scene separately.

The notes, beginning on p. 541 of this volume, include a special introduction, illustrative and explanatory notes, and text notes on each play. The introduction attempts to give whatever is known as to the date of composition, the sources, the stage history, and so forth, of the play, together with a brief appreciation of its peculiar characteristics. In the case of collaboration or of disputed authorship I have tried to give a careful and, I hope, impartial survey of the facts on which I have based my conclusions. So far as possible I have tried to give an answer to the varied problems presented by these plays, but I do not presume to think that I have in any case 'settled Hoti's business.' I can only hope that my work has made the conditions of the problems clearer, and brought them some stages nearer to a final solution.

The notes in general are meant to elucidate and illustrate the text. Chapman is by no means easy reading. Swinburne ranks him along with Fulke Greville as 'of all English poets the most genuinely obscure in style.' I have tried to throw light upon his obscurities, sometimes by comment, sometimes by the method of paraphrase; but I cannot pretend to have solved all the difficulties which the text presents. The definition of single words has as a rule been left to the Glossary, which will appear in the third volume. Special attention has been paid in these notes to Chapman's use of his sources, to his borrowings from the classics, to parallels with other Elizabethan writers, and to parallels with other passages in his own work illustrative of his trick of repetition.

The text notes give an account of the former editions, both

¹ This is the case, for example, with Bussy, *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Byron*, and Chabot.

² *Revenge for Honour* alone of the plays in this volume presents the modern division into scenes,

contemporary and modern, and record the various readings of the old editions, where more than one exists, except in the case of mere variants of spelling. Even these latter are noted, however, when they may throw light upon any difficulty. The readings from the old texts are, of course, given *verbatim et literatim*, so that the reader may see how far the alterations proposed or adopted are justified. I have recorded also the most important emendations proposed by modern editors or commentators even when these have not been received into the text. In short, I have tried to make these notes full enough to enable the reader who is interested in such things to check my text, to restore, if he so pleases, the old, or perhaps to suggest a better reading than that which I have adopted.

Finally, my thanks are due to scholars on both sides of the Atlantic who have assisted me in my labours. First of all to the late Doctor Furnivall, to whom this volume is dedicated, as a slight token of gratitude for many instances of personal kindness and scholarly counsel; then to Dr. Bradley, Mr. P. A. Daniel, and Mr. Le Gay Brereton, from all of whom I have received valuable aid in the construction and annotation of the text. I owe Mr. Charles Crawford special thanks for placing at my disposal a series of parallel references in Chapman which have more than once availed to solve perplexing difficulties. I have made frequent use of Professor Koeppl's *Quellenstudien zu den Dramen Chapman's*, and take this opportunity to acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend, the author. To my colleague, Dr. Kennedy, of Princeton University, I owe a deep debt for hours of long and painstaking labour spent with me in the determination of the text and the correction of proof sheets. Nor must I omit to thank Mr. T. J. Wise, of London, and Mr. Armour, of Princeton, for their kindness in allowing me the use of their copies of old editions of Chapman. And finally along with hundreds of workers in the field of English letters my sincerest thanks are due to the authorities of the British Museum and the Bodleian for the courteous assistance which alone renders work like this possible.

The list of Errata, somewhat longer than I should like, is due, in part at least, to the circumstances under which I have been forced to read the proof. I dare not hope that it is complete, and will be grateful to all who will point out other errors in text or comment for future correction.

T. M. P.

OXFORD, *September*, 1910.

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ERRATA.

- Page 15, l. 146, *for a read o'.*
 „ 32, *in the headline, for Act II read Act III.*
 „ 50, l. 183, *for Chymæra read Chimæra.*
 „ 80, *for ghost[s] read Ghost[s].*
 „ 84, *supply the marginal number 150.*
 „ 109, l. 159, *for Char. read [Char.].*
 „ 116, l. 96, *for Casimir read Casimer.*
 „ 125, l. 38, *for Bastile read Bastille.*
 „ 146, l. 170, *dele the comma after mind.*
 „ 147, l. 210, *for Char. read [Char.].*
 „ 174, l. 144 *and elsewhere, for Fontaine Françoise read Fontaine Française.*
 „ 283, l. 68, *for realities read realties.*
 „ 288, l. 46, *for others read other.*
 „ 289, *in the stage direction omit and.*
 „ 289, l. 77, *omit the before favour.*
 „ 297, *the marginal number 40 should be one line lower.*
 „ 297, *omit and in the stage direction after l. 42.*
 „ 302, *in the stage direction after l. 208 for Exit read Exeunt.*
 „ 318, ll. 313, 315, 316, 318, 329, 332, *include Judge in brackets.*
 „ 320, l. 403, *for home read [home].*
 „ 334, l. 141, *for had read Had.*
 „ 353, l. 282, *for lyncean read Lyncean.*
 „ 361, l. 68, *for above read [a]bove.*
 „ 384, *in the headline for Act V read Act IV.*
 „ 390, l. 120, *for possess read profess.*
 „ 400, l. 200, *for Oot read Out.*
 „ 408, l. 147, *for ton read tun.*
 „ 411, l. 37, *for Lorrain read Lorraine.*
 „ 416, l. 243, *for comforted read comforted.*
 „ 423, l. 181, *for art read part.*
 „ 430, l. 109, *for schelm read schelm.*
 „ 432, l. 29, *for Rheinpfal[z] read Reinfal.*
 „ 434, l. 100, *for We'll read We'll.*
 „ 435, l. 146, *for spiel fresh up read spiel fresh up.*
 „ 436, l. 183, *for Ric read Rich.*
 „ 441, l. 348, *for Ate read Até.*
 „ 455, l. 78, *for Lieve read Süsse.*
 „ 479, l. 124, *for Abo[la]fi read Abo[la]ffi.*
 „ 485, l. 373, *dele the comma after East.*
 „ 498, l. 4, *insert commas after Do and affections.*
 „ 503, l. 113, *dele the comma after the parenthesis.*
 „ 504, l. 136, *for [Enter Mura] read (Enter Mura).*
 „ 506, l. 212, *for befits read befit[s].*
 „ 508, l. 8, *for ton read tun.*
 „ 500, l. 1, *for [without] read [within].*
 „ 512, l. 149, *insert a dash after her.*
 „ 515, l. 113, *for 'Twere read ['Twere].*
 „ 517, l. 200, *for [Cries without] read [Cries within].*
 „ 517, l. 209, *for [Enter Simanthes] read (Enter Simanthes).*
 „ 520, l. 289, *for starts read start[s].*
 „ 537, l. 336, *for festivals read festival[s].*
 „ 560, l. 24, *for prince read Prince.*
 „ 563, column 1, l. 45, *for like read likely.*
 „ 614, l. 15, *for 261-6 read 256-61.*
 „ 626, column 2, *for 239 read 234.*

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

A TRAGEDY



Bussy d'Ambois

A TRAGEDY

PROLOGUE

Not out of confidence that none but we
Are able to present this tragedy,
Nor out of envy at the grace of late
It did receive, nor yet to derogate
From their deserts, who give out boldly that 5
They move with equal feet on the same flat ;
Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
We offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review ; we, far from emulation
(And, charitably judge, from imitation) 10
With this work entertain you, a piece known,
And still believed in Court to be our own.
To quit our claim, doubting our right or merit,
Would argue in us poverty of spirit
Which we must not subscribe to : FIELD is gone, 15
Whose action first did give it name, and one
Who came the nearest to him, is denied
By his gray beard to show the height and pride
Of D'AMBOIS' youth and bravery ; yet to hold
Our title still a-foot, and not grow cold 20
By giving it o'er, a third man with his best
Of care and pains defends our interest ;
As RICHARD he was liked, nor do we fear
In personating D'AMBOIS he'll appear
To faint, or go less, so your free consent, 25
As heretofore, give him encouragement.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Henry III, *King of France*
 Monsieur, *his brother*
 The Duke of Guise
 The Count of Montsurry
 Bussy d'Ambois
 Barrisor, } *Courtiers ;*
 L'Anou, } *enemies of*
 Pyrhot, } *Bussy*
 Brisac, } *Courtiers ;*
 Melynell, } *friends of Bussy*
 Beaumond, *an attendant on the*
 King
 Comolet, *a Friar*
 Maffé, *steward to Monsieur*
 Nuntius

Murderers
 Behemoth, }
 Cartophylax, } *Spirits*
 Umbra of the Friar
 Elenor, *Duchess of Guise*
 Tamyra, *Countess of Mont-*
 surry
 Beaupré, *niece to Elenor*
 Annable, *maid to Elenor*
 Pero, *maid to Tamyra*
 Charlotte, *maid to Beaupré*
 Pyra, *a court lady*
 Courtiers, Ladies, Pages, Ser-
 vants, Spirits, &c.

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Forest near Paris*]

Enter Bussy d'Ambois, poor

Bus. Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of things,
 Reward goes backwards, Honour on his head ;
 Who is not poor, is monstrous ; only Need
 Gives form and worth to every human seed.
 As cedars beaten with continual storms, 5
 So great men flourish ; and do imitate
 Unskilful statuarios, who suppose,
 In forming a Colossus, if they make him
 Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
 Their work is goodly : so men merely great 10
 In their affected gravity of voice,
 Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of Fortune,
 Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them ;
 Yet differ not from those colossic statues, 15
 Which, with heroic forms without o'er-spread,
 Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
 Man is a torch borne in the wind ; a dream
 But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance ;
 And as great seamen, using all their wealth 20
 And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
 In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
 To put a girdle round about the world,
 When they have done it, coming near their haven,
 Are fain to give a warning-piece, and call 25
 A poor, staid fisherman, that never pass'd
 His country's sight, to waft and guide them in :
 So when we wander furthest through the waves
 Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State,
 Topt with all titles, spreading all our reaches, 30
 As if each private arm would sphere the earth,

We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwrack in our safest port.

Procumbit

Enter Monsieur with two Pages

Mons. There is no second place in numerous state
That holds more than a cipher ; in a king 35
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove ;
His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for mean men's facts : 40
There's but a thread betwixt me and a crown,
I would not wish it cut, unless by nature ;
Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
'Tis good to get resolved spirits about me.
I follow'd D'Ambois to this green retreat, 45
A man of spirit beyond the reach of fear,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes ;
But he is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to bear state, and flourish ; 50
In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None loathes the world so much, nor loves to scoff it,
But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.

[Approaching Bussy.]

What, D'Ambois ?

Bus. He, sir.

Mons. Turn'd to earth, alive ?

Up, man ; the sun shines on thee.

Bus. Let it shine : 55

I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.

Mons. Callest thou men great in state, motes in the sun ?

They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the gross Sicilian gourmandist)
Empty their noses in the cates they love, 60
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy death.
Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth
Rust and consume it ? If Themistocles 65
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th'Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.

If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
 He had not five times been Dictator there,
 Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas 70
 (Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
 Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
 And paid his country nor himself their right ;
 But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
 From imminent ruin ; and like burnish'd steel, 75
 After long use he shin'd ; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but renders us
Mutually profitable, so our lives
In acts exemplary not only win
 Ourselves good names, but do to others give 80
 Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Bus. What would you wish me ?

Mons. Leave the troubled streams,
 And live, where thrivers do, at the well-head.

Bus. At the well-head ? Alas, what should I do
 With that enchanted glass ? See devils there ? 85
 Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks
 In an eternal brake, or practise juggling,
 To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose ;
 Or bear (like dame schoolmistresses their riddles)
 Two tongues, and be good only for a shift ; 90
 Flatter great lords, to put them still in mind
 Why they were made lords ; or please humorous ladies
 With a good carriage, tell them idle tales
 To make their physic work ; spend a man's life
 In sights and visitations that will make 95
 His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart ;
 To do none good, but those that have no need ;
 To gain being forward, though you break for haste
 All the commandments ere you break your fast ;
 But believe backwards, make your period 100
 And creed's last article, ' I believe in God ' :
 And (hearing villanies preach'd) t'unfold their art
 Learn to commit them ? 'Tis a great man's part.
 Shall I learn this there ?

Mons. No, thou need'st not learn,
 Thou hast the theory ; now go there and practise. 105

Bus. Ay, in a threadbare suit ; when men come there,
 They must have high naps, and go from thence bare :
 A man may drown the parts of ten rich men

In one poor suit ; brave barks and outward gloss
Attract Court loves, be in-parts ne'er so gross. 110

Mons. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all things fit
T'enchase in all show thy long-smother'd spirit :
Be rul'd by me then ? The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly, 115
Which if her favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. Then be wise :
Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.

Exit Monsieur [with the Pages]. Manet Bussy

Bus. What will he send ? Some crowns ? It is to sow
them

Upon my spirit, and make them spring a crown 120
Worth millions of the seed-crowns he will send.

Like to disparking noble husbandmen,
He'll put his plow into me, plow me up ;
But his unsweating thrift is policy,
And learning-hating policy is ignorant 125
To fit his seed-land soil ; a smooth plain ground
Will never nourish any politic seed ;

I am for honest actions, not for great :
If I may bring up a new fashion,
And rise in Court for virtue, speed his plow ! 130
The King hath known me long as well as he,
Yet could my fortune never fit the length
Of both their understandings till this hour.

There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes ; 135
As rhetoric yet works not persuasion,
But only is a mean to make it work ;
So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it cries clink in his raiser's spirit.
Many will say, that cannot rise at all, 140
Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall.
I'll venture that ; men that fall low must die,
As well as men cast headlong from the sky.

Enter Maffé

Maf. Humour of princes ! Is this wretch indu'd
With any merit worth a thousand crowns ? 145
Will my lord have me be so ill a steward
Of his revenue, to dispose a sum

So great with so small cause as shows in him ?

I must examine this. [*To Bussy.*] Is your name D'Ambois ?

Bus. Sir ?

Maf. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Bus. Who have we here ? 150

Serve you the Monsieur ?

Maf. How ?

Bus. Serve you the Monsieur ?

Maf. Sir, y'are very hot. I do serve the Monsieur,

But in such place as gives me the command

Of all his other servants. And because

His Grace's pleasure is to give your good 155

His pass through my command, methinks you might

Use me with more respect.

Bus. Cry you mercy !

Now you have open'd my dull eyes, I see you,

And would be glad to see the good you speak of ;

What might I call your name ? 160

Maf. Monsieur Maffé.

Bus. Monsieur Maffé ? Then, good Monsieur Maffé,

Pray let me know you better.

Maf. Pray do so,

That you may use me better. For yourself,

By your no better outside, I would judge you

To be some poet ; have you given my lord 165

Some pamphlet ?

Bus. Pamphlet ?

Maf. Pamphlet, sir, I say.

Bus. Did your great master's goodness leave the good,

That is to pass your charge to my poor use,

To your discretion ?

Maf. Though he did not, sir,

I hope 'tis no rude office to ask reason 170

How that his Grace gives me in charge, goes from me ?

Bus. That's very perfect, sir.

Maf. Why, very good, sir ;

I pray, then, give me leave ; if for no pamphlet,

May I not know what other merit in you,

Makes his compunction willing to relieve you ? 175

Bus. No merit in the world, sir.

Maf. That is strange.

Y'are a poor soldier, are you ?

Bus. That I am, sir.

Maf. And have commanded ?

Bus. Ay, and gone without, sir.

Maf. [*aside*] I see the man ; a hundred crowns will make him

Swagger, and drink healths to his Grace's bounty, 180
And swear he could not be more bountiful ;
So there's nine hundred crowns sav'd.—Here, tall soldier,
His Grace hath sent you a whole hundred crowns.

Bus. A hundred, sir ? Nay, do his Highness right ;
I know his hand is larger, and perhaps 185
I may deserve more than my outside shows ;
I am a poet, as I am a soldier,
And I can poetise, and (being well encourag'd)
May sing his fame for giving, yours for delivering
(Like a most faithful steward) what he gives. 190

Maf. What shall your subject be ?

Bus. I care not much.

If to his bounteous Grace I sing the praise
Of fair great noses, and to you of long ones.
What qualities have you, sir, beside your chain
And velvet jacket ? Can your Worship dance ? 195

Maf. [*aside*] A pleasant fellow, 'faith ; it seems my lord
Will have him for his jester ; and, by'r lady,
Such men are now no fools ; 'tis a knight's place.
If I (to save his Grace some crowns) should urge him
T'abate his bounty, I should not be heard ; 200
I would to heaven I were an errant ass,
For then I should be sure to have the ears
Of these great men, where now their jesters have them.
'Tis good to please him, yet I'll take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policy 205
Will still be grave and serious, lest he think
I fear his wooden dagger.—Here, Sir Ambo !

Bus. How, Ambo, sir ?

Maf. Ay, is not your name Ambo ?

Bus. You call'd me lately D'Ambois ; has your Worship
So short a head ?

Maf. I cry thee mercy, D'Ambois. 210
A thousand crowns I bring you from my lord :
Serve God, play the good husband ; you may make
This a good standing living : 'tis a bounty
His Highness might perhaps have bestow'd better.

Bus. Go, y'are a rascal ; hence, away, you rogue ! 215

Maf. What mean you, sir ?

Bus. Hence ! Prate no more,

Or, by thy villain's blood, thou prat'st thy last !

A barbarous groom grudge at his master's bounty !

But since I know he would as much abhor

His hind should argue what he gives his friend, 220

Take that, sir, [*striking him*] for your aptness to dispute.

Exit

Maf. These crowns are set in blood ; blood be their
fruit ! *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the Court]

[*The curtain is drawn disclosing*] Henry, Guise, Montsurry,
Elenor, Tamyra, Beaupré, Pero, Charlotte, Pyra, An-
nable. [*Henry and the Guise are playing chess*]

Hen. Duchess of Guise, your Grace is much enrich'd
In the attendance of that English virgin,

That will initiate her prime of youth

(Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand

Of your preferr'd instructions and command, 5

Rather than any in the English Court,

Whose ladies are not match'd in Christendom

For graceful and confirm'd behaviours ;

More than the Court, where they are bred, is equall'd.

Guise. I like not their Court fashion ; it is too crestfall'n 10

In all observance, making demigods

Of their great nobles, and of their old queen

An ever-young and most immortal goddess.

Mont. No question she's the rarest queen in Europe.

Guise. But what's that to her immortality ? 15

Hen. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a courtier,
So full of majesty and royal parts,

No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself.

Her Court approves it, that's a Court indeed,

Not mixt with clowneries us'd in common houses, 20

But, as Courts should be th' abstracts of their kingdoms

In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold,

So is hers, amply, and by her inform'd.

The world is not contracted in a man
 With more proportion and expression, 25
 Than in her Court, her kingdom. Our French Court
 Is a mere mirror of confusion to it :
 The king and subject, lord and every slave,
 Dance a continual hay ; our rooms of state
 Kept like our stables ; no place more observ'd 30
 Than a rude market-place : and though our custom
 Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes
 'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly,
 Which they would soon see would they change their form
 To this of ours, and then compare them both ; 35
 Which we must not affect, because in kingdoms
 Where the king's change doth breed the subject's terror,
 Pure innovation is more gross than error.

Mont. No question we shall see them imitate
 (Though afar off) the fashions of our Courts, 40
 As they have ever ap'd us in attire ;
 Never were men so weary of their skins,
 And apt to leap out of themselves as they,
 Who, when they travel to bring forth rare men,
 Come home, deliver'd of a fine French suit ; 45
 Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
 For their most complete issue ; he's sole heir
 To all the moral virtues that first greets
 The light with a new fashion, which becomes them
 Like apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men. 50

Hen. No question they much wrong their real worth
 In affectation of outlandish scum ;
 But they have faults, and we more ; they foolish proud
 To jet in others plumes so haughtily ;
 We proud that they are proud of foolery, 55
 Holding our worths more complete for their vaunts.

Enter Monsieur and D'Ambois

Mons. Come, mine own sweetheart, I will enter thee.
 [To the King] Sir, I have brought a gentleman to Court,
 And pray you would vouchsafe to do him grace.

Hen. D'Ambois, I think ?

Bus. That's still my name, my lord, 60
 Though I be something alter'd in attire.

Hen. We like your alteration, and must tell you
 We have expected th'offer of your service ;

For we (in fear to make mild virtue proud)

Use not to seek her out in any man.

65

Bus. Nor doth she use to seek out any man :

They that will win must woo her.

Mons. I urg'd her modesty in him, my lord,
And gave her those rites that he says she merits.

Hen. If you have woo'd and won, then, brother, wear him. 70

Mons. Th'art mine, sweetheart. See, here's the Guise's
Duchess,

The Countess of Montsurreau, Beaupré.

Come, I'll enseam thee. Ladies, y'are too many

To be in council ; I have here a friend

That I would gladly enter in your graces.

75

Bus. 'Save you, ladies.

Duch. If you enter him in our graces, my lord, methinks
by his blunt behaviour he should come out of himself.

Tam. Has he never been courtier, my lord ?

Mons. Never, my lady.

80

Beau. And why did the toy take him in th' head now ?

Bus. 'Tis leap-year, lady, and therefore very good to
enter a courtier.

Hen. Mark, Duchess of Guise, there is one is not bashful.

Duch. No, my lord, he is much guilty of the bold extre- 85
mity.

Tam. The man's a courtier at first sight.

Bus. I can sing prick-song, lady, at first sight ; and why
not be a courtier as suddenly ?

Beau. Here's a courtier rotten before he be ripe. 90

Bus. Think me not impudent, lady ; I am yet no courtier :
I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance, madam,
[To the Duchess] under your princely colours.

Enter Barrisor, L'Anou, and Pyrhot

Duch. Soft, sir, you must rise by degrees, first being the
servant of some common lady, or knight's wife, then a little 95
higher to a lord's wife, next a little higher to a countess, yet
a little higher to a duchess, and then turn the ladder.

Bus. Do you allow a man, then, four mistresses, when the
greatest mistress is allowed but three servants ?

Duch. Where find you that statute, sir ? 100

Bus. Why, be judg'd by the groom-porters.

Duch. The groom-porters ?

Bus. Ay, madam ; must not they judge of all gamings i' th' Court ?

Duch. You talk like a gamester.

105

Guise. Sir, know you me ?

Bus. My lord ?

Guise. I know not you ; whom do you serve ?

Bus. Serve, my lord !

Guise. Go to, companion, your courtship's too saucy. 110

Bus. [*Aside*] Saucy ! Companion ! 'Tis the Guise, but yet those terms might have been spared of the Guisard. Companion ! He's jealous, by this light. Are you blind of that side, Duke ? I'll to her again for that—Forth, princely mistress, for the honour of courtship. Another riddle ! 115

Guise. Cease your courtship, or by heaven I'll cut your throat.

Bus. Cut my throat ? Cut a whetstone ! Young Accius Nævius, do as much with your tongue, as he did with a razor : cut my throat ! 120

Bar. What new-come gallant have we here, that dares mate the Guise thus ?

L'An. 'Sfoot, 'tis D'Ambois. The Duke mistakes him, on my life, for some knight of the new edition.

Bus. Cut my throat ! I would the King feared thy cutting of his throat no more than I fear thy cutting of mine. 125

Guise. I'll do 't, by this hand.

Bus. That hand dares not do't. Y've cut too many throats already, Guise, And robb'd the realm of many thousand souls, 130 More precious than thine own. Come, madam, talk on. 'Sfoot, can you not talk ? Talk on, I say. Another riddle !

Pyr. Here's some strange distemper.

Bar. Here's a sudden transmigration with D'Ambois—out of the knights' ward into the duchess' bed. 135

L'An. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit can work.

Pyr. 'Slight, step to the Guise and discover him.

Bar. By no means ; let the new suit work ; we'll see the issue.

Guise. Leave your courting. 140

Bus. I will not.—I say, mistress, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have threescore mistresses.

Guise. Sirrah, I'll have you whipped out of the Court for this insolence. 145

Bus. Whipped? Such another syllable out a th' presence, if thou dar'st for thy dukedom.

Guise. Remember, poltroon.

Mons. [*To Bussy.*] Pray thee, forbear.

Bus. Passion of death! Were not the King here, he 150 should strow the chamber like a rush.

Mons. But leave courting his wife, then.

Bus. I will not. I'll court her in despite of him. Not court her!—Come, madam, talk on, fear me nothing.—
[*To Guise*] Well may'st thou drive thy master from the Court, 155 but never D'Ambois.

Mons. [*Aside*] His great heart will not down, 'tis like the sea,

That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion,
Their heat and light, and partly of the place 160
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon,
Bristled with surges, never will be won,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)
To make retreat into his settled home,
Till he be crown'd with his own quiet foam. 165

Hen. You have the mate. Another?

Guise. No more.

Flourish short

Exit Guise, after him the King [and] Monsieur whispering

Bar. Why, here's the lion, scared with the throat of a dung-hill cock; a fellow that has newly shaken off his shackles; now does he crow for that victory. 170

L'An. 'Tis one of the best jigs that ever was acted.

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, trow?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizen'd lord, and thinks that suit newly drawn out o' th' mercer's books.

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fixed imagination 175 looking upon a bull-baiting, had a visible pair of horns grew out of his forehead, and I believe this gallant, overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieur's cast suit, imagines himself to be the Monsieur.

L'An. And why not? as well as the ass, stalking in the lion's 180 case, bare himself like a lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the forest?

Pyr. Peace, he looks this way.

Bar. Marry, let him look, sir, what will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanket for him ? 185

L'An. Faith, I believe it for his honour sake.

Pyr. But, if D'Ambois carry it clean ? *Exeunt Ladies.*

Bar. True, when he curvets in the blanket.

Pyr. Ay, marry, sir.

L'An. 'Sfoot, see how he stares on's. 190

Bar. Lord bless us, let's away.

Bus. [*To Barrisor*] Now, sir, take your full view, how does the object please ye ?

Bar. If you ask my opinion, sir, I think your suit fits as well as if't had been made for you. 195

Bus. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous jollity ?

L'An. What's that to you, sir ?

Bus. Sir, I have observed all your fleerings ; and resolve yourselves ye shall give a strict account for't. 200

Enter Brisac and Melynell

Bar. Oh, miraculous jealousy ! Do you think yourself such a singular subject for laughter that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you ?

L'An. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in yourself that we never dreamed of. 205

Pyr. We held discourse of a perfumed ass, that being disguised in a lion's case, imagined himself a lion : I hope that touched not you.

Bus. So, sir ; your descants do marvellous well fit this ground ; we shall meet where your buffoonly laughs will cost ye the best blood in your bodies. 210

Bar. For life's sake let's be gone ; he'll kill's outright else.

Bus. Go, at your pleasures, I'll be your ghost to haunt you ; and ye sleep on't, hang me.

L'An. Go, go, sir ; court your mistress. 215

Pyr. And be advised ; we shall have odds against you.

Bus. Tush, valour stands not in number ! I'll maintain it, that one man may beat three boys.

Bris. [*To the Courtiers*] Nay, you shall have no odds of him in number, sir ; he's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and ye shall not wrong him. 220

Bar. Not, sir ?

Mel. Not, sir : though he be not so rich, he's a better man than the best of you ; and I will not endure it.

L'An. Not you, sir ?

225

Bris. No, sir, nor I.

Bus. [*To Brisac and Melynell*] I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfumed musk-cats (being out of this privilege) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir ? Follow us and try. 230

L'An. Come, sir, we'll lead you a dance. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the Court*]

Henry, Guise, Montsurry, [*Beaumont*] and Attendants

Hen. This desperate quarrel sprung out of their envies
To D'Ambois' sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Guise. Neither is worth their envy.

Hen. Less than either

Will make the gall of Envy overflow ;
She feeds on outcast entrails like a kite ; 5
In which foul heap, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it.
Corruption is her nutriment ; but touch her
With any precious ointment, and you kill her : 10
Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
And with her black throat bruises it through the world
Being sound and healthful ; but if she but taste
The slenderest pittance of commended virtue,
She surfeits of it, and is like a fly 15
That passes all the body's soundest parts,
And dwells upon the sores ; or if her squint eye
Have power to find none there, she forges some :
She makes that crooked ever which is straight ;
Calls valour giddiness, justice tyranny ; 20
A wise man may shun her, she not herself :
Whithersoever she flies from her harms,
She bears her foe still clasp'd in her own arms ;
And therefore, cousin Guise, let us avoid her.

Enter Nuntius

Nun. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his head 25
 So far past covert, that with air enough
 My words may be inform'd, and from their height
 I may be seen and heard through all the world ?
 A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder
 Sticks in my jaws, and labours with event. 30

Hen. Com'st thou from D'Ambois ?

Nun. From him, and the rest,
 His friends and enemies ; whose stern fight I saw,
 And heard their words before and in the fray.

Hen. Relate at large what thou hast seen and heard.

Nun. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave friends 35
 Enter the field, and at their heels their foes ;
 Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
 L'Anou, and Pyrhot, great in deeds of arms :
 All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth
 The field afforded, the three challengers 40
 Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood rank'd :
 When face to face the three defendants met them,
 Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.
 Like bonfires of contributory wood
 Every man's look shew'd, fed with either's spirit ; 45
 As one had been a mirror to another,
 Like forms of life and death, each took from other ;
 And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,
 That you could see no fear of death, for life,
 Nor love of life, for death ; but in their brows 50
 Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone ;
 That life and death in all respects are one.

Hen. Pass'd there no sort of words at their encounter ?

Nun. As Hector, 'twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy, 55
 (When Paris and the Spartan king should end
 The nine years' war) held up his brazen lance
 For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
 And hear him speak : so Barrisor (advis'd)
 Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
 Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives 60
 Then laid in balance with six idle words ;
 Offer'd remission and contrition too ;
 Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
 The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last ;

But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd 65
 In the main quarrel) never would expose
 His life alone to that they all deserv'd.
 And (for the other offer of remission)
 D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire
 Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn, 70
 That his wrong should incense him so like chaff,
 To go so soon out, and like lighted paper
 Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes ;
 So drew they lots, and in them Fates appointed
 That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois, 75
 Pyrhot with Melynell, with Brisac L'Anou :
 And then like flame and powder they commix'd
 So spritely that I wish'd they had been spirits,
 That the ne'er-shutting wounds they needs must open
 Might as they open'd, shut and never kill : 80
 But D'Ambois' sword (that lighten'd as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed comet at the face
 Of manly Barrisor ; and there it stuck :
 Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts,
 From him that of himself was free as fire ; 85
 Who thrust still as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)
 He with his subtle eye, hand, body, scap'd ;
 At last, the deadly-bitten point tugg'd off,
 On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely
 That (only made more horrid with his wound) 90
 Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground ;
 But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger :
 Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
 Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top 95
 Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
 (Even groaning with his weight) he gan to nod
 This way and that, as loath his curled brows
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
 Should stoop ; and yet, his radical fibres burst, 100
 Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth :
 So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
 Of ten set battles in your Highness' war,
 Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

Guise. Oh, piteous and horrid murther !

Beau.

Such a life. 105

Methinks had metal in it to survive

An age of men.

Hen. Such often soonest end.

[*To the Nuntius*] Thy felt report calls on ; we long to know
On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nun. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes 110
Met in the upper region of a cloud,

At the report made by this worthy's fall
Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,
Ent'ring with fresh powers his two noble friends ; 115

And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou ;
Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see,
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry unicorn in his full career 120

Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller,
That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth :

So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou,
Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face, 125
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall

His foe's uncurbed sword stopp'd in his heart :
By which time all the life-strings of the tw'other
Were cut, and both fell, as their spirits flew
Upwards, and still hunt honour at the view : 130
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untouch'd, save only with the others' blood.

Hen. All slain outright but he ?

Nun. All slain outright but he,
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends,
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd) 135
He kiss'd their pale lips, and bade both farewell :
And see the bravest man the French earth bears.

Enter Monsieur and D'Ambois bare

Bus. Now is the time ; y'are princely vow'd, my friend ;
Perform it princely, and obtain my pardon.

Mons. Else heaven forgive not me ; come on, brave friend. 140
[*They kneel before Henry.*]

If ever Nature held herself her own,
When the great trial of a king and subject
Met in one blood, both from one belly springing,
Now prove her virtue and her greatness one,

Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other, 145
 (As true kings should) and for your brother's love
 (Which is a special species of true virtue)
 Do that you could not do, not being a king.

Hen. Brother, I know your suit ; these wilful murders
 Are ever past our pardon.

Mons. Manly slaughter 150
 Should never bear th'account of wilful murder ;
 It being a spice of justice, where with life
 Offending past law equal life is laid
 In equal balance, to scourge that offence
 By law of reputation, which to men 155
 Exceeds all positive law, and what that leaves
 To true men's valours (not prefixing rights
 Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)
 A free man's eminence may supply and take.

Hen. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd 160
 Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
 Lay on this violence ; and all vaunt themselves
 Law-menders and suppliers, though mere butchers ;
 Should this fact (though of justice) be forgiven ?

Mons. Oh, no, my lord ; it would make cowards fear 165
 To touch the reputations of true men ;
 When only they are left to imp the law,
 Justice will soon distinguish murderous minds
 From just revengers : had my friend been slain,
 His enemy surviving, he should die, 170
 Since he had added to a murder'd fame
 (Which was in his intent) a murder'd man ;
 And this had worthily been wilful murder ;
 But my friend only sav'd his fame's dear life,
 Which is above life, taking th'under value, 175
 Which, in the wrong it did, was forfeit to him ;
 And in this fact only preserves a man
 In his uprightness, worthy to survive
 Millions of such as murder men alive.

Hen. Well, brother, rise, and raise your friend withal 180
 From death to life ; and, D'Ambois, let your life
 (Refin'd by passing through this merited death)
 Be purg'd from more such foul pollution ;
 Nor on your scape, nor valour, more presuming
 To be again so daring.

Bus. My lord, 185

I loathe as much a deed of unjust death,
 As law itself doth ; and to tyrannize,
 Because I have a little spirit to dare
 And power to do, as to be tyranniz'd.
 This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled), 190
 I crave, to double this my short life's gift,
 And shall your royal bounty centuple,
 That I may so make good what God and Nature
 Have given me for my good ; since I am free,
 (Offending no just law), let no law make 195
 By any wrong it does, my life her slave :
 When I am wrong'd, and that law fails to right me,
 Let me be king myself (as man was made),
 And do a justice that exceeds the law ;
 If my wrong pass the power of single valour 200
 To right and expiate ; then be you my king,
 And do a right, exceeding law and nature :
 Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
 Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

Hen. Enjoy what thou entreat'st ; we give but ours. 205

Bus. What you have given, my lord, is ever yours.

*Exit Rex cum Beau[mond, Attendants, Nuntius and
 Montsurry]*

Guise. Mort Dieu, who would have pardon'd such a
 murther ? *Exit*

Mons. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions
 For which let this balm make thee fresh and fair.
 And now forth with thy service to the Duchess, 210
 As my long love will to Montsurry's Countess. *Exit*

Bus. To whom my love hath long been vow'd in heart,
 Although in hand for shew I held the Duchess.
 And now through blood and vengeance, deeds of height,
 And hard to be achiev'd, 'tis fit I make 215
 Attempt of her perfection ; I need fear
 No check in his rivalry, since her virtues
 Are so renown'd, and he of all dames hated. *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in Montsurry's House]

Enter Monsieur, Tamyra and Pero with a book

Mons. Pray thee regard thine own good, if not mine,
 And cheer my love for that : you do not know

What you may be by me, nor what without me ;
I may have power t'advance and pull down any.

Tam. That's not my study ; one way I am sure 5
You shall not pull down me ; my husband's height
Is crown to all my hopes ; and his retiring
To any mean state, shall be my aspiring :
Mine honour's in mine own hands, spite of kings.

Mons. Honour, what's that ? Your second maidenhead : 10
And what is that ? A word : the word is gone,
The thing remains : the rose is pluck'd, the stalk
Abides ; an easy loss where no lack's found :
Believe it, there's as small lack in the loss
As there is pain i'th' losing ; archers ever 15
Have two strings to a bow ; and shall great Cupid
(Archer of archers both in men and women)
Be worse provided than a common archer ?
A husband and a friend all wise wives have.

Tam. Wise wives they are that on such strings depend, 20
With a firm husband joining a loose friend.

Mons. Still you stand on your husband ; so do all
The common sex of you, when y'are encounter'd
With one ye cannot fancy : all men know
You live in Court, here, by your own election, 25
Frequenting all our common sports and triumphs,
All the most youthful company of men :
And wherefore do you this ? To please your husband ?
'Tis gross and fulsome : if your husband's pleasure
Be all your object, and you aim at honour 30
In living close to him, get you from Court ;
You may have him at home ; these common put-offs
For common women serve : 'My honour ! Husband !'
Dames maritorious ne'er were meritorious :
Speak plain, and say 'I do not like you, sir ; 35
Y'are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye' ;
And I am answer'd.

Tam. Then, I pray, be answer'd :
For, in good faith, my lord, I do not like you
In that sort you like.

Mons. Then have at you here !
Take (with a politic hand) this rope of pearl, 40
And though you be not amorous, yet be wise :
Take me for wisdom ; he that you can love
Is ne'er the further from you.

Tam. Now it comes
 So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison
 Under a medicine as good cheap as it ; 45
 I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mons. Horror of death ! Could I but please your eye,
 You would give me the like, ere you would loose me :
 ' Honour and husband ! '

Tam. By this light, my lord,
 Y're a vile fellow, and I'll tell the King 50
 Your occupation of dishonouring ladies,
 And of his Court : a lady cannot live
 As she was born, and with that sort of pleasure
 That fits her state, but she must be defam'd
 With an infamous lord's detraction : 55
 Who would endure the Court if these attempts
 Of open and profess'd lust must be borne ?—
 Who's there ? [*To Pero*] Come on, dame, you are at your
 book

When men are at your mistress ; have I taught you
 Any such waiting-woman's quality ? 60

Mons. Farewell, ' good husband ! '.

Exit Monsieur

Tam. Farewell, wicked lord !

Enter Montsurry

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here ?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose ;
 And your cause is as good to seek him too,
 And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter ?

Tam. Matter of death, were I some husbands' wife : 65
 I cannot live at quiet in my chamber
 For opportunities almost to rapes
 Offer'd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee bear with him :
 Thou know'st he is a bachelor and a courtier,
 Ay, and a prince ; and their prerogatives 70
 Are to their laws, as to their pardons are
 Their reservations, after Parliaments—
 One quits another : form gives all their essence :
 That prince doth high in virtue's reckoning stand
 That will entreat a vice, and not command : 75
 So far bear with him ; should another man

Trust to his privilege, he should trust to death :
 Take comfort, then, my comfort, nay, triumph
 And crown thyself ; thou part'st with victory :
 My presence is so only dear to thee 80
 That other men's appear worse than they be.
 For this night yet, bear with my forced absence :
 Thou know'st my business ; and with how much weight
 My vow hath charg'd it.

Tam. True, my lord, and never
 My fruitless love shall let your serious honour ; 85
 Yet, sweet lord, do not stay ; you know my soul
 Is so long time without me, and I dead,
 As you are absent.

Mont. By this kiss, receive
 My soul for hostage, till I see my love.

Tam. The morn shall let me see you ? 90

Mont. With the sun
 I'll visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the sun hath left
 The whole world's beauty ere my sun leaves me.

Mont. 'Tis late night now, indeed ; farewell, my light !
Exit

Tam. Farewell, my light and life ! But not in him, 95
 In mine own dark love and light bent to another.

Alas, that in the wane of our affections
 We should supply it with a full dissembling,
 In which each youngest maid is grown a mother.
 Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another : 100
 Our loves like sparkles are, that brightest shine
When they go out ; most vice shows most divine.

[*To Pero*] Go, maid, to bed ; lend me your book, I pray :
 Not, like yourself, for form ; I'll this night trouble
 None of your services : make sure the doors, 105
 And call your other fellows to their rest.

Pero. I will. [*Aside.*] Yet I will watch to know why you
 watch. *Exit*

Tam. Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
 Silently-gliding exhalations,
 Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters, 110
 Sadness of heart and ominous secureness,
 Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
 That ever wrought upon the life of man,

Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd hour
 Fix like the Centre! Make the violent wheels 115
 Of Time and Fortune stand, and great Existence
 (The Maker's treasury) now not seem to be,
 To all but my approaching friends and me!
 They come, alas, they come! Fear, fear and hope,
 Of one thing, at one instant, fight in me: 120
 I love what most I loathe, and cannot live,
 Unless I compass that which holds my death:
 For life's mere death, loving one that loathes me,
 And he I love, will loathe me, when he sees
 I fly my sex, my virtue, my renown, 125
 To run so madly on a man unknown. *The vault opens*
 See, see, a vault is opening that was never
 Known to my lord and husband, nor to any
 But him that brings the man I love, and me.
 How shall I look on him? How shall I live, 130
 And not consume in blushes? I will in,
 And cast myself off, as I ne'er had been.

Exit

Ascendit Friar and D'Ambois

Friar. Come, worthiest son, I am past measure glad,
 That you (whose worth I have approv'd so long)
 Should be the object of her fearful love; 135
 Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
 Their full force to supply her utmost weakness:
 You know her worths and virtues, for report
 Of all that know is to a man a knowledge:
 You know, besides, that our affections' storm, 140
 Rais'd in our blood, no reason can reform.
 Though she seek then their satisfaction
 (Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied)
 Your judgment will esteem her peace thus wrought,
 Nothing less dear than if yourself had sought: 145
 And (with another colour, which my art
 Shall teach you to lay on) yourself must seem
 The only agent, and the first orb move
 In this our set and cunning world of love.

Bus. Give me the colour, my most honour'd father, 150
 And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Friar. 'Tis this, good son; Lord Barrisor (whom you
 slew)

Did love her dearly, and with all fit means
 Hath urg'd his acceptance, of all which
 She keeps one letter written in his blood : 155
 You must say thus, then, that you heard from me
 How much herself was touch'd in conscience
 With a report (which is, in truth, dispers'd)
 That your main quarrel grew about her love,
 Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship 160
 Of the great Guise's Duchess in the presence,
 Was by you made to his elected mistress :
 And so made me your mean now to resolve her,
 Choosing (by my direction) this night's depth
 For the more clear avoiding of all note 165
 Of your presumed presence ; and with this
 (To clear her hands of such a lover's blood)
 She will so kindly thank and entertain you,
 (Methinks I see how), ay, and ten to one,
 Show you the confirmation in his blood, 170
 Lest you should think report and she did feign,
 That you shall so have circumstantial means
 To come to the direct, which must be used ;
 For the direct is crooked ; love comes flying ;
 The height of love is still won with denying. 175

Bus. Thanks, honour'd father.

Friar. She must never know
 That you know anything of any love
 Sustain'd on her part : for, learn this of me,
 In anything a woman does alone,
 If she dissemble, she thinks 'tis not done ; 180
 If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
 Give her her wish, she is not satisfied ;
 To have a man think that she never seeks,
 Does her more good than to have all she likes :
 This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex, 185
 Which to reform, reason is too perplex :
 Urge reason to them, it will do no good ;
 Humour (that is the chariot of our food
 In everybody) must in them be fed,
 To carry their affections by it bred. 190
 Stand close

[*They retire*]

Enter Tamyra with a book

Tam. Alas, I fear my strangeness will retire him.

If he go back, I die ; I must prevent it,
 And cheer his onset with my sight at least,
 And that's the most ; though every step he takes 195
 Goes to my heart, I'll rather die than seem
 Not to be strange to that I most esteem.

Friar [*advancing*]. Madam !

Tam. Ah !

Friar. You will pardon me, I hope,
 That so beyond your expectation,
 And at a time for visitants so unfit, 200
 I (with my noble friend here) visit you :
 You know that my access at any time
 Hath ever been admitted ; and that friend
 That my care will presume to bring with me
 Shall have all circumstance of worth in him 205
 To merit as free welcome as myself.

Tam. Oh, father, but at this suspicious hour
 You know how apt best men are to suspect us,
 In any cause, that makes suspicious shadow
 No greater than the shadow of a hair : 210
 And y'are to blame. What though my lord and husband
 Lie forth to-night, and since I cannot sleep
 When he is absent I sit up to-night ;
 Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
 As sure bound with their sleeps ; yet there is One 215
 That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind ;
 He sees through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts ;
 And therefore as we should avoid with fear,
 To think amiss ourselves before his search ;
 So should we be as curious to shun 220
 All cause that other think not ill of us.

Bus. [*advancing*] Madam, 'tis far from that ; I only heard
 By this my honour'd father that your conscience
 Made some deep scruple with a false report
 That Barrisor's blood should something touch your honour ; 225
 Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
 When I was bold to change words with the Duchess,
 And therefore made his quarrel, his long love
 And service, as I hear, being deeply vow'd
 To your perfections ; which my ready presence, 230
 Presum'd on with my father at this season
 For the more care of your so curious honour,
 Can well resolve your conscience is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come, good sir ?
 Then crave I now your pardon and my father's, 235
 And swear your presence does me so much good,
 That all I have it binds to your requital :
 Indeed, sir, 'tis most true that a report
 Is spread, alleging that his love to me
 Was reason of your quarrel ; and because 240
 You shall not think I feign it for my glory
 That he importun'd me for his court service,
 I'll show you his own hand, set down in blood,
 To that vain purpose : good sir, then come in.
 Father, I thank you now a thousand fold. 245

Exit Tamyra and D'Ambois

Friar. May it be worth it to you, honour'd daughter.

Descendit Friar

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[A Room in Montsurry's House]

Enter D'Ambois, Tamyra, with a Chain of Pearl

Bus. Sweet mistress, cease, your conscience is too nice,
 And bites too hotly of the Puritan spice.

Tam. Oh my dear servant, in thy close embraces
 I have set open all the doors of danger
 To my encompass'd honour, and my life : 5
 Before I was secure against death and hell ;
 But now am subject to the heartless fear
 Of every shadow, and of every breath,
 And would change firmness with an aspen leaf :
 So confident a spotless conscience is, 10
 So weak a guilty : oh, the dangerous siege
 Sin lays about us, and the tyranny
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd !
 Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
 Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing 15
 To stir abroad on earth but their own rages,
 Is Sin, when it hath gather'd head above us :
 No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
 But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

Bus. Sin is a coward, madam, and insults 20
 But on our weakness, in his truest valour :

And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
 His shadows fright us : and like empty clouds,
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 The forms of dragons, lions, elephants, 25
 When they hold no proportion, the sly charms
 Of the witch Policy makes him like a monster
 Kept only to show men for servile money :
 That false hag often paints him in her cloth
 Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth : 30
 In three of us the secret of our meeting
 Is only guarded, and three friends as one
 Have ever been esteem'd : as our three powers
 That in one soul are as one united :
 Why should we fear then ? For myself, I swear, 35
 Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure,
 And health be grievous to one long time sick,
 Than the dear jewel of your fame in me
 Be made an outcast to your infamy ;
 Nor shall my value (sacred to your virtues) 40
 Only give free course to it, from myself :
 But make it fly out of the mouths of kings
 In golden vapours and with awful wings.

Tam. It rests as all kings' seals were set in thee.
 Now let us call my father, whom I swear 45
 I could extremely chide, but that I fear
 To make him so suspicious of my love
 Of which, sweet servant, do not let him know
 For all the world.

Bus. Alas, he will not think it !

Tam. Come, then.—Ho ! Father, ope, and take your
 friend. *Ascendit Friar* 50

Friar. Now, honour'd daughter, is your doubt resolv'd ?

Tam. Ay, father, but you went away too soon.

Friar. Too soon ?

Tam. Indeed you did, you should have stay'd ;
 Had not your worthy friend been of your bringing,
 And that contains all laws to temper me, 55
 Not all the fearful danger that besieg'd us,
 Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Friar. I know your serious disposition well.
 Come, son, the morn comes on.

Bus. Now, honour'd mistress,
 Till farther service call, all bliss supply you ! 60

Tam. And you this chain of pearl, and my love only !

Descendit Friar and D'Ambois

It is not I, but urgent destiny,
 That (as great statesmen for their general end
 In politic justice, make poor men offend)
 Enforceth my offence to make it just. 65
 What shall weak dames do, when th' whole work of nature
 Hath a strong finger in each one of us ?
 Needs must that sweep away the silly cobweb
 Of our still-undone labours, that lays still
 Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone, 70
 Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd.
 We cannot keep our constant course in virtue :
 What is alike at all parts ? Every day
 Differs from other : every hour and minute ;
 Ay, every thought in our false clock of life, 75
 Oft-times inverts the whole circumference :
 We must be sometimes one, sometimes another :
 Our bodies are but thick clouds to our souls,
 Through which they cannot shine when they desire :
 When all the stars, and even the sun himself, 80
 Must stay the vapours' times that he exhales
 Before he can make good his beams to us :
 O, how can we, that are but motes to him,
 Wandering at random in his order'd rays,
 Disperse our passions' fumes, with our weak labours, 85
 That are more thick and black than all earth's vapours ?

Enter Montsurry !

Mont. Good day, my love ! What, up and ready too !

Tam. Both, my dear lord ; not all this night made I
 Myself unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mont. Alas, what troubled my true love, my peace, 90
 From being at peace within her better self ?
 Or how could sleep forbear to seize thine eyes,
 When he might challenge them as his just prize ?

Tam. I am in no power earthly, but in yours ;
 To what end should I go to bed, my lord, 90
 That wholly miss'd the comfort of my bed ?
 Or how should sleep possess my faculties,
 Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes ?

Mont. Then will I never more sleep night from thee :
 All mine own business, all the King's affairs, 100

Shall take the day to serve them ; every night
I'll ever dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my lord, esteem not my desires
Such doters on their humours that my judgment
Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure : 105
A wife's pleas'd husband must her object be
In all her acts, not her soothed fantasy.

Mont. Then come, my love, now pay those rites to sleep
Thy fair eyes owe him ; shall we now to bed ?

Tam. Oh, no, my lord ; your holy friar says 110
All couplings in the day that touch the bed
Adulterous are, even in the married ;
Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,
Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. He's a most learned and religious man ; 115
Come to the presence then, and see great D'Ambois
(Fortune's proud mushroom shot up in a night)
Stand like an Atlas under our King's arm ;
Which greatness with him Monsieur now envies
As bitterly and deadly as the Guise. 120

Tam. What ! He that was but yesterday his maker,
His raiser, and preserver ?

Mont. Even the same.
Each natural agent works but to this end,
To render that it works on like itself ;
Which since the Monsieur in his act on D'Ambois 125
Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
But that, quite opposite, the King hath power,
In his love borne to D'Ambois, to convert
The point of Monsieur's aim on his own breast,
He turns his outward love to inward hate : 130
A prince's love is like the lightning's fume,
Which no man can embrace but must consume.

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the Court]

Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise, Duchess, Annable,
Charlotte, Attendants.

Hen. Speak home, Bussy ! Thy impartial words
Are like brave falcons that dare truss a fowl

Much greater than themselves ; flatterers are kites
That check at sparrows ; thou shalt be my eagle,
And bear my thunder underneath thy wings ; 5
Truth's words, like jewels, hang in th' ears of kings.

Bus. Would I might live to see no Jews hang there
Instead of jewels—sycophants, I mean,
Who use Truth like the Devil, his true foe,
Cast by the angel to the pit of fears, 10
And bound in chains ; Truth seldom decks kings' ears.
Slave Flattery (like a rippier's legs roll'd up
In boots of hay-ropes) with kings' soothed guts
Swaddled and strappled, now lives only free.
O, 'tis a subtle knave ; how like the plague 15
Unfelt he strikes into the brain of man,
And rageth in his entrails when he can,
Worse than the poison of a red-hair'd man.

Hen. Fly at him and his brood ! I cast thee off,
And once more give thee surname of mine eagle. 20

Bus. I'll make you sport enough, then : let me have
My lucerns too, or dogs inur'd to hunt
Beasts of most rapine, but to put them up,
And if I truss not, let me not be trusted.
Show me a great man (by the people's voice, 25
Which is the voice of God) that by his greatness
Bombasts his private roofs with public riches ;
That affects royalty, rising from a clappish ;
That rules so much more by his suffering king,
That he makes kings of his subordinate slaves : 30
Himself and them graduate (like woodmongers,
Piling a stack of billets) from the earth,
Raising each other into steeples' heights ;
Let him convey this on the turning props
Of Protean law, and (his own counsel keeping) 35
Keep all upright—let me but hawk at him,
I'll play the vulture, and so thump his liver,
That, like a huge unlading Argosy,
He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
Show me a clergyman, that is in voice 40
A lark of heaven, in heart a mole of earth ;
That hath good living, and a wicked life ;
A temperate look, and a luxurious gut,
Turning the rent of his superfluous cures
Into your pheasants and your partridges, 45

Venting their quintessence as men read Hebrew—
 Let me but hawk at him, and, like the other,
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
 Show me a lawyer that turns sacred law
 (The equal rend'rer of each man his own, 50
 The scourge of rapine and extortion,
 The sanctuary and impregnable defence
 Of retir'd learning and besieged virtue)
 Into a harpy, that eats all but's own,
 Into the damned sins it punisheth ; 55
 Into the synagogue of thieves and atheists,
 Blood into gold, and justice into lust—
 Let me but hawk at him, as at the rest,
 He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.

Enter Montsurry, Tamyra, and Pero

Guise. Where will you find such game as you would hawk
 at ? 60

Bus. I'll hawk about your house for one of them.

Guise. Come, y'are a glorious ruffian, and run proud
 Of the King's headlong graces ; hold your breath,
 Or, by that poison'd vapour, not the King
 Shall back your murtherous valour against me. 65

Bus. I would the King would make his presence free
 But for one bout betwixt us : by the reverence
 Due to the sacred space 'twixt kings and subjects,
 Here would I make thee cast that popular purple,
 In which thy proud soul sits and braves thy sovereign. 70

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Bus. Let him peace first
 That made the first war.

Mons. He's the better man.

Bus. And, therefore, may do worst ?

Mons. He has more titles.

Bus. So Hydra had more heads.

Mons. He's greater known.

Bus. His greatness is the people's ; mine's mine own. 75

Mons. He's nobl[ier] born.

Bus. He is not ; I am noble.
 And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
 But in his merit.

Guise. Th'art not nobly born,
 But bastard to the Cardinal of Ambois.

Bus. Thou liest, proud Guisard ; let me fly, my lord. 80

Hen. Not in my face, my eagle ; violence flies
The sanctuaries of a prince's eyes.

Bus. Still shall we chide and foam upon this bit ?

Is the Guise only great in faction ?

Stands he not by himself ? Proves he th' opinion 85

That men's souls are without them ? Be a duke,

And lead me to the field.

Guise. Come, follow me.

Hen. Stay them ! Stay, D'Ambois ! Cousin Guise, I
wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill

A man so good, that only would uphold 90

Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall

All our dissensions rise ; that in himself

(Without the outward patches of our frailty,

Riches and honour) knows he comprehends

Worth with the greatest : kings had never borne 95

Such boundless empire over other men,

Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of D'Ambois ;

Nor had the full impartial hand of Nature

That all things gave in her original,

Without these definite terms of Mine and Thine, 100

Been turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,

Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like D'Ambois ;

No envy, no disjunction had dissolv'd,

Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot

In which the world of Saturn bound our lives, 105

Had all been held together with the nerves,

The genius, and th' ingenuous soul of D'Ambois.

Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod

To part and reconcile, and so conserve you,

As my combin'd embracers and supporters. 110

Bus. 'Tis our King's motion, and we shall not seem

To worst eyes womanish, though we change thus soon

Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Guise. I seal to that, and so the manly freedom,

That you so much profess, hereafter prove not 115

A bold and glorious licence to deprave,

To me his hand shall hold the Hermean virtue

His grace affects, in which submissive sign

On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

Bus. 'Tis well, my lord, and so your worthy greatness 120

Decline not to the greater insolence,
 Nor make you think it a prerogative,
 To rack men's freedoms with the ruder wrongs,
 My hand (stuck full of laurel, in true sign
 'Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace) 125
 In all submission kisseth th' other side.

Hen. Thanks to ye both ; and kindly I invite ye
 Both to a banquet, where we'll sacrifice
 Full cups to confirmation of your loves ;
 At which, fair ladies, I entreat your presence ; 130
 And hope you, madam [*to the Duchess*], will take one carouse
 For reconcilment of your lord and servant.

Duch. If I should fail, my lord, some other lady
 Would be found there to do that for my servant.

Mons. Any of these here ?

Duch. Nay, I know not that. 135

Bus. [*To Tamyra*] Think your thoughts like my mis-
 tress, honour'd lady ?

Tam. I think not on you, sir ; y'are one I know not.

Bus. Cry you mercy, madam !

Mont. Oh, sir, has she met you ?

Exeunt Henry, D'Ambois, [*and*] Ladies.

Mons. What had my bounty drunk when it rais'd him ?

Guise. Y'ave stuck us up a very worthy flag, 140
 That takes more wind than we with all our sails.

Mons. Oh, so he spreads and flourishes.

Guise. He must down,
 Upstarts should never perch too near a crown.

Mons. 'Tis true, my lord ; and as this doting hand,
 Even out of earth, like Juno, struck this giant, 145

So Jove's great ordinance shall be here implied
 To strike him under th' Etna of his pride :
 To which work lend your hands, and let us cast
 Where we may set snares for his ranging greatness :
 I think it best, amongst our greatest women : 150

For there is no such trap to catch an upstart
 As a loose downfall ; for, you know, their falls
 Are th' ends of all men's rising : if great men
 And wise make scapes to please advantage[s]

'Tis with a woman : women, that worst may, 155

Still hold men's candles : they direct and know
 All things amiss in all men, and their women
 All things amiss in them ; through whose charm'd mouths,

We may see all the close scapes of the Court.
 When the most royal beast of chase, the hart, 160
 Being old, and cunning in his lairs and haunts,
 Can never be discover'd to the bow,
 The piece, or hound, yet where, behind some queach,
 He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hind,
 The place is mark'd, and by his venerary 165
 He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
 The chiefest mean to that discovery here,
 And court our greatest ladies' chiefest women
 With shows of love and liberal promises ?
 'Tis but our breath. If something given in hand 170
 Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ventur'd.

Guise. No doubt of that ; and 'tis the cunning'st point
 Of our devis'd investigation.

Mons. I have broken
 The ice to it already with the woman 175
 Of your chaste lady, and conceive good hope
 I shall wade thorough to some wished shore
 At our next meeting.

Mont. Nay, there's small hope there.

Guise. Take say of her, my lord, she comes most fitly.

Enter Charlotte, Annable, Pero

Mons. Starting back ? 180

Guise. Y'are engaged, indeed.

Anna. Nay, pray, my lord, forbear.

Mont. What, skittish, servant ?

Anna. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your service.

Char. Pray pardon me now, my lord ; my lady expects 185
 me.

Guise. I'll satisfy her expectation, as far as an uncle may.

Mons. Well said, a spirit of courtship of all hands !
 Now, mine own Pero, hast thou remembered me for the dis-
 covery I entreated thee to make of thy mistress ? Speak
 boldly, and be sure of all things I have sworn to thee. 190

Pero. Building on that assurance, my lord, I may speak
 and much the rather, because my lady hath not trusted me
 with that I can tell you ; for now I cannot be said to betray
 her.

Mons. That's all one, so we reach our objects ; forth, I 195
 beseech thee.

Pero. To tell you truth, my lord, I have made a strange discovery.

Mons. Excellent ! Pero, thou reviv'st me ; may I sink quick to perdition if my tongue discover it. 200

Pero. 'Tis thus, then : this last night, my lord lay forth, and I, watching my lady's sitting up, stole up at midnight from my pallet, and (having before made a hole both through the wall and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw D'Ambois and herself reading a letter. 205

Mons. D'Ambois ?

Pero. Even he, my lord.

Mons. Dost thou not dream, wench ?

Pero. I swear he is the man.

Mons. [*Aside*] The devil he is, and thy lady his dam ! 210
Why, this was the happiest shot that ever flew ; the just plague of hypocrisy levelled it. Oh, the infinite regions betwixt a woman's tongue and her heart ! Is this our Goddess of chastity ? I thought I could not be so slighted, if she had not her fraught besides, and therefore plotted this with her woman, never dreaming of D'Ambois.—Dear Pero, I will advance thee for ever ; but tell me now—God's precious, it transforms me with admiration—sweet Pero, whom should she trust with this conveyance ? Or, all the doors being made sure, how should his conveyance be made ? 215 220

Pero. Nay, my lord, that amazes me ; I cannot by any study so much as guess at it.

Mons. Well, let's favour our apprehensions with forbearing that a little ; for, if my heart were not hooped with adamant, the conceit of this would have burst it. But hark 225 thee.

Whispers [*to Pero.*]

Mont. I pray thee, resolve me : the Duke will never imagine that I am busy about's wife : hath D'Ambois any privy access to her ?

Anna. No, my lord ; D'Ambois neglects her, as she takes 230 it, and is therefore suspicious that either your lady, or the Lady Beaupré, hath closely entertained him.

Mont. By'r lady, a likely suspicion, and very near the life,—especially of my wife.

Mons. [*Aside to Pero*] Come, we'll disguise all with 235 seeming only to have courted.—Away, dry palm ! Sh'as a liver as hard as a biscuit ; a man may go a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her wind-pipe.

Guise. Here's one, I think, has swallowed a porcupine, she casts pricks from her tongue so. 240

Mont. And here's a peacock seems to have devoured one of the Alps, she has so swelling a spirit, and is so cold of her kindness.

Char. We are no windfalls, my lord ; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'll hang till we be 245 rotten.

Mons. Indeed, that's the way to make ye right open-arses. But, alas, ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Pero. Portions, my lord ? yes, and such portions as your 250 principality cannot purchase.

Mons. What, woman ! what are those portions ?

Pero. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mons. Ay, marry, wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle ; a man shall never find it out. But let's hear it. 255

Pero. You shall, my lord.

What's that, that being most rare's most cheap ?

That when you sow, you never reap ?

That when it grows most, most you in it ;

And still you lose it when you win it ?

260

That when 'tis commonest, 'tis dearest,

And when 'tis farthest off, 'tis nearest ?

Mons. Is this your great portion ?

Pero. Even this, my lord.

Mons. Believe me, I cannot riddle it.

265

Pero. No, my lord : 'tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mons. Your chastity ? Let me begin with the end of it ; how is a woman's chastity nearest a man when 'tis furthest off ?

270

Pero. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th' heart on you ; and that, I think, comes most near you : and I am sure it shall be far enough off ; and so we leave you to our mercies.

Exeunt Women

Mons. Farewell, riddle !

275

Guise. Farewell, medlar !

Mont. Farewell, winter plum !

Mons. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisition ? Feel you nothing budding yet ? Speak, good my lord Montsurry.

280

Mont. Nothing but this : D'Ambois is thought negligent in

observing the Duchess, and therefore she is suspicious that your niece or my wife closely entertains him.

Mons. Your wife, my lord? Think you that possible?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last hour. 285

Mons. Her last hour? Why, that comes upon her the more she flies it. Does D'Ambois so, think you?

Mont. That's not worth the answering. 'Tis miraculous to think with what monsters women's imaginations engross them when they are once enamoured, and what wonders they 290 will work for their satisfaction. They will make a sheep valiant, a lion fearful.

Mons. And an ass confident. Well, my lord, more will come forth shortly; get you to the banquet.

Guise. Come, my lord; I have the blind side of one of 295 them.

Exit Guise cum Montsurry

Mons. O the unsounded sea of women's bloods,

That when 'tis calmest, is most dangerous!

Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,

When in their hearts are Scylla and Charybdis, 300

Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs,

Where never day shines, nothing ever grows,

But weeds and poisons that no statesman knows:

Not Cerberus ever saw the damned nooks

Hid with the veils of women's virtuous looks. 305

But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawn

Up to my bosom in this dangerous secret!

Which if my haste with any spark should light

Ere D'Ambois were engag'd in some sure plot,

I were blown up; he would be, sure, my death. 310

Would I had never known it, for before

I shall persuade th' importance to Montsurry,

And make him with some studied stratagem

Train D'Ambois to his wreck, his maid may tell it;

Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play 315

With the fell tiger, up in darkness tied,

And give it some light) make it quite break loose.

I fear it afore heaven, and will not see

D'Ambois again, till I have told Montsurry,

And set a snare with him to free my fears. 320

Who's there?

Enter Maffé

Maf. My lord?

Mons. Go call the Count Montsurry,

And make the doors fast ; I will speak with none
Till he come to me.

Maf. Well, my lord. *Exiturus*

Mons. Or else

Send you some other, and see all the doors
Made safe yourself, I pray ; haste, fly about it. 325

Maf. You'll speak with none but with the Count Montsurry ?

Mons. With none but he, except it be the Guise.

Maf. See, even by this there's one exception more ;
Your Grace must be more firm in the command,
Or else shall I as weakly execute. 330
The Guise shall speak with you ?

Mons. He shall, I say.

Maf. And Count Montsurry ?

Mons. Ay, and Count Montsurry.

Maf. Your Grace must pardon me, that I am bold
To urge the clear and full sense of your pleasure ;
Which whensoever I have known, I hope 335
Your Grace will say I hit it to a hair.

Mons. You have.

Maf. I hope so, or I would be glad—

Mons. I pray thee get thee gone ; thou art so tedious
In the strict form of all thy services
That I had better have one negligent. 340
You hit my pleasure well, when D'Ambois hit you ;
Did you not, think you ?

Maf. D'Ambois ? Why, my lord—

Mons. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the doors :
Do what I charge thee.

Maf. I will, my lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of D'Ambois— 345

Mons. Precious, then it is a fate that plagues me
In this man's foolery ! I may be murder'd
While he stands on protection of his folly.
Avaunt about thy charge !

Maf. I go, my lord.
[*Aside.*] I had my head broke in his faithful service ; 350
I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth must still be hit with D'Ambois—
D'Ambois, my lord, shall know—

Mons. The devil and D'Ambois !
Exit Maffé

How am I tortur'd with this trusty fool !
 Never was any curious in his place 355
 To do things justly, but he was an ass ;
 We cannot find one trusty that is witty,
 And therefore bear their disproportion.
 Grant, thou great star and angel of my life,
 A sure lease of it but for some few days, 360
 That I may clear my bosom of the snake
 I cherish'd there, and I will then defy
 All check to it but Nature's, and her altars
 Shall crack with vessels crown'd with every liquor
 Drawn from her highest and most bloody humours. 365
 I fear him strangely, his advanced valour
 Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,
 Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
 And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maffé hastily

Maf. I cannot help it : what should I do more ? 370
 As I was gathering a fit guard to make
 My passage to the doors, and the doors sure,
 The man of blood is enter'd.

Mons. Rage of death !
 If I had told the secret, and he knew it,
 Thus had I been endanger'd. 375

Enter D'Ambois.

My sweet heart !

How now, what leap'st thou at ?

Bus. O royal object !

Mons. Thou dream'st awake ; object in th' empty air ?

Bus. Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his chair.

Mons. Pray thee, what mean'st thou ?

Bus. See you not a crown
 Impale the forehead of the great King Monsieur ? 380

Mons. Oh, fie upon thee !

Bus. Prince, that is the subject
 Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful supposition ?

Bus. Why wrongful to suppose the doubtless right
 To the succession worth the thinking on ? 385

Mons. Well, leave these jests ! How I am overjoy'd
 With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou com'st,
 For, of mine honour, I was sending for thee.

Bus. To what end ?

Mons. Only for thy company,
Which I have still in thought ; but that's no payment 390
On thy part made with personal appearance.
Thy absence so long suffer'd oftentimes
Put me in some little doubt thou dost not love me.
Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely ?

Bus. Ay, anything, but killing of the King. 395

Mons. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note ?
How most unseasonable thou playest the cuckoo,
In this thy fall of friendship !

Bus. Then do not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the King, that is not yours. 400

Mons. I will not, then ; to prove which by my love
Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still-flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedom 405
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts.

Bus. What, utter plainly what I think of you ?

Mons. Plain as truth !

Bus. Why, this swims quite against the stream of
greatness ; 410
Great men would rather hear their flatteries,
And if they be not made fools, are not wise.

Mons. I am no such great fool, and therefore charge thee
Even from the root of thy free heart display me.

Bus. Since you affect it in such serious terms, 415
If yourself first will tell me what you think
As freely and as heartily of me,
I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargain, of mine honour ! And make this,
That prove we in our full dissection 420
Never so foul, live still the sounder friends.

Bus. What else, sir ? Come, pay me home ; I'll bide it
bravely.

Mons. I will, I swear. I think thee then a man
That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger,
As headstrong and as bloody ; and to feed 425
The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou wouldst turn

Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,
 Or English usurer, to force possessions
 (And cut men's throats) of mortgaged estates ; 430
 Or thou wouldst tire thee like a tinker's strumpet,
 And murther market-folks ; quarrel with sheep,
 And run as mad as Ajax ; serve a butcher ;
 Do anything but killing of the King :
 That in thy valour th'art like other naturals 435
 That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul
 Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a piece,
 But stop at humours, that are more absurd,
 Childish, and villanous than that hackster, whore,
 Slave, cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compar'd before ; 440
 And in those humours wouldst envy, betray,
 Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a religion,
 Do anything, but killing of the King :
 That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill,
 To which hath reference all filth in thy house) 445
 Th'art more ridiculous and vain-glorious
 Than any mountebank, and impudent
 Than any painted bawd ; which not to soothe,
 And glorify thee like a Jupiter Hammon,
 Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar, and thy gall 450
 Turns all thy blood to poison, which is cause
 Of that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,
 And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moisture,
 Which is the dam of putrefaction,
 As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou liv'st, 455
 To study calumnies and treacheries,
 To thy friends' slaughters like a screech-owl sing,
 And to all mischiefs, but to kill the King.

Bus. So ! Have you said ?

Mons. How think'st thou ? Do I flatter ?

Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee ? 460

Bus. That ever any man was blest withal ;
 So here's for me ! I think you are (at worst)
 No devil, since y'are like to be no king ;
 Of which, with any friend of yours, I'll lay
 This poor stillado here, gainst all the stars, 465
 Ay, and gainst all your treacheries, which are more ;
 That you did never good, but to do ill. ¶
 But ill of all sorts, free and for itself :
 That (like a murthering piece, making lanes in armies,

The first man of a rank, the whole rank falling) 470
 If you have wrong'd one man, you are so far
 From making him amends, that all his race,
 Friends, and associates fall into your chase :
 That y'are for perjuries the very prince
 Of all intelligencers ; and your voice 475
 Is like an eastern wind, that, where it flies,
 Knits nets of caterpillars, with which you catch
 The prime of all the fruits the kingdom yields
 That your political head is the curs'd fount
 Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty, 480
 Tyranny, and atheism flowing through the realm ;
 That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, 'twill cut
 The purest crystal ; and a breath that will
 Kill to that wall a spider ; you will jest
 With God, and your soul to the Devil tender ; 485
 For lust kiss horror, and with death engender :
 That your foul body is a Lernean fen
 Of all the maladies breeding in all men ;
 That you are utterly without a soul ;
 And, for your life, the thread of that was spun 490
 When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rock
 Fall in the dirt ; and Lachesis still draws it,
 Dipping her twisting fingers in a bowl
 Defil'd, and crown'd with virtue's forced soul :
 And lastly (which I must for gratitude 495
 Ever remember), that of all my height
 And dearest life you are the only spring,
 Only in royal hope to kill the King.

Mons. Why, now I see thou lovest me ; come to the banquet.
Exeunt

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the Court*]

Henry, Monsieur *with a letter*, Guise, Montsurry, Bussy,
 Elenor, Tamyra, Beaupré, Pero, Charlotte, Annable,
 Pyra, *with four Pages*.

Hen. Ladies, ye have not done our banquet right,
 Nor look'd upon it with those cheerful rays
 That lately turn'd your breaths to floods of gold ;
 Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out with thoughts

So clear and free as heretofore, but foul, 5
 As if the thick complexions of men
 Govern'd within them.

Bus. 'Tis not like, my lord,
 That men in women rule, but contrary ;
 For as the moon (of all things God created)
 Not only is the most appropriate image 10
 Or glass to show them how they wax and wane,
 But in her height and motion likewise bears
 Imperial influences that command
 In all their powers, and make them wax and wane ;
 So women, that (of all things made of nothing) 15
 Are the most perfect idols of the moon,
 (Or still-unwean'd sweet moon-calves with white faces)
 Not only are patterns of change to men,
 But, as the tender moonshine of their beauties
 Clears or is cloudy, make men glad or sad : 20
 So then they rule in men, not men in them.

Mons. But here the moons are chang'd, (as the King notes)
 And either men rule in them, or some power
 Beyond their voluntary faculty,
 For nothing can recover their lost faces. 25

Mont. None can be always one : our griefs and joys
 Hold several sceptres in us, and have times
 For their divided empires : which grief now in them
 Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

Bus. And grief's a natural sickness of the blood, 30
 That time to part asks, as his coming had ;
 Only slight fools, griev'd, suddenly are glad ;
 A man may say t' a dead man, ' Be reviv'd,'
 As well as to one sorrowful, ' Be not griev'd.'
 And therefore, princely mistress, [*To the Duchess*] in all wars 35
 Against these base foes that insult on weakness,
 And still fight hous'd behind the shield of Nature,
 Of privilege, law, treachery, or beastly need,
 Your servant cannot help ; authority here
 Goes with corruption, something like some States 40
 That back worst men : valour to them must creep
 That, to themselves left, would fear him asleep.

Duch. Ye all take that for granted that doth rest
 Yet to be prov'd ; we all are as we were,
 As merry and as free in thought as ever. 45

Guise. And why then can ye not disclose your thoughts ?

Tam. Methinks the man hath answer'd for us well.

Mons. The man ? Why, madam, d'ye not know his name ?

Tam. Man is a name of honour for a king :

Additions take away from each chief thing. 50

The school of modesty not to learn learns dames :

They sit in high forms there, that know men's names.

Mons. [To Bussy] Hark, sweetheart, here's a bar set to
your valour !

It cannot enter here, no, not to notice

Of what your name is ; your great eagle's beak 55

(Should you fly at her) had as good encounter

An Albion cliff, as her more craggy liver.

Bus. I'll not attempt her, sir ; her sight and name

(By which I only know her) doth deter me.

Hen. So they do all men else.

Mons. You would say so 60

If you knew all.

Tam. Knew all, my lord ? What mean you ?

Mons. All that I know, inadam.

Tam. That you know ! Speak it.

Mons. No, 'tis enough, I feel it.

Hen. But, methinks

Her courtship is more pure than heretofore ;

True courtiers should be modest, and not nice, 65

Bold, but not impudent, pleasure love, not vice.

Mons. Sweetheart, come hither ! What if one should make
Horns at Montsurry ? Would it not strike him jealous
Through all the proofs of his chaste lady's virtues ?

Bus. If he be wise, not. 70

Mons. What ? Not if I should name the gardener
That I would have him think hath grafted him ?

Bus. So the large licence that your greatness uses
To jest at all men, may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you play on, 75
Both in the men you scandal, and the matter.

Mons. As how ? As how ?

Bus. Perhaps led with a train,
Where you may have your nose made less and slit,
Your eyes thrust out.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.
Who dares do that ? The brother of his King ? 80

Bus. Were your King brother in you ; all your powers
(Stretch'd in the arms of great men and their bawds),

Set close down by you ; all your stormy laws
 Spouted with lawyers' mouths, and gushing blood,
 Like to so many torrents ; all your glories 85
 (Making you terrible, like enchanted flames)
 Fed with bare cockscombs and with crooked hams,
 All your prerogatives, your shames and tortures ;
 All daring heaven, and opening hell about you—
 Were I the man ye wrong'd so and provok'd, 90
 Though ne'er so much beneath you, like a box-tree
 I would, out of the roughness of my root,
 Ram hardness in my lowness and, like Death
 Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through all
 Honours and horrors, thorough foul and fair, 95
 And from your whole strength toss you into the air.

Mons. Go, th'art a devil ! Such another spirit
 Could not be still'd from all th' Armenian dragons.
 O my love's glory, heir to all I have
 (That's all I can say, and that all I swear) 100
 If thou outlive me, as I know thou must,
 Or else hath Nature no proportion'd end
 To her great labours ; she hath breathed a mind
 Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
 Into another great Augustus Cæsar, 105
 Organs and faculties fitted to her greatness ;
 And should that perish like a common spirit,
 Nature's a courtier and regards no merit.

Hen. Here's nought but whispering with us ; like a calm
 Before a tempest, when the silent air 110
 Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
 For that she fears steals on to ravish her ;
 Some fate doth join our ears to hear it coming.
 Come, my brave eagle, let's to covert fly ;
 I see Almighty Æther in the smoke 115
 Of all his clouds descending, and the sky
 Hid in the dim ostents of tragedy.

Exit Henry with D'Ambois and Ladies
Guise [*aside to Monsieur*]. Now stir the humour, and
 begin the brawl.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now are grown all one.

Mons [*making horns at Montsurry*]. Nay, they are two,
 my lord.

Mont.

How's that ?

Mons.

No more. 120

Mont. I must have more, my lord.

Mons. What, more than two?

Mont. How monstrous is this!

Mons. Why?

Mont. You make me horns!

Mons. Not I, it is a work without my power;
 Married men's ensigns are not made with fingers;
 Of divine fabric they are, not men's hands; 125
 Your wife, you know, is a mere Cynthia.
 And she must fashion horns out of her nature.

Mont. But doth she? Dare you charge her? Speak, false prince.

Mons. I must not speak, my lord; but if you'll use
 The learning of a nobleman, and read, 130
 Here's something to those points; soft, you must pawn
 Your honour having read it to return it.

Enter Tamyra, Pero.

Mont. Not I! I pawn mine honour for a paper?

Mons. You must not buy it under.

Exeunt Guise and Monsieur

Mont. Keep it then,

And keep fire in your bosom.

Tam. What says he? 135

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Tam. How fares my lord?

Takes my love anything to heart he says?

Mont. Come y'are a—

Tam. What, my lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod

Feast in his rotten entrails.

Tam. Will you wreak

Your anger's just cause given by him, on me? 140

Mont. By him?

Tam. By him, my lord; I have admir'd

You could all this time be at concord with him,

That still hath play'd such discords on your honour.

Mont. Perhaps 'tis with some proud string of my wife's.

Tam. How's that, my lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire, 145

Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. O, woe is me!

She seems to swoond

Pero.

What does your lordship mean ?

Madam, be comforted ; my lord but tries you.

Madam ! Help, good my lord, are you not mov'd ?

Do your set looks print in your words your thoughts ? 150

Sweet lord, clear up those eyes, for shame of noblesse,

Unbend that masking forehead ; whence is it

You rush upon her with these Irish wars,

More full of sound than hurt ? But it is enough,

You have shot home, your words are in her heart ; 155

She has not liv'd to bear a trial now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kiss receive

My soul amongst thy spirits, for supply

To thine chas'd with my fury.

Tam.

Oh, my lord,

I have too long liv'd to hear this from you. 160

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled blood, and not from me.[*Aside*] I know not how I fare ; a sudden night

Flows through my entrails, and a headlong chaos

Murmurs within me, which I must digest,

And not drown her in my confusions, 165

That was my life's joy, being best inform'd.—

Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love

(Like to a fire disdaining his suppression)

Rag'd being discourag'd ; my whole heart is wounded

When any least thought in you is but touch'd, 170

And shall be till I know your former merits,

Your name and memory, altogether crave

In just oblivion their eternal grave ;

And then, you must hear from me, there's no mean

In any passion I shall feel for you ; 175

Love is a razor cleansing, being well us'd,

But fetcheth blood still, being the least abus'd ;

To tell you briefly all—the man that left me

When you appear'd, did turn me worse than woman,

And stabb'd me to the heart thus [*making horns*], with his
fingers. 180*Tam.* Oh, happy woman ! Comes my stain from him ?

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves

That slew Chymæra, rescued Peleus

From all the savage beasts in Pelion,

And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from hell : 185

All suffering with me, they for women's lusts,

I for a man's, that the Augean stable

Of his foul sin would empty in my lap ;
How his guilt shunn'd me ! Sacred Innocence,
That where thou fear'st art dreadful, and his face 190
Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in chase ;
Come, bring me to him ; I will tell the serpent
Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curs'd seed
A pitch'd field starts up 'twixt my lord and me)
That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fingers, 195
For being so govern'd by his filthy soul.

Mont. I know not if himself will vaunt t'have been
The princely author of the slavish sin,
Or any other ; he would have resolv'd me,
Had you not come, not by his word, but writing, 200
Would I have sworn to give it him again,
And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Tam. See how he flies me still ! 'Tis a foul heart
That fears his own hand. Good, my lord, make haste
To see the dangerous paper ; papers hold 205
Oft-times the forms and copies of our souls,
And, though the world despise them, are the prizes
Of all our honours ; make your honour then
A hostage for it, and with it confer
My nearest woman here, in all she knows ; 210
Who (if the sun or Cerberus could have seen
Any stain in me) might as well as they ;
And, Pero, here I charge thee by my love,
And all proofs of it (which I might call bounties),
By all that thou hast seen seem good in me, 215
And all the ill which thou shouldst spit from thee,
By pity of the wound this touch hath given me,
Not as thy mistress now, but a poor woman,
To death given over, rid me of my pains ;
Pour on thy powder ; clear thy breast of me : 220
My lord is only here ; here speak thy worst,
Thy best will do me mischief ; if thou spar'st me,
Never shine good thought on thy memory !
Resolve my lord, and leave me desperate.

Pero. My lord !—My lord hath play'd a prodigal's part, 225
To break his stock for nothing ; and an insolent,
To cut a Gordian when he could not loose it :
What violence is this, to put true fire
To a false train, to blow up long-crown'd peace
With sudden outrage, and believe a man 230

Sworn to the shame of women, gainst a woman
Born to their honours ! But I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I shall never more
Meet with the fugitive) where I will defy him,
Were he ten times the brother of my king.
To him, my lord, and I'll to cursing him.

235

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in Montsurry's House]**Enter D'Ambois and Friar*

Bus. I am suspicious, my most honour'd father,
By some of Monsieur's cunning passages,
That his still ranging and contentious nostrils,
To scent the haunts of Mischief have so us'd
The vicious virtue of his busy sense,
That he trails hotly of him, and will rouse him,
Driving him all enrag'd and foaming on us ;
And therefore have entreated your deep skill
In the command of good ærial spirits,
To assume these magic rites, and call up one
To know if any have reveal'd unto him
Anything touching my dear love and me.

5

10

Friar. Good son, you have amaz'd me but to make
The least doubt of it, it concerns so nearly
The faith and reverence of my name and order.
Yet will I justify, upon my soul,
All I have done ; if any spirit i' th' earth or air
Can give you the resolve, do not despair.

15

Muzic : and *Tamyra enters with Pero, her maid, bearing a letter*

Tam. Away, deliver it :

Exit Pero

O may my lines,
Fill'd with the poison of a woman's hate,
When he shall open them, shrink up his curs'd eyes
With torturous darkness, such as stands in hell,
Stuck full of inward horrors, never lighted,
With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted ;

20

Bus. [*advancing*] How is it with my honour'd mistress ? 25

Tam. O servant, help, and save me from the gripes
Of shame and infamy. Our love is known ;

Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
Some secret tokens that decipher it.

Bus. What cold dull Northern brain, what fool but he 30
Durst take into his Epimethean breast
A box of such plagues as the danger yields
Incurr'd in this discovery? He had better
Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach
Of the hot surfeits cast out of the clouds, 35
Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the sky)
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery.

Friar. We soon will take the darkness from his face
That did that deed of darkness; we will know
What now the Monsieur and your husband do, 40
What is contain'd within the secret paper
Offer'd by Monsieur, and your love's events:
To which ends, honour'd daughter, at your motion,
I have put on these exorcising rites,
And, by my power of learned holiness 45
Vouchsaf'd me from above, I will command
Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Tam. Good father, raise him in some beauteous form,
That with least terror I may brook his sight.

Friar. Stand sure together, then, whate'er you see, 50
And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

He puts on his robes

Occidentalium legionum spiritualium imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Astaroth locotenente invicto. Adjuro te per Stygis inscrutabilia arcana, per ipsos irremeabiles anfractus Averni: adesto ô Behemoth, tu cui pervia 55 sunt Magnatum scrinia; veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum abdita profundissima; per labentia sidera; per ipsos motus horarum furtivos, Hecatesque altum silentium! Appare in forma spiritali, lucente, splendida & amabili.

Thunder. *Ascendit [Behemoth with Cartophylax and other spirits]*

Beh. What would the holy Friar?

Friar. I would see 60
What now the Monsieur and Montsurry do,
And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
Offer'd to Count Montsurry, longing much
To know on what events the secret loves
Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive. 65

Beh. Why call'dst thou me to this accursed light,
 To these light purposes ? I am Emperor
 Of that inscrutable darkness where are hid
 All deepest truths, and secrets never seen,
 All which I know, and command legions 70
 Of knowing spirits that can do more than these.
 Any of this my guard that circle me
 In these blue fires, and out of whose dim fumes
 Vast murmurs use to break, and from their sounds
 Articulate voices, can do ten parts more 75
 Than open such slight truths as you require.

Friar. From the last night's black depth I call'd up one
 Of the inferior ablest ministers,
 And he could not resolve me ; send one then
 Out of thine own command, to fetch the paper 80
 That Monsieur hath to show to Count Montsurry.

Beh. I will. Cartophylax, thou that properly
 Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd,
 Glide through all bars to it and fetch that paper.

Car. I will. *A torch removes*

Friar. Till he returns, great Prince of Darkness, 85
 Tell me if Monsieur and the Count Montsurry
 Are yet encounter'd ?

Beh. Both them and the Guise
 Are now together.

Friar. Show us all their persons,
 And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will straight return, and then I'll show
 thee. 90

[*Re-enter Cartophylax*]

See, he is come. Why brought'st thou not the paper ?

Car. He hath prevented me, and got a spirit
 Rais'd by another great in our command,
 To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slackness, not t' invoke our powers 95
 When first your acts set forth to their effects ;
 Yet shall you see it and themselves : behold
 They come here, and the Earl now holds the paper.

Enter [above] Monsieur, Guise, Montsurry, with a paper

Bus. May we not hear them ?

[*Friar.*] No, be still and see.

Bus. I will go fetch the paper.

Friar. Do not stir ; 100
 There's too much distance and too many locks
 'Twixt you and them (how near soe'er they seem),
 For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Tam. O honour'd spirit, fly into the fancy 105
 Of my offended lord, and do not let him
 Believe what there the wicked man hath written.

Beh. Persuasion hath already enter'd him
 Beyond reflection ; peace till their departure.

Mons. There is a glass of ink where you may see 110
 How to make ready black-fac'd tragedy :
 You now discern, I hope, through all her paintings,
 Her gasping wrinkles and fame's sepulchres.

Guise. Think you he feigns, my lord ? What hold you
 now ?
 Do we malign your wife, or honour you ?

Mons. What, stricken dumb ! Nay fie, lord, be not 115
 daunted ;
 Your case is common ; were it ne'er so rare,
 Bear it as rarely ! Now to laugh were manly ;
 A worthy man should imitate the weather
 That sings in tempests, and, being clear, is silent.

Guise. Go home, my lord, and force your wife to write 120
 Such loving lines to D'Ambois as she us'd
 When she desir'd his presence.

Mons. Do, my lord,
 And make her name her conceal'd messenger,
 That close and most inenarrable pander,
 That passeth all our studies to exquire ; 125
 By whom convey the letter to her love ;
 And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge ;
 Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
 Behind the arras, of your stoutest men 130
 All close and soundly arm'd ; and let them share
 A spirit amongst them that would serve a thousand.

Enter [above] Pero with a letter

Guise. Yet stay a little ; see, she sends for you.

Mons. Poor, loving lady ; she'll make all good yet,
 Think you not so, my lord ?

Montsurry stabs Pero and exit

Guise. Alas, poor soul ! 135

Mons. This was cruelly done, i' faith.

Pero. 'Twas nobly done.

And I forgive his lordship from my soul.

Mons. Then much good do't thee, Pero ! Hast a letter ?

Pero. I hope it rather be a bitter volume

Of worthy curses for your perjury. 140

Guise. To you, my lord.

Mons. To me ? Now, out upon her.

Guise. Let me see, my lord,

Mons. You shall presently. How fares my Pero ?

Who's there ?

Enter Servant.

Take in this maid, sh'as caught a clap,

And fetch my surgeon to her ; come, my lord, 145

We'll now peruse our letter.

Exeunt Montsurry, Guise

Pero. Furies rise

Out of the black lines, and torment his soul.

[*Servant*] lead[s] her out

Tam. Hath my lord slain my woman ?

Beh. No, she lives.

Friar. What shall become of us ?

Beh. All I can say,

Being call'd thus late, is brief, and darkly this : 150

If D'Ambois' mistress dye not her white hand

In his forc'd blood, he shall remain untouch'd ;

So, father, shall yourself, but by yourself :

To make this augury plainer, when the voice

Of D'Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise, 155

Shining in greater light, and show him all

That will betide ye all ; meantime be wise,

And curb his valour with your policies.

Descendit cum suis

Bus. Will he appear to me when I invoke him ?

Friar. He will, be sure.

Bus. It must be shortly then : 160

For his dark words have tied my thoughts on knots.

Till he dissolve, and free them.

Tam. In meantime,

Dear servant, till your powerful voice revoke him,

Be sure to use the policy he advis'd ;
 Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken 165
Of our abuse, and your defence of me,
Accuse me more than any enemy ;
 And, father, you must on my lord impose
Your holiest charges, and the Church's power
To temper his hot spirit and disperse 170
The cruelty and the blood I know his hand
Will shower upon our heads, if you put not
Your finger to the storm, and hold it up,
As my dear servant here must do with Monsieur.

Bus. I'll soothe his plots, and strow my hate with smiles, 175
Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood :
I'll bind his arm in silk, and rub his flesh,
To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush
Into some kennel where it longs to lie,
And policy shall be flank'd with policy.
Yet shall the feeling centre where we meet
Groan with the weight of my approaching feet ;
I'll make th' inspired thresholds of his court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps, 185
Before I enter ; yet will I appear
Like calm security before a ruin ;
A politician must like lightning melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin :
His ways must not be seen ; the superficies 190
Of the green centre must not taste his feet ;
When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tracts ;
And all his harvest reap'd by hellish facts. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Montsurry's House*]

Montsurry, *bare, unbraced, pulling Tamyra in by the hair, Friar. One bearing light, a standish and paper, which sets a table.*

Tam. O, help me, father !

Friar. Impious carl, forbear.

Take violent hand from her, or, by mine order,
The King shall force thee.

Mont.

'Tis not violent ;

Come you not willingly ?

Tam.

Yes, good my lord.

Friar. My lord, remember that your soul must seek 5
Her peace, as well as your revengeful blood ;
You ever to this hour have prov'd yourself
A noble, zealous, and obedient son,
T'our holy mother ; be not an apostate :
Your wife's offence serves not (were it the worst 10
You can imagine) without greater proofs
To sever your eternal bonds and hearts ;
Much less to touch her with a bloody hand :
Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
To expiate any frailty in your wife 15
With churlish strokes or beastly odds of strength :
The stony birth of clouds will touch no laurel,
Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your laurel,
And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then ;
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour, 20
To her that is more gentle than that rude ;
In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good father, leave us ; interrupt no more 25
The course I must run for mine honour sake.
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish ; will she but disclose
Who was the secret minister of her love,
And through what maze he serv'd it, we are friends.

Friar. It is a damn'd work to pursue those secrets, 30
That would ope more sin, and prove springs of slaughter ;
Nor is't a path for Christian feet to tread,
But out of all way to the health of souls,
A sin impossible to be forgiven ;
Which he that dares commit—

Mont. Good father, cease your terrors. 35
Tempt not a man distracted ; I am apt
To outrages that I shall ever rue !
I will not pass the verge that bounds a Christian,
Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Friar. Then God inspire you both with thoughts and deeds 40
Worthy his high respect, and your own souls.

Tam. Father !

Friar. I warrant thee, my dearest daughter,
He will not touch thee ; think'st thou him a pagan ?
His honour and his soul lies for thy safety. *Exit*

Mont. Who shall remove the mountain from my breast. 45
Stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,
And set fit outcries for a soul in hell ?

Montsurry turns a key

For now it nothing fits my woes to speak
But thunder, or to take into my throat
The trump of Heaven, with whose determinate blasts 50
The winds shall burst, and the devouring seas
Be drunk up in his sounds ; that my hot woes
(Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
Ascending from my infamy unseen,
Shorten the world, preventing the last breath 55
That kills the living, and regenerates death.

Tam. My lord, my fault (as you may censure it
With too strong arguments) is past your pardon :
But how the circumstances may excuse me
God knows, and your more temperate mind hereafter 60
May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter ? 'Tis a suppos'd infinite,
That from this point will rise eternally :
Fame grows in going ; in the scapes of virtue
Excuses damn her : they be fires in cities 65
Enrag'd with those winds that less lights extinguish.
Come, Siren, sing, and dash against my rocks
Thy ruffian galley, rigg'd with quench for lust !
Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice
With which thou drew'st into thy strumpet's lap 70
The spawn of Venus, and in which ye danced ;
That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his tomb,
And quit his manhood with a woman's sleight,
Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit.
Sing (that is, write), and then take from mine eyes 75
The mists that hide the most inscrutable pander
That ever lapp'd up an adulterous vomit ;
That I may see the devil, and survive
To be a devil, and then learn to wive :
That I may hang him, and then cut him down, 80
Then cut him up, and with my soul's beams search
The cranks and caverns of his brain, and study

The errant wilderness of a woman's face,
 Where men cannot get out, for all the comets
 That have been lighted at it: though they know 85
 That adders lie a-sunning in their smiles,
 That basilisks drink their poison from their eyes,
 And no way there to coast out to their hearts;
 Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd
 Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before 90
 All cares devour them, nor in human consort
 Till they embrace within their wife's two breasts
 All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts.
 Why write you not?

Tam. O, good my lord, forbear
 In wreak of great faults to engender greater, 95
 And make my love's corruption generate murder.

Mont. It follows needfully as child and parent;
 The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
 And it must murder; 'tis thine own dear twin:
 No man can add height to a woman's sin. 100
 Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
 As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.
 Write! For it must be; by this ruthless steel,
 By this impartial torture, and the death
 Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails, 105
 To quicken life in dying, and hold up
 The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
 Torments in ashes, that will ever last.
 Speak! Will you write?

Tam. Sweet lord, enjoin my sin
 Some other penance than what makes it worse: 110
 Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loath'd face,
 And let condemned murderers let me down
 (Stopping their noses) my abhorred food.
 Hang me in chains, and let me eat these arms
 That have offended: bind me face to face 115
 To some dead woman, taken from the cart
 Of execution, till death and time
 In grains of dust dissolve me; I'll endure:
 Or any torture that your wrath's invention
 Can fright all pity from the world withal: 120
 But to betray a friend with show of friendship,
 That is too common for the rare revenge
 Your rage affecteth; here then are my breasts,

Last night your pillows ; here my wretched arms,
 As late the wished confines of your life : 125
 Now break them as you please, and all the bounds
 Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have been broken, they are kept,
 In doing their justice there with any show
 Of the like cruelty ; thine arms have lost 130
 Their privilege in lust, and in their torture
 Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her*

Tam. O Lord !

Mont. Till thou writ'st,
 I'll write in wounds (my wrong's fit characters)
 Thy right of sufferance. Write !

Tam. Oh, kill me, kill me !
 Dear husband, be not crueller than death ; 135
 You have beheld some Gorgon ; feel, oh, feel
 How you are turn'd to stone ; with my heart-blood
 Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow
 Into the image of all tyranny.

Mont. As thou art of adultery ; I will ever 140
 Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster ;
 Thus I express thee yet. *Stabs her again*

Tam. And yet I live.

Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not done yet :
 This tool hath wrought enough ; [*sheathing his dagger*] now,
 Torture, use
 This other engine on th' habituate powers 145
 Of her thrice-damn'd and whorish fortitude :

Enter Servants [~~and place Tamyra on the rack~~]

Use the most madding pains in her that ever
 Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of death,
 That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then
 Stand, Vengeance, on thy steepest rock, a victor ! 150

Tam. Oh, who is turn'd into my lord and husband ?
 Husband ! My lord ! None but my lord and husband !
 Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sins,
 Not of my pains ; husband, oh, help me, husband !

Ascendit Friar with a sword drawn

Friar. What rape of honour and religion ! 155
 Oh, wrack of nature ! *Falls and dies*

Tam. Poor man ! Oh, my father !

Father, look up ! Oh, let me down, my lord,
And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies !
What new flame breaks out of the firmament,
That turns up counsels never known before ? 160
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands still ;
Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill :
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back-part upwards, and with that she braves
This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mock'd ! 165
The gravity of her religious face,
(Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)
Turns to th' Antipodes ; and all the forms
That her illusions have impress'd in her, 170
Have eaten through her back ; and now all see,
How she is riveted with hypocrisy.
Was this the way ? Was he the mean betwixt you ?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man, he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two. 175

Tam. I will, I will.

I'll write, but with my blood, that he may see
These lines come from my wounds, and not from me.

Writes

Mont. Well might he die for thought : methinks the frame
And shaken joints of the whole world should crack
To see her parts so disproportionate ; 180
And that his general beauty cannot stand
Without these stains in the particular man.
Why wander I so far ? Here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to me,
Though now a world of spots ; oh, what a lightning 185
Is man's delight in women ! What a bubble,
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he marries !
Since all earth's pleasures are so short and small,
The way t'enjoy it, is t'abjure it all.
Enough ! I must be messenger myself, 190
Disguis'd like this strange creature : in, I'll after,
To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,
And to the world sing new impieties.

Exeunt [Servants]. He puts the Friar in the vault and
follows. She wraps herself in the arras.

[SCENA SECUNDA

*Another Room in Montsurry's House]**Enter Monsieur and Guise*

Mons. Now shall we see that Nature hath no end
 In her great works responsive to their worths ;
 That she, that makes so many eyes and souls
 To see and foresee, is stark blind herself ; → *wh*
 And as illiterate men say Latin prayers 5
 By rote of heart and daily iteration,
 Not knowing what they say, so Nature lays
 A deal of stuff together, and by use,
 Or by the mere necessity of matter,
 Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty 10
 Of strength or virtue, error or clear truth,
 Not knowing what she does ; but usually
 Gives that which we call merit to a man,
 And believe should arrive him on huge riches,
 Honour, and happiness, that effects his ruin ; 15
 Right as in ships of war whole lasts of powder
 Are laid, men think, to make them last, and guard them,
 When a disorder'd spark that powder taking,
 Blows up with sudden violence and horror
 Ships that (kept empty) had sail'd long with terror. 20

Guise. He that observes but like a worldly man
 That which doth oft succeed, and by th' events
 Values the worth of things, will think it true
 That Nature works at random, just with you :
 But with as much proportion she may make 25
 A thing that from the feet up to the throat
 Hath all the wondrous fabric man should have,
 And leave it headless, for a perfect man,
 As give a full man valour, virtue, learning,
 Without an end more excellent than those | *wh*
 On whom she no such worthy part bestows. 30

Mons. Yet shall you see it here ; here will be one
 Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full mann'd ;
 One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand
 That with an ominous eye she wept to see 35
 So much consum'd her virtuous treasury.
 Yet as the winds sing through a hollow tree
 And (since it lets them pass through) let it stand ;

But a tree solid (since it gives no way
 To their wild rage) they rend up by the root : 40
 So this whole man
 (That will not wind with every crooked way,
 Trod by the servile world) shall reel and fall
 Before the frantic puffs of blind-born chance,
 That pipes through empty men, and makes them dance. 45
 Not so the sea raves on the Lybian sands,
 Tumbling her billows in each others' neck ;
 Not so the surges of the Euxine sea
 (Near to the frosty pole, where free Boötes
 From those dark deep waves turns his radiant team) 50
 Swell, being enrag'd, even from their inmost drop,
 As Fortune swings about the restless state
 Of virtue, now thrown into all men's hate.

*Enter Montsurry disguised [as the Friar] with the
 Murtherers*

Away, my lord ; you are perfectly disguis'd,
 Leave us to lodge your ambush. 55

Mont. Speed me, vengeance ! *Exit*

Mons. Resolve, my masters, you shall meet with one
 Will try what proofs your privy coats are made on :
 When he is enter'd, and you hear us stamp,
 Approach, and make all sure.

Murtherers.

We will, my lord. *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA

A room in Bussy's House]

D'Ambois with two Pages with tapers

Bus. Sit up to-night, and watch ; I'll speak with none
 But the old Friar, who bring to me.

Pages. We will, sir. *Exeunt*

Bus. What violent heat is this ? Methinks the fire
 Of twenty lives doth on a sudden flash
 Through all my faculties : the air goes high 5
 In this close chamber, and the frightened earth *Thunder*
 Trembles, and shrinks beneath me ; the whole house
 Nods with his shaken burthen.

Enter Umbra Friar

Bless me, heaven !

Umbra. Note what I want, dear son, and be forewarn'd :
 O there are bloody deeds past and to come. 10
 I cannot stay ; a fate doth ravish me ;
 I'll meet thee in the chamber of thy love. *Exit*

Bus. What dismal change is here ! The good old Friar
 Is murder'd, being made known to serve my love ;
 And now his restless spirit would forewarn me 15
 Of some plot dangerous and imminent.
 Note what he wants ? He wants his upper weed,
 He wants his life and body : which of these
 Should be the want he means, and may supply me
 With any fit forewarning ? This strange vision 20
 (Together with the dark prediction
 Us'd by the Prince of Darkness that was rais'd
 By this embodied shadow) stir my thoughts
 With reminiscion of the Spirit's promise,
 Who told me that by any invocation 25
 I should have power to raise him, though it wanted
 The powerful words and decent rites of art :
 Never had my set brain such need of spirit
 T'instruct and cheer it ; now then I will claim
 Performance of his free and gentle vow 30
 T'appear in greater light, and make more plain
 His rugged oracle : I long to know
 How my dear mistress fares, and be inform'd
 What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
 Of her incensed lord : methought the Spirit 35
 (When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage)
 Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds ;
 His forehead bent, as it would hide his face,
 He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
 And struck a churlish silence through his powers. 40
 Terror of darkness ! O, thou King of flames !
 That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
 The clear light out of crystal on dark earth,
 And hurl'st instructive fire about the world,
 Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night, 45
 That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle !
 Or thou great Prince of shades where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where men are blindest, open now the heart 50
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear,

Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum suis

Beh. Thus, to observe my vow of apparition
 In greater light, and explicate thy fate, 55
 I come ; and tell thee that, if thou obey
The summons that thy mistress next will send thee,
Her hand shall be thy death.

Bus. When will she send ?

Beh. Soon as I set again, where late I rose.

Bus. Is the old Friar slain ? 60

Beh. No, and yet lives not.

Bus. Died he a natural death ?

Beh. He did.

Bus. Who then

Will my dear mistress send ?

Beh. I must not tell thee.

Bus. Who lets thee ?

Beh. Fate.

Bus. Who are Fate's ministers ?

Beh. The Guise and Monsieur.

Bus. A fit pair of shears

To cut the threads of kings and kingly spirits, 65

And consorts fit to sound forth harmony

Set to the falls of kingdoms ! Shall the hand

Of my kind mistress kill me ?

Beh. If thou yield

To her next summons. Y'are fair-warn'd ; farewell !

Thunders. Exit

Bus. I must fare well, however, though I die, 70

My death consenting with his augury :

Should not my powers obey when she commands,

My motion must be rebel to my will,

My will to life. If, when I have obey'd,

Her hand should so reward me, they must arm it, 75

Bind me, or force it ; or, I lay my life,

She rather would convert it many times

On her own bosom, even to many deaths :

But were there danger of such violence,

I know 'tis far from her intent to send : 80

And who she should send is as far from thought,

Since he is dead, whose only mean she us'd.

[One] knocks

Who's there ? Look to the door, and let him in,
Though politic Monsieur or the violent Guise.

Enter Montsurry, like the Friar, with a letter written in blood

Mont. Hail to my worthy son.

Bus.

Oh, lying Spirit; *turn on this spirit.* 85

To say the Friar was dead ! I'll now believe

Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.

My kind and honour'd father, well reviv'd !

I have been frighted with your death and mine,

And told my mistress' hand should be my death,

90

If I obey'd this summons.

Mont.

I believ'd

Your love had been much clearer than to give

Any such doubt a thought, for she is clear,

And having freed her husband's jealousy

(Of which her much abus'd hand here is witness)

95

She prays, for urgent cause, your instant presence.

Bus. Why, then your Prince of Spirits may be call'd

The Prince of liars.

Mont.

Holy Writ so calls him.

Bus. [Opening the letter] What ! Writ in blood ?

Mont.

Ay, 'tis the ink of lovers.

Bus. O, 'tis a sacred witness of her love.

100

So much elixir of her blood as this,

Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firm

As heat to fire ; and, like to all the signs,

Commands the life confin'd in all my veins ;

O, how it multiplies my blood with spirit,

105

And makes me apt t'encounter Death and Hell.

But come, kind father, you fetch me to heaven,

And to that end your holy weed was given.

Exeunt

[SCENA QUARTA

A Room in Montsurry's House]

Thunder. *Intrat Umbra Friar, and discovers Tamyra*

Umbra. Up with these stupid thoughts, still loved
daughter,

And strike away this heartless trance of anguish.

Be like the sun, and labour in eclipses ;
 Look to the end of woes : oh, can you sit
 Mustering the horrors of your servant's slaughter 5
 Before your contemplation, and not study
 How to prevent it ? Watch when he shall rise,
 And with a sudden outcry of his murder, 10
 Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Tam. O father, have my dumb woes wak'd your death ? 10
 When will our human griefs be at their height ?
 Man is a tree that hath no top in cares,
 No root in comforts ; all his power to live
 Is given to no end, but t'have power to grieve.

Umbra. It is the misery of our creation, 15
 Your true friend,
 Led by your husband, shadow'd in my weed,
 Now enters the dark vault.

Tam. But, my dearest father,
 Why will not you appear to him yourself,
 And see that none of these deceits annoy him ? 20

Umbra. My power is limited ; alas ! I cannot.
 All that I can do—See, the cave opens !

Exit. D'Ambois [*appears*] at the Gulf

Tam. Away, my love, away ! Thou wilt be murder'd.

Enter Monsieur and Guise above.

Bus. Murder'd ? I know not what that Hebrew means :
 That word had ne'er been nam'd had all been D'Ambois. 25
 Murder'd ? By heaven, he is my murderer
 That shows me not a murderer ; what such bug
 Abhorreth not the very sleep of D'Ambois ?
 Murder'd ? Who dares give all the room I see
 To D'Ambois' reach, or look with any odds 30
 His fight i'th' face, upon whose hand sits death,
 Whose sword hath wings, and every feather pierceth ?
 If I scape Monsieur's 'pothecary shops,
 Foutre for Guise's shambles ! 'Twas ill plotted ;
 They should have maul'd me here, when I was rising. 35
 I am up and ready.

Let in my politic visitants, let them in,
 Though entering like so many moving armours.
 Fate is more strong than arms, and sly than treason,
 And I at all parts buckled in my fate. 40

Mons. } Why enter not the coward villains ?
Guise. }

Bus. Dare they not come ?

Enter Murtherers with [Umbra] Friar at the other door

Tam. They come.

First Mur. Come all at once.

Umbra. Back, coward murtherers, back !

Omnes. Defend us, heaven !

Exeunt all but the first [Murtherer]

First Mur. Come ye not on ?

Bus. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firm ? [*Strikes him with his sword*] Will it
 not enter here ?

45

You have a face yet. [*Kills the first Murtherer*] So ! In thy
 life's flame

I burn the first rites to my mistress' fame.

Umbra. Breathe thee, brave son, against the other charge.

Bus. Oh, is it true then that my sense first told me ?

Is my kind father dead ?

Tam. He is, my love.

50

'Twas the Earl, my husband, in his weed, that brought thee.

Bus. That was a speeding sleight, and well resembled.

Where is that angry Earl ? My lord, come forth

And show your own face in your own affair ;

Take not into your noble veins the blood

55

Of these base villains, nor the light reports

Of blister'd tongues for clear and weighty truth,

But me against the world, in pure defence

Of your rare lady, to whose spotless name

I stand here as a bulwark, and project

60

A life to her renown, that ever yet

Hath been untainted, even in envy's eye,

And, where it would protect, a sanctuary.

Brave Earl, come forth, and keep your scandal in :

'Tis not our fault, if you enforce the spot

65

Nor the wreak yours, if you perform it not.

Enter Montsurry, with all the Murtherers

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off ?

They are your own faint spirits that have forg'd

The fearful shadows that your eyes deluded :

The fiend was in you ; cast him out then, thus.

70

[*They fight.*] D'Ambois *hath* Montsurry *down*

Tam. Favour my lord, my love, O, favour him !

Bus. I will not touch him : take your life, my lord,
And be appeas'd. *Pistols shot within.* [*Bussy is wounded*]

O, then the coward Fates
Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their honour.

Umbra. What have ye done, slaves ? Irreligious lord ! 75

Bus. Forbear them, father ; 'tis enough for me
That Guise and Monsieur, Death and Destiny,
Come behind D'Ambois. Is my body, then,
But penetrable flesh ? And must my mind
Follow my blood ? Can my divine part add 80
No aid to th' earthly in extremity ?

Then these divines are but for form, not fact :
Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,
A mistress and a servant : let my death
Define life nothing but a courtier's breath. 85

Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.
I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,
And, like a man, look upwards even in death.
And if Vespasian thought in majesty 90
An emperor might die standing, why not I ?

She offers to help him

Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him ;
For he died splinted with his chamber grooms.
Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done !
The equal thought I bear of life and death 95
Shall make me faint on no side ; I am up ;
Here like a Roman statue I will stand

Till death hath made me marble. Oh, my fame,
Live in despite of murder ! Take thy wings
And haste thee where the grey ey'd Morn perfumes 100
Her rosy chariot with Sabæan spices !

Fly, where the Evening from th' Iberian vales
Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate,
Crown'd with a grove of oaks : fly where men feel
The burning axletree, and those that suffer 105

Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear :
And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hasting
To the eternal dwellers ; that a thunder
Of all their sighs together (for their frailties

Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall 110
With a fit volley for my funeral.

Umbra. Forgive thy murtherers.

Bus.

I forgive them all ;

And you, my lord [*to Montsurry*], their fautor ; for true sign
Of which unfeign'd remission take my sword ;

Take it, and only give it motion, 115

And it shall find the way to victory

By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath still'd into't with charms of spirit.

Now let me pray you that my weighty blood
Laid in oné scale of your impartial spleen, 120

May sway the forfeit of my worthy love

Weigh'd in the other ; and be reconcil'd

With all forgiveness to your matchless wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this hand

That led thy life to this unworthy end ; 125

Forgive it, for the blood with which 'tis stain'd,

In which I writ the summons of thy death—

The forced summons—by this bleeding wound,

By this here in my bosom, and by this

That makes me hold up both my hands imbru'd 130

For thy dear pardon.

Bus.

O, my heart is broken !

Fate nor these murtherers, Monsieur nor the Guise,

Have any glory in my death, but this,

This killing spectacle, this prodigy :

My sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red beams 135

Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow,

Laid on my heart and liver) from their veins

Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks,

Into the ocean of all human life,

And make it bitter, only with my blood. 140

O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,

In me (like warning fire upon the top

Of some steep beacon, on a steeper hill)

Made to express it : like a falling star

Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt

Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament. 145

Moritur

Umbra. Farewell, brave relics of a complete man,

Look up and see thy spirit made a star ;

Join flames with Hercules, and when thou sett'st



Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt ;
Spread to a world of fire, and the aged sky
Cheer with new sparks of old humanity.

[To Montsurry] Son of the earth, whom my unrested soul,
Rues t'have begotten in the faith of heaven, 155

Assay to gratulate and pacify
The soul fled from this worthy by performing
The Christian reconcilement he besought
Betwixt thee and thy lady ; let her wounds
Manlessly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd 160
With balm of thine own tears ; or be assur'd
Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this ; still kneeling by,
And mourning his fall more than her own fault !

Umbra. Remove, dear daughter, and content thy husband ; 165
So piety wills thee, and thy servant's peace.

[Exit Umbra]

Tam. O wretched piety, that art so distract
In thine own constancy, and in thy right
Must be unrighteous : if I right my friend
I wrong my husband ; if his wrong I shun, 170
The duty of my friend I leave undone :
Ill plays on both sides ; here and there, it riseth ;
No place, no good, so good, but ill compriseth ;
O had I never married but for form,
Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive, 175
Never made conscience of any sin,
But cloak'd it privately and made it common ;
Nor never honour'd been in blood or mind ;
Happy had I been then, as others are
Of the like licence ; I had then been honour'd ; 180
Liv'd without envy ; custom had benumb'd
All sense of scruple and all note of frailty ;
My fame had been untouch'd, my heart unbroken :
But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
O husband ! Dear friend ! O my conscience ! 185

Mons. Come, let's away ; my senses are not proof
Against those plaints.

Exeunt Guise and Monsieur. D'Ambois is borne off

Mont. I must not yield to pity, nor to love
So servile and so traitorous : cease, my blood,
To wrestle with my honour, fame, and judgment : 190

Away, forsake my house, forbear complaints
Where thou hast bred them : here [are] all things
Of their own shame and sorrow ; leave my house.

Tam. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be gone,
And till these wounds (that never balm shall close 195
Till death hath enter'd at them, so I love them,
Being open'd by your hands) by death be cur'd,
I never more will grieve you with my sight,
Never endure that any roof shall part
Mine eyes and heaven ; but to the open deserts 200
(Like to a hunted tigress) I will fly,
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And look on no side till I be arriv'd.

Mont. I do forgive thee, and upon my knees,
With hands held up to heaven, wish that mine honour 205
Would suffer reconcilment to my love ;
But since it will not, honour never serve
My love with flourishing object, till it sterve !
And as this taper, though it upwards look,
Downwards must needs consume, so let our love ! 210
As, having lost his honey, the sweet taste
Runs into savour, and will needs retain
A spice of his first parents, till, like life,
It sees and dies ; so let our love ! And lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up, 215
It keeps his lustre, but, being thus turn'd down,
(His natural course of useful light inverted),
His own stuff puts it out, so let our love !
Now turn from me, as here I turn from thee,
And may both points of heaven's straight axle-tree 220
Conjoin in one, before thyself and me.

Exeunt severally

FINIS ACTUS QUINTI ET ULTIMI

EPILOGUE

WITH many hands you have seen D'Ambois slain,
Yet by your grace he may revive again,
And every day grow stronger in his skill
To please, as we presume he is in will.
The best deserving actors of the time
Had their ascents ; and by degrees did climb
To their full height, a place to study due.
To make him tread in their path lies in you ;
He'll not forget his makers, but still prove
His thankfulness, as you increase your love.

5

10

FINIS

THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS

A TRAGEDY



The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois

A TRAGEDY

TO

THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND TRULY NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR THOMAS HOWARD, ETC.

SIR—

Since works of this kind have been lately esteemed worthy the patronage of some of our worthiest nobles, I have made no doubt to prefer this of mine to your undoubted virtue and exceeding true noblesse, as containing matter no less deserving your reading, and excitation to heroical life, than any such late dedication. Nor have the greatest Princes of Italy and other countries conceived it any least diminution to their greatness to have their names winged with these tragic plumes, and dispersed by way of patronage through the most noble notices of Europe.

Howsoever therefore in the scenical presentation it might meet with some maligners, yet considering even therein it passed with approbation of more worthy judgments, the balance of their side (especially being held by your impartial hand) I hope will to no grain abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of either person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poor envious souls they are that cavil at truth's want in these natural fictions; material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary, being the soul, limbs, and limits of an autenticall tragedy. But whatsoever merit of your full countenance and favour suffers defect in this, I shall soon supply with some other of more general account: wherein your right virtuous name made famous and preserved to posterity, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and love of all virtuous and divine expression, may be so much past others of your rank increased, as they are short of your judicial ingenuity in their due estimation.

For, howsoever those ignoble and sour-browed worldlings are careless of whatsoever future or present opinion spreads of them, yet (with the most divine philosopher, if Scripture did not confirm it) I make it matter of my faith, that we truly retain an intellectual feeling of good or bad after this life, proportionably answerable to the love or neglect we bear here to all virtue, and truly humane instruction: in whose favour and honour I wish you most eminent; and rest ever,

Your true virtue's

Most true observer,

GEO. CHAPMAN

THE ACTORS' NAMES

Henry, <i>the King</i>	Perricot, <i>an Usher</i> [to Guise]
Monsieur, <i>his brother</i>	[An Usher to the Countess]
Guise, <i>a Duke</i>	<i>The Guard</i>
Renel, <i>a Marquess</i>	Soldiers
Montsurry, <i>an Earl</i>	Servants
Baligny, <i>Lord-Lieutenant</i> [of <i>Cambrai</i>]	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> Bussy Monsieur Guise <i>Cardinal Guise</i> Chatillon </div> </div>
Clermont d'Ambois	
Maillard, }	
Chalon, }	
Aumale, }	<i>The ghost[s] of</i>
Epernon, }	<i>The Countess of Cambrai</i>
Soissons, }	<i>Tamyra, wife to Montsurry.</i>
	<i>Charlotte, wife to Baligny</i>
	<i>Riova, a servant</i>

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Baligny and Renel

Bal. To what will this declining kingdom turn,
Swinging in every licence, as in this
Stupid permission of brave D'Ambois' murder?
Murder made parallel with law! Murder us'd
To serve the kingdom, given by suit to men 5
For their advancement, suffer'd scarecrow-like
To fright adultery! What will policy
At length bring under his capacity?

Ren. All things: for as when the high births of kings,
Deliverances, and coronations, 10
We celebrate with all the cities' bells
Jangling together in untun'd confusion,
All order'd clocks are tied up; so when glory,
Flattery, and smooth applauses of things ill,
Uphold th' inordinate swinge of downright power, 15
Justice and truth, that tell the bounded use,
Virtuous and well-distinguish'd forms of time
Are gagg'd and tongue-tied. But we have observ'd
Rule in more regular motion: things most lawful
Were once most royal; kings sought common good, 20
Men's manly liberties, though ne'er so mean,
And had their own swinge so more free, and more.
But when pride enter'd them, and rule by power,
All brows that smil'd beneath them, frown'd; hearts griev'd
By imitation; virtue quite was vanish'd, 25
And all men studied self-love, fraud, and vice;
Then no man could be good but he was punish'd:
Tyrants being still more fearful of the good
Than of the bad; their subjects' virtues ever
Manag'd with curbs and dangers, and esteem'd 30
As shadows and detractions to their own.

Bal. Now all is peace, no danger : now what follows ?
 Idleness rusts us, since no virtuous labour
 Ends ought rewarded : ease, security,
 Now all the palm wears : we made war before 35
 So to prevent war ; men with giving gifts,
 More than receiving, made our country strong ;
 Our matchless race of soldiers then would spend
 In public wars, not private brawls, their spirits,
 In daring enemies, arm'd with meanest arms, 40
 Not courting strumpets, and consuming birthrights
 In apishness and envy of attire.
 No labour then was harsh, no way so deep,
 No rock so steep, but if a bird could scale it,
 Up would our youth fly too. A foe in arms 45
 Stirr'd up a much more lust of his encounter,
 Than of a mistress never so be-painted :
 Ambition then, was only scaling walls,
 And over-topping turrets ; fame was wealth ;
 Best parts, best deeds, were best nobility ; 50
 Honour with worth, and wealth well got or none :
 Countries we won with as few men as countries ;
 Virtue subdu'd all.

Ren. Just : and then our nobles
 Lov'd virtue so, they prais'd and us'd it too :
 Had rather do than say, their own deeds hearing 55
 By others glorified, than be so barren
 That their parts only stood in praising others.

Bal. Who could not do, yet prais'd, and envied not ;
 Civil behaviour flourish'd ; bounty flow'd ;
 Avarice to upland boors, slaves, hangmen, banish'd. 60

Ren. 'Tis now quite otherwise : but to note the cause
 Of all these foul digressions and revolts
 From our first natures, this 'tis in a word :
 Since good arts fail, crafts and deceits are us'd ;
 Men ignorant are idle ; idle men 65
 Most practise what they most may do with ease,
 Fashion, and favour ; all their studies aiming
 At getting money, which no wise man ever
 Fed his desires with.

Bal. Yet now none are wise
 That think not heaven's tru[th] foolish, weigh'd with that. 70
 Well, thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
 Make with thy greatness a new world arise.

Such depress'd nobles, followers of his,
As you, [yourself], my lord, will find a time
When to revenge your wrongs.

Ren. I make no doubt : 75
In mean time, I could wish the wrong were righted
Of your slain brother-in-law, brave Bussy d'Ambois.

Bal. That one accident was made my charge.
My brother Bussy's sister, now my wife,
By no suit would consent to satisfy 80
My love of her with marriage, till I vow'd,
To use my utmost to revenge my brother :
But Clermont d'Ambois, Bussy's second brother,
Had, since, his apparition and excitement
To suffer none but his hand in his wreak, 85
Which he hath vow'd, and so will needs acquit
Me of my vow, made to my wife, his sister,
And undertake himself Bussy's revenge ;
Yet loathing any way to give it act,
But in the noblest and most manly course, 90
If th' Earl dares take it, he resolves to send
A challenge to him, and myself must bear it ;
To which delivery I can use no means,
He is so barricado'd in his house,
And arm'd with guard still. 95

Ren. That means lay on me,
Which I can strangely make. My last lands' sale,
By his great suit, stands now on price with him,
And he, as you know, passing covetous,
With that blind greediness that follows gain,
Will cast no danger where her sweet feet tread. 100
Besides, you know, his lady by his suit,
(Wooing as freshly, as when first Love shot
His faultless arrows from her rosy eyes)
Now lives with him again, and she, I know,
Will join with all helps in her friend's revenge. 105

Bal. No doubt, my lord, and therefore let me pray you
To use all speed ; for so on needles' points
My wife's heart stands with haste of the revenge,
Being, as you know, full of her brother's fire,
That she imagines I neglect my vow ; 110
Keeps off her kind embraces, and still asks,
'When, when, will this revenge come ? When perform'd
Will this dull vow be ?' and, I vow to heaven,

So sternly, and so past her sex she urges
 My vow's performance, that I almost fear 115
 To see her, when I have awhile been absent,
 Not showing her, before I speak, the blood
 She so much thirsts for, freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the challenge writ, and look from me
 To hear your passage clear'd no long time after. 120

Exit Renel

Bal. All restitution to your worthiest lordship
 Whose errand I must carry to the King,
 As having sworn my service in the search
 Of all such malcontents and their designs,
 By seeming one affected with their faction 125
 And discontented humours gainst the state :
 Nor doth my brother Clermont scape my counsel
 Given to the King about his Guisean greatness,
 Which, as I spice it, hath possess'd the King
 (Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger 130
 Charg'd in it to his person ; though my conscience
 Dare swear him clear of any power to be
 Infected with the least dishonesty :
 Yet that sincerity, we politicians
 Must say, grows out of envy, since it cannot 135
 Aspire to policy's greatness ; and the more
 We work on all respects of kind and virtue,
 The more our service to the King seems great,
 In sparing no good that seems bad to him :
 And the more bad we make the most of good, 140
 The more our policy searcheth, and our service
 Is wonder'd at for wisdom and sincereness.
 'Tis easy to make good suspected still,
 Where good and God are made but cloaks for ill.

Enter Henry, Monsieur, Guise, Clermont, Epernon, Soissons.
Monsieur taking leave of the King, [who then goes out]

See Monsieur taking now his leave for Brabant, 145
 The Guise, and his dear minion, Clermont d'Ambois,
 Whispering together, not of state affairs
 I durst lay wagers (though the Guise be now
 In chief heat of his faction), but of something
 Savouring of that which all men else despise,
 How to be truly noble, truly wise.

Mon. See how he hangs upon the ear of Guise,
Like to his jewel.

Ep. He's now whispering in
Some doctrine of stability and freedom,
Contempt of outward greatness, and the guises 155
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeal,
Being only servile trains, and sumptuous houses,
High places, offices.

Mon. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guise? 'Tis passing needful;
And he, I think, makes show t'affect his doctrine. 160

Ep. Commends, admires it—

Mon. And pursues another.
'Tis fine hypocrisy, and cheap, and vulgar,
Known for a covert practice, yet believ'd,
By those abus'd souls that they teach and govern
No more than wives' adulteries by their husbands, 165
They bearing it with so unmov'd aspects,
Hot coming from it, as 'twere not [at] all,
Or made by custom nothing. This same D'Ambois
Hath gotten such opinion of his virtues,
Holding all learning but an art to live well, ~~hence~~ 170
And showing he hath learn'd it in his life,
Being thereby strong in his persuading others,
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,
Is thought t'embrace his virtues.

Ep. Yet in some
His virtues are held false for th' other's vices: 175
For 'tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To suspect truth than falsehood: and of both
Truth still fares worse, as hardly being believ'd,
As 'tis unusual and rarely known.

Mon. I'll part engendering virtue. Men affirm 180
Though this same Clermont hath a D'Ambois' spirit,
And breathes his brother's valour, yet his temper
Is so much past his, that you cannot move him:
I'll try that temper in him. [To Guise and Clermont] Come,
you two

Devour each other with your virtue's zeal, 185
And leave for other friends no fragment of ye:
I wonder, Guise, you will thus ravish him
Out of my bosom that first gave the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and means, and lustre.

What do men think of me, I pray thee, Clermont? 190
 Once give me leave (for trial of that love
 That from thy brother Bussy thou inherit'st)
 T'unclasp thy bosom.

Cler. As how, sir?

Mon. Be a true glass to me, in which I may
 Behold what thoughts the many-headed beast, 195
 And thou thyself, breathes out concerning me,
 My ends, and new-upstarted state in Brabant,
 For which I now am bound, my higher aims
 Imagin'd here in France: speak, man, and let
 Thy words be born as naked as thy thoughts: 200
 Oh, were brave Bussy living!

Cler. 'Living,' my lord?

Mon. 'Tis true thou art his brother, but durst thou
 Have brav'd the Guise; maugre his presence courted
 His wedded lady; emptied even the dregs
 Of his worst thoughts of me even to my teeth; 205
 Discern'd not me, his rising sovereign,
 From any common groom, but let me hear
 My grossest faults as gross-full as they were?
 Durst thou do this?

Cler. I cannot tell: a man
 Does never know the goodness of his stomach 210
 Till he sees meat before him. Were I dar'd,
 Perhaps, as he was, I durst do like him.

Mon. Dare then to pour out here thy freest soul
 Of what I am.

Cler. 'Tis stale; he told you it.

Mon. He only jested, spake of spleen and envy; 215
 Thy soul, more learn'd, is more ingenious,
 Searching, judicial; let me then from thee
 Hear what I am.

Cler. What but the sole support,
 And most expectant hope of all our France,
 The toward victor of the whole Low Countries? 220

Mon. Tush, thou wilt sing encomions of my praise!
 Is this like D'Ambois? I must vex the Guise,
 Or never look to hear free truth; tell me,
 For Bussy lives not; he durst anger me,
 Yet, for my love, would not have fear'd to anger 225
 The King himself. Thou understand'st me, dost not?

Cler. I shall, my lord, with study.

Mon. Dost understand thyself ? I pray thee tell me,
Dost never search thy thoughts what my design
Might be to entertain thee and thy brother, 230
What turn I meant to serve with you ?

Cler. Even what you please to think.

Mon. But what think'st thou ?
Had I no end in't, think'st ?

Cler. I think you had.

Mon. When I took in such two as you two were,
A ragged couple of decay'd commanders, 235
When a French crown would plentifully serve
To buy you both to anything i' th' earth.

Cler. So it would you.

Mon. Nay, bought you both outright,
You, and your trunks—I fear me, I offend thee.

Cler. No, not a jot.

Mon. The most renowned soldier, 240
Epaminondas (as good authors say),
Had no more suits than backs, but you two shar'd
But one suit 'twixt you both, when both your studies
Were not what meat to dine with, if your partridge,
Your snipe, your wood-cock, lark, or your red herring, 245
But where to beg it ; whether at my house
Or at the Guise's (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars), or at some cook's-shop,
T'eternize the cook's trust, and score it up.
Does't not offend thee ?

Cler. No, sir. Pray proceed. 250

Mon. As for thy gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable oath : and yet some say
Thou and thy most renowned noble brother,
Came to the Court first in a keel of sea-coal ;
Does't not offend thee ?

Cler. Never doubt it, sir. 255

Mon. Why do I love thee, then ? Why have I rak'd thee
Out of the dung-hill, cast my cast wardrobe on thee ?
Brought thee to Court too, as I did thy brother ?
Made ye my saucy boon companions ?
Taught ye to call our greatest noblemen 260
By the corruption of their names, Jack, Tom ?
Have I blown both for nothing to this bubble ?
Though thou art learn'd, th'ast no enchanting wit ;
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound

To keep thee for my table ?

Cler. Well, sir, 'twere 265

A good knight's place. Many a proud dubb'd gallant
Seeks out a poor knight's living from such emrods.

[*Mons.*] Or what use else should I design thee to ?
Perhaps you'll answer me, to be my pander.

Cler. Perhaps I shall.

Mon. Or did the sly Guise put thee 270
Into my bosom t'undermine my projects ?

I fear thee not ; for though I be not sure
I have thy heart, I know thy brain-pan yet
To be as empty a dull piece of wainscot
As ever arm'd the scalp of any courtier ; 275
A fellow only that consists of sinews,
Mere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cler. But killing of the King !

Mon. Right ; now I see
Thou understand'st thyself.

Cler. Ay, and you better :
You are a king's son born.

Mon. Right !

Cler. And a king's brother. 280

Mon. True !

Cler. And might not any fool have been so too,
As well as you ?

Mon. A pox upon you !

Cler. You did no princely deeds
Ere you're born, I take it, to deserve it ; 285
Nor did you any since that I have heard ;
Nor will do ever any, as all think.

Mon. The devil take him ! I'll no more of him.

Guise. Nay : stay, my lord, and hear him answer you.

Mon. No more, I swear. Farewell !

Exeunt Monsieur, Epernon, Soissons

Guise. No more ? Ill fortune ! 290
I would have given a million to have heard

His scoffs retorted, and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatness (which were never
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made show to his dull eyes beneath the worth 295
That men aspire to by their knowing virtues,
Without which greatness is a shade, a bubble.

Cler. But what one great man dreams of that but you ?

All take their births and birth-rights left to them
 (Acquir'd by others) for their own worth's purchase, 300
 When many a fool in both is great as they :
 And who would think they could win with their worths
 Wealthy possessions, when, won to their hands,
 They neither can judge justly of their value,
 Nor know their use ? And therefore they are puff'd 305
 With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is,
 Enabled only by the goods they have
 To scorn all goodness : none great fill their fortunes ;
 But as those men that make their houses greater,
 Their households being less, so Fortune raises 310
 Huge heaps of outside in these mighty men,
 And gives them nothing in them.

Guise.

True as truth :

And therefore they had rather drown their substance
 In superfluities of bricks and stones
 (Like Sisyphus, advancing of them ever, 315
 And ever pulling down), than lay the cost
 Of any sluttish corner on a man,
 Built with God's finger, and enstyl'd his temple.

Bal. 'Tis nobly said, my lord.

Guise.

I would have these things

Brought upon stages, to let mighty misers 320
 See all their grave and serious miseries play'd,
 As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

Cler. Nay, we must now have nothing brought on stages
 But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics :
 Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat, 325
 Check at all goodness there, as being profan'd :
 When, wheresoever goodness comes, she makes
 The place still sacred, though with other feet
 Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
 Let me learn anything that fits a man, 330
 In any stables shown, as well as stages.

Bal. Why, is not all the world esteem'd a stage ?

Cler. Yes, and right worthily ; and stages too
 Have a respect due to them, if but only,
 For what the good Greek moralist says of them : 335
 'Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches ?
 Give me an expert actor, I'll show all
 That can within his greatest glory fall
 Is a man fray'd with poverty and lowness ?

Give me an actor, I'll show every eye 340
 What he laments so, and so much doth fly,
 The best and worst of both.' If but for this then,
 To make the proudest outside, that most swells
 With things without him and above his worth,
 See how small cause he has to be so blown up, 345
 And the most poor man to be griev'd with poorness,
 Both being so easily borne by expert actors,
 The stage and actors are not so contemptful
 As every innovating Puritan,
 And ignorant sweater-out of zealous envy, 350
 Would have the world imagine. And besides
 That all things have been liken'd to the mirth
 Us'd upon stages, and for stages fitted,
 The splenative philosopher that ever
 Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the enstaging : 355
 All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
 He so conceited that he could distil thence
 Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
 Heard he a lawyer, never so vehement pleading
 He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a tradesman swearing 360
 Never so thriftily selling of his wares,
 He stood and laugh'd. Heard he an holy brother,
 For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
 Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a great man never so insulting, 365
 Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
 Not for their good, but his, he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a youthful widow
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands,
 For her lost lord, still the philosopher laugh'd. 370
 Now whether he suppos'd all these presentments
 Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vain, I take no care ;
 But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they were.
Guise. And might right well, my Clermont ; and for this 375
 Virtuous digression, we will thank the scoffs
 Of vicious Monsieur. But now for the main point
 Of your late resolution for revenge
 Of your slain [brother.]

Cler. I have here my challenge,
 Which I will pray my brother Baligny 380
 To bear the murtherous Earl.

Bal. I have prepar'd
Means for access to him through all his guard.

Guise. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
And bring us the success.

Bal. I will, my Lord. *Exeunt*

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in Montsurry's House]

Tamyra sola

Tam. Revenge, that ever red sitt'st in the eyes
Of injur'd ladies, till we crown thy brows
With bloody laurel, and receive from thee
Justice for all our [honour's] injury ;
Whose wings none fly, that wrath or tyranny 5
Have ruthless made and bloody, enter here,
Enter, O enter ! And, though length of time
Never lets any scape thy constant justice,
Yet now prevent that length. Fly, fly, and here
Fix thy steel footsteps : here, O here, where still 10
Earth, mov'd with pity, yielded and embrac'd
My love's fair figure, drawn in his dear blood,
And mark'd the place, to show thee where was done
The cruell'st murther that e'er fled the sun.
O Earth, why keep'st thou not as well his spirit 15
To give his form life ? No, that was not earthly ;
That (rarefying the thin and yielding air)
Flew sparkling up into the sphere of fire,
Whence endless flames it sheds in my desire :
Here be my daily pallet ; here all nights 20
That can be wrested from thy rival's arms,
O my dear Bussy, I will lie and kiss
Spirit into thy blood, or breathe out mine
In sighs, and kisses, and sad tunes to thine. *She sings*

Enter Montsurry

Mont. Still on this haunt ? Still shall adulterous blood 25
Affect thy spirits ? Think, for shame, but this,
This blood that cockatrice-like thus thou brood'st
Too dry is to breed any quench to thine.
And therefore now (if only for thy lust

A little cover'd with a veil of shame) 30
 Look out for fresh life, rather than witchlike
 Learn to kiss horror, and with death engender.
 Strange cross in nature, purest virgin shame
 Lies in the blood, as lust lies ; and together
 Many times mix too ; and in none more shameful 35
 Than in the shamefac'd. Who can then distinguish
 'Twixt their affections ; or tell when he meets
 With one not common ? Yet, as worthiest poets
 Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
 Every illiberal and affected phrase, 40
 To clothe their matter ; and together tie
 Matter and form with art and decency ;
 So worthiest women should shun vulgar guises,
 And though they cannot but fly out for change,
 Yet modesty, the matter of their lives, 45
 Be it adulterate, should be painted true
 With modest out-parts ; what they should do still
 Grac'd with good show, though deeds be ne'er so ill.

Tam. That is so far from all ye seek of us,
 That (though yourselves be common as the air) 50
 We must not take the air, we must not fit
 Our actions to our own affections :
 But as geometricians, you still say,
 Teach that no lines nor superficies
 Do move themselves, but still accompany 55
 The motions of their bodies ; so poor wives
 Must not pursue, nor have their own affections ;
 But to their husbands' earnest, and their jests,
 To their austerities of looks, and laughter
 (Though ne'er so foolish and injurious), 60
 Like parasites and slaves, fit their disposures,

Mont. I us'd thee as my soul, to move and rule me.

Tam. So said you, when you woo'd. So soldiers tortur'd
 With tedious sieges of some well-wall'd town
 Propound conditions of most large contents, 65
 Freedom of laws, all former government ;
 But having once set foot within the walls,
 And got the reins of power into their hands,
 Then do they tyrannize at their own rude swinges,
 Seize all their goods, their liberties, and lives, 70
 And make advantage and their lusts their laws.

Mont. But love me, and perform a wife's part yet,

With all my love before I swear forgiveness.

Tam. Forgiveness ! That grace you should seek of me :
These tortur'd fingers and these stabb'd-through arms 75
Keep that law in their wounds yet, unobserv'd,
And ever shall.

Mont. Remember their deserts.

Tam. Those with fair warnings might have been reform'd,
Not these unmanly rages. You have heard
The fiction of the north wind and the sun, 80
Both working on a traveller, and contending
Which had most power to take his cloak from him :
Which when the wind attempted, he roar'd out
Outrageous blasts at him to force it off,
That wrapt it closer on : when the calm sun 85
(The wind once leaving) charg'd him with still beams,
Quiet and fervent, and therein was constant,
Which made him cast off both his cloak and coat ;
Like whom should men do. If ye wish your wives
Should leave dislik'd things, seek it not with rage, 90
For that enrages ; what ye give, ye have :
But use calm warnings and kind manly means,
And that in wives most prostitute will win
Not only sure amends, but make us wives
Better than those that ne'er led faulty lives. 95

Enter a Soldier

Sold. My lord !

Mont. How now ? Would any speak with me ?

Sold. Ay, sir.

Mont. Perverse and traitorous miscreant,
Where are your other fellows of my guard ?
Have I not told you I will speak with none
But Lord Renel ?

Sold. And 'tis he that stays you. 100

Mont. O, is it he ? 'Tis well ; attend him in :
I must be vigilant ; the Furies haunt me.
Do you hear, dame ?

Enter Renel with the Soldier

Ren. [*Aside to the Soldier*] Be true now for your lady's
injur'd sake,
Whose bounty you have so much cause to honour : 105
For her respect is chief in this design,

And therefore serve it; call out of the way
 All your confederate fellows of his guard,
 Till Monsieur Baligny be enter'd here.

Sold. Upon your honour, my lord shall be free 110
 From any hurt, you say?

Ren. Free as myself. Watch then, and clear his entry.

Sold. I will not fail, my lord.

Exit Soldier

Ren. God save your lordship!

Mont. My noblest Lord Renel, past all men welcome!
 Wife, welcome his lordship.

Osculatur

Ren. I much joy 115

In your return here.

Tam. You do more than I.

Mont. She's passionate still, to think we ever parted,
 By my too stern injurious jealousy.

Ren. 'Tis well your lordship will confess your error
 In so good time yet.

Enter Baligny with a challenge

Mont. Death! Who have we here? 120
 Ho! Guard! Villains!

Bal. Why exclaim you so?

Mont. Negligent traitors! Murther, murther, murther!

Bal. Y'are mad. Had mine intent been so, like yours,
 It had been done ere this.

Ren. Sir, your intent,
 And action, too, was rude to enter thus. 125

Bal. Y'are a decay'd lord to tell me of rudeness,
 As much decay'd in manners as in means.

Ren. You talk of manners, that thus rudely thrust
 Upon a man that's busy with his wife.

Bal. And kept your lordship then the door?

Ren. The door? 130

Mont. [To Renel] Sweet lord, forbear.—Show, show
 your purpose, sir,
 To move such bold feet into others' roofs.

Bal. This is my purpose, sir; from Clermont d'Ambois
 I bring this challenge.

Mont. Challenge! I'll touch none.

Bal. I'll leave it here then.

Ren. Thou shalt leave thy life first. 135

Mont. Murther, murther !

Ren. Retire, my lord ; get off.

[*To Baligny*] Hold, or thy death shall hold thee.—Hence,
my lord !

Bal. There lie the challenge.

They all fight, and Baligny drives in Montsurry.

Exit Montsurry

Ren. Was not this well handled ?

Bal. Nobly, my lord. All thanks !

Exit Baligny

Tam. I'll make him read it

Exit Tamyra

Ren. This was a sleight well mask'd. O, what is man, 140
Unless he be a politician ! *Exit*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the Court*]

Henry, Baligny

Hen. Come, Baligny, we now are private ; say,
What service bring'st thou ? Make it short ; the Guise
(Whose friend thou seem'st) is now in Court, and near,
And may observe us.

Bal. This, sir, then, in short. 5
The faction of the Guise (with which my policy,
For service to your Highness seems to join)
Grows ripe, and must be gather'd into hold ;
Of which my brother Clermont being a part
Exceeding capital, deserves to have
A capital eye on him. And, as you may 10
With best advantage and your speediest charge,
Command his apprehension : which (because
The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)
We must ask country swinge and open fields.
And, therefore, I have wrought him to go down 15
To Cambrai with me (of which government
Your Highness' bounty made me your Lieutenant)
Where when I have him, I will leave my house,
And feign some service out about the confines ;
When in the meantime, if you please to give 20

Command to my lieutenant, by your letters,
 To train him to some muster, where he may,
 (Much to his honour) see for him your forces
 Put into battle, when he comes, he may
 With some close stratagem be apprehended : 25
 For otherwise your whole powers there will fail
 To work his apprehension : and with that
 My hand needs never be discern'd therein.

Hen. Thanks, honest Baligny.

Bal.

Your Highness knows

I will be honest, and betray for you 30
Brother and father : for, I know, my lord,
Treachery for kings is truest loyalty ; *wm*
Nor is to bear the name of treachery,
But grave, deep policy. All acts that seem
Ill in particular respects are good 35
As they respect your universal rule.
As in the main sway of the universe
The supreme Rector's general decrees,
To guard the mighty globes of earth and heaven,
Since they make good that guard to preservation 40
Of both those in their order and first end,
No man's particular (as he thinks) wrong
Must hold him wrong'd ; no, not though all men's reasons,
All law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.
Nor is comparison a flatterer 45
To liken you here to the King of kings ;
Nor any man's particular offence
Against the world's sway, to offence at yours
In any subject ; who as little may
Grudge at their particular wrong, if so it seem, 50
For th' universal right of your estate :
As, being a subject of the world's whole sway
As well as yours, and being a righteous man
To whom Heaven promises defence, and blessing,
Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defenceless, 55
He may complain of Heaven for wrong to him.

Hen. 'Tis true : the simile at all parts holds,
As all good subjects hold that love our favour.

Bal. Which is our heaven here ; and a misery 60
 Incomparable, and most truly hellish,
 To live depriv'd of our King's grace and countenance,
 Without which best conditions are most cursed :

Life of that nature, howsoever short,
Is a most lingering and tedious life ;
Or rather no life, but a languishing, 65
And an abuse of life.

Hen. 'Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amiss to yield your Highness
A reason of my speeches ; lest perhaps
You might conceive I flatter'd, which, I know,
Of all ills under heaven you most abhor. 70

Hen. Still thou art right, my virtuous Baligny ;
For which I thank and love thee. Thy advice
I'll not forget ; haste to thy government,
And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell! *Exit*

Bal. Your Majesty fare ever like itself. 75

Enter Guise

Guise. My sure friend Baligny !

Bal. Noblest of princes !

Guise. How stands the state of Cambrai ?

Bal. Strong, my lord,
And fit for service : for whose readiness
Your creature, Clermont d'Ambois, and myself
Ride shortly down.

Guise. That Clermont is my love ; 80
France never bred a nobler gentleman
For all parts ; he exceeds his brother Bussy.

Bal. Ay, my lord ?

Guise. Far ; because, besides his valour,
He hath the crown of man, and all his parts,
Which learning is ; and that so true and virtuous 85
That it gives power to do as well as say
Whatever fits a most accomplish'd man ;
Which Bussy, for his valour's season, lack'd ;
And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
Beyond decorum ; where this absolute Clermont, 90
Though (only for his natural zeal to right)
He will be fiery, when he sees it cross'd,
And in defence of it, yet when he lists
He can contain that fire, as hid in embers.

Bal. No question, he's a true, learn'd gentleman. 95

Guise. He is as true as tides, or any star
Is in his motion ; and for his rare learning,
He is not (as all else are that seek knowledge)

Of taste so much depriv'd, that they had rather
 Delight, and satisfy themselves to drink 100
 Of the stream troubled, wand'ring ne'er so far
 From the clear fount, than of the fount itself.

In all, Rome's Brutus is reviv'd in him,
 Whom he of industry doth imitate.
 Or rather, as great Troy's Euphorbus was 105
 After Pythagoras ; so is Brutus, Clermont.
 And, were not Brutus a conspirator—

Bal. 'Conspirator,' my lord ? Doth that impair him ?
 Cæsar began to tyrannize ; and when virtue
 Nor the religion of the gods could serve 110
 To curb the insolence of his proud laws,
 Brutus would be the gods' just instrument.
 What said the Princess, sweet Antigone,
 In the grave Greek tragedian, when the question
 'Twixt her and Creon is for laws of kings ? 115
 Which, when he urges, she replies on him ;
 Though his laws were a king's, they were not God's ;
 Nor would she value Creon's written laws
 With God's unwrit edicts ; since they last not
 This day, and the next, but every day and ever ; 120
 Where kings' laws alter every day and hour,
 And in that change imply a bounded power.

Guise. Well, let us leave these vain disputings what
 Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
 When are you for your government in Cambrai ? 125

Bal. When you command, my lord.

Guise. Nay, that's not fit.
 Continue your designments with the King,
 With all your service ; only, if I send,
 Respect me as your friend, and love my Clermont.

Bal. Your Highness knows my vows.

Guise. Ay, 'tis enough. 130

Exit Guise. Manet Baligny

Bal. Thus must we play on both sides, and thus hearten
 In any ill those men whose good we hate.
 Kings may do what they list, and for kings, subjects,
 Either exempt from censure or exception ;
 For, as no man's worth can be justly judg'd 135
 But when he shines in some authority,
 So no authority should suffer censure
 But by a man of more authority.

*Ἀμύχανον δὲ παντὸς,
 &c. Impossible
 est viri cognoscere*

Great vessels into less are emptied never, *mentem ac vol-*
 There's a redundance past their continent ever. *untatem, prius-* 140
 These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures ; *quam in Magis.*
 For look how spinners weave out of themselves *tratibus apparet.* Sopho. Antig.
 Webs, whose strange matter none before can see ;
 So these, out of an unseen good in virtue,
 Make arguments of right and comfort in her, 145
 That clothe them like the poor web of a spinner.

Enter Clermont

Cler. Now, to my challenge. What's the place, the
 weapon ?

Bal. Soft, sir ! Let first your challenge be received ;
 He would not touch, nor see it.

Cler. Possible !

How did you then ?

Bal. Left it in his despite. 150
 But when he saw me enter so expectless,
 To hear his base exclams of 'murther, murther,'
 Made me think noblesse lost, in him quick buried.

Cler. They are the breathing sepulchres of noblesse :
 No trulier noble men, than lions' pictures 155
 Hung up for signs, are lions. Who knows not
 That lions the more soft kept, are more servile ? *Quo mollius*
 And look how lions close kept, fed by hand, *degunt, eo*
 Lose quite th' innative fire of spirit and greatness *servilius.* Epict.
 That lions free breathe, foraging for prey, 160

And grow so gross that mastiffs, curs, and mongrels
 Have spirit to cow them : so our soft French nobles,
 Chain'd up in ease and numb'd security

(Their spirits shrunk up like their covetous fists,
 And never open'd but Domitian-like, 165
 And all his base obsequious minions
 When they were catching, though it were but flies),
 Besotted with their peasants' love of gain,
 Rusting at home, and on each other preying,
 Are for their greatness but the greater slaves, 170
 And none is noble but who scrapes and saves.

Bal. 'Tis base, tis base ! and yet they think them high.

Cler. So children mounted on their hobby-horse
 Think they are riding, when with wanton toil
 They bear what should bear them. A man may well 175
 Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd camels,

That to their high heads, begg'd of Jove horns higher ;
 Whose most uncomely and ridiculous pride
 When he had satisfied, they could not use,
 But where they went upright before, they stoop'd, 180
 And bore their heads much lower for their horns. *Simile.*
 As these high men do, low in all true grace,
 Their height being privilege to all things base.
 And as the foolish poet that still writ
 All his most self-lov'd verse in paper royal, 185
 Or parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
 Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings ;
 Never so blest as when he writ and read
 The ape-lov'd issue of his brain, and never
 But joying in himself, admiring ever : 190
 Yet in his works behold him, and he show'd
 Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,
 All set on out-side, look upon within,
 And not a peasant's entrails you shall find
 More foul and measled, nor more starv'd of mind. 195

Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I fain would know
 How many millions of our other nobles
 Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth Worthy,
 Who, did not one act only blemish him—

Clev. One act ? What one ?

Bal. One, that, though years past done, 200
 Sticks by him still, and will distain him ever.

Clev. Good heaven, wherein ? What one act can you
 name

Suppos'd his stain, that I'll not prove his lustre ?

Bal. To satisfy you, 'twas the Massacre.

Clev. The Massacre ? I thought 'twas some such blemish. 205

Bal. Oh, it was heinous

Clev. To a brutish sense,

But not a manly reason. We so tender

The vile part in us, that the part divine

We see in hell, and shrink not. Who was first

Head of that massacre ?

Bal. The Guise.

Clev. 'Tis nothing so. 210

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made

In Ilion, and about it ? Were the Greeks ?

Was it not Paris ravishing the Queen

Of Lacedæmon ; breach of shame and faith

And all the laws of hospitality ? 215

This is the beastly slaughter made of men,
When truth is overthrown, his laws corrupted ;
When souls are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,
Slain bodies are no more than oxen slain.

Bal. Differ not men from oxen ?

Cler. Who says so ? 220

But see wherein ; in the understanding rules
Of their opinions, lives, and actions ;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the wolf that nourish'd Romulus
More human than the men that did expose him ? 225

Bal. That makes against you.

Cler. Not, sir, if you note

That by that deed, the actions difference make
'Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor forms.
Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Been broke by Troy, Greece had not made that slaughter. 230
Had that been sav'd (says a philosopher)
The Iliads and Odysseys had been lost ;
Had faith and true religion been preferr'd,
Religious Guise had never massacred.

Bal. Well, sir, I cannot when I meet with you 235

But thus digress a little, for my learning,
From any other business I intend.
But now the voyage we resolv'd for Cambrai,
I told the Guise begins, and we must haste.
And till the Lord Renel hath found some mean, 240
Conspiring with the Countess, to make sure
Your sworn wreak on her husband, though this fail'd,
In my so brave command we'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in skirmishes
And battles all our troops and companies ; 245

And sometimes breathe your brave Scotch running horse,
That great Guise gave you, that all th' horse in France
Far overruns at every race and hunting
Both of the hare and deer. You shall be honour'd
Like the great Guise himself, above the King. 250

And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd sister
For our delay'd wreak of your brother's slaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.

Cler. I'll see my lord the Guise again before
We take our journey.

Bal. O, sir, by all means ; 255
 You cannot be too careful of his love,
 That ever takes occasion to be raising
 Your virtues past the reaches of this age,
 And ranks you with the best of th' ancient Romans.

Cler. That praise at no part moves me, but the worth 260
 Of all he can give others sphe'r'd in him.

Bal. He yet is thought to entertain strange aims.

Cler. He may be well, yet not as you think strange.
 His strange aims are to cross the common custom
 Of servile nobles, in which he's so ravish'd, 265
 That quite the earth he leaves, and up he leaps
 On Atlas' shoulders, and from thence looks down,
 Viewing how far off other high ones creep ;
 Rich, poor of reason, wander ; all pale looking,
 And trembling but to think of their sure deaths, 270
 Their lives so base are, and so rank their breaths.
 Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet
 With life's dear odours, a good mind and name ;
 For which he only loves me, and deserves
 My love and life, which through all deaths I vow : 275
 Resolving this, whatever change can be,
 Thou hast created, thou hast ruin'd me.

Exeunt

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*A Field near Cambrai*]

*A march of Captains over the stage. Maillard, Chalon, Aumale
 following with Soldiers*

Mail. These troops and companies come in with wings :
 So many men, so arm'd, so gallant horse,
 I think no other government in France
 So soon could bring together. With such men
 Methinks a man might pass th' insulting pillars 5
 Of Bacchus and Alcides.

Chal. I much wonder
 Our Lord-Lieutenant brought his brother down
 To feast and honour him, and yet now leaves him
 At such an instance.

Mail. 'Twas the King's command :
For whom he must leave brother, wife, friend, all things. 10

Aum. The confines of his government, whose view
Is the pretext of his command, hath need
Of no such sudden expedition.

Mail. We must not argue that. The King's command
Is need and right enough : and that he serves 15
(As all true subjects should) without disputing.

Chal. But knows not he of your command to take
His brother Clermont ?

Mail. No : the King's will is
Expressly to conceal his apprehension
From my Lord Governor. Observ'd ye not ? 20
Again peruse the letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and have right and trust
In all the weighty secrets like myself.

Aum. 'Tis strange a man that had, through his life past,
So sure a foot in virtue and true knowledge 25
As Clermont d'Ambois, should be now found tripping,
And taken up thus, so to make his fall
More steep and headlong.

Mail. It is Virtue's fortune,
To keep her low, and in her proper place ;
Height hath no room for her. But as a man 30
That hath a fruitful wife, and every year
A child by her, hath every year a month
To breathe himself, where he that gets no child
Hath not a night's rest (if he will do well) ;
So, let one marry this same barren Virtue, 35
She never lets him rest, where fruitful Vice
Spares her rich drudge, gives him in labour breath,
Feeds him with bane, and makes him fat with death.

Chal. I see that good lives never can secure
Men from bad livers. Worst men will have best 40
As ill as they, or heaven to hell they'll wrest.

Aum. There was a merit for this, in the fault
That Bussy made, for which he (doing penance)
Proves that these foul adulterous guilts will run
Through the whole blood, which not the clear can shun. 45

Mail. I'll therefore take heed of the bastarding
Whole innocent races ; 'tis a fearful thing.
And as I am true bachelor, I swear
To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)

Unless it be mine own wife, or my friend's. 50
I may make bold with him.

Aum. 'Tis safe and common.

The more your friend dares trust, the more deceive him.
And as through dewy vapours the sun's form
Makes the gay rainbow girdle to a storm,
So in hearts hollow, friendship (even the sun 55
To all good growing in society)

Makes his so glorious and divine name hold
Colours for all the ill that can be told. *Trumpets within.*

Mail. Hark, our last troops are come. *Drums beat*

Chal. Hark, our last foot.

Mail. Come, let us put all quickly into battle, 60
And send for Clermont, in whose honour all
This martial preparation we pretend.

Chal. We must bethink us, ere we apprehend him,
(Besides our main strength) of some stratagem
To make good our severe command on him, 65
As well to save blood as to make him sure :
For if he come on his Scotch horse, all France
Put at the heels of him will fail to take him.

Mail. What think you if we should disguise a brace
Of our best soldiers in fair lackeys' coats, 70
And send them for him, running by his side,
Till they have brought him in some ambuscado
We close may lodge for him, and suddenly
Lay sure hand on him, plucking him from horse.

Aum. It must be sure and strong hand ; for if once 75
He feels the touch of such a stratagem,
'Tis not the choicest brace of all our bands
Can manacle or quench his fiery hands.

Mail. When they have seiz'd him, the ambush shall make in.

Aum. Do as you please ; his blameless spirit deserves 80
(I dare engage my life) of all this nothing.

Chal. Why should all this stir be, then ?

Aum. Who knows not

The bombast Polity thrusts into his giant,
To make his wisdom seem of size as huge,
And all for slight encounter of a shade, 85
So he be touch'd, he would have heinous made ?

Mail. It may be once so, but so ever, never :
Ambition is abroad, on foot, on horse ;
Faction chokes every corner, street, the Court ;

Whose faction 'tis you know, and who is held 90
 The fautor's right hand ; how high his aims reach
 Nought but a crown can measure. This must fall
 Past shadows' weights, and is most capital.

Chal. No question ; for since he is come to Cambrai,
 The malcontent, decay'd Marquess Renel 95
 Is come, and new arriv'd, and made partaker
 Of all the entertaining shows and feasts
 That welcom'd Clermont to the brave virago,
 His manly sister. Such we are esteem'd
 As are our consorts. Marquess Malcontent 100
 Comes where he knows his vein hath safest vent.

Mail. Let him come at his will, and go as free ;
 Let us ply Clermont, our whole charge is he.

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the Castle]

*Enter a Gentleman Usher before Clermont, Renel, Charlotte
 with two women attendants, with others : shows having
 passed within.*

Char. This for your lordship's welcome into Cambrai.

Ren. Noblest of ladies, 'tis beyond all power
 (Were my estate at first full) in my means
 To quit or merit.

Cler. You come something later
 From Court, my lord, than I : and since news there 5
 Is every day increasing with th' affairs,
 Must I not ask now what the news is there ?
 Where the Court lies ? What stir, change, what advice
 From England, Italy ?

Ren. You must do so,
 If you'll be call'd a gentleman well qualified, 10
 And wear your time and wits in those discourses.

Cler. The Locrian Princes therefore were brave rulers ;
 For whosoever there came new from country
 And in the city ask'd ' What news ? ' was punish'd ;
 Since commonly such brains are most delighted 15
 With innovations, gossips' tales, and mischiefs :
 But as of lions it is said, and eagles,
 That, when they go, they draw their seres and talons
 Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness :

So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ 20
 In noblest knowledge, we should never waste
 In vile and vulgar admirations.

Ren. 'Tis right ; but who, save only you, performs it,
 And your great brother ? Madam, where is he ?

Char. Gone, a day since, into the country's confines, 25
 To see their strength and readiness for service.

Ren. 'Tis well ; his favour with the King hath made him
 Most worthily great, and live right royally.

Cler. Ay : would he would not do so ! Honour never
 Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price 30
 And value of their virtuous services,
 But as their sign or badge ; for that bewrays
 More glory in the outward grace of goodness,
 Than in the good itself ; and then 'tis said,
 Who more joy takes that men his good advance 35
 Than in the good itself, does it by chance.

Char. My brother speaks all principle. What man
 Is mov'd with your soul, or hath such a thought
 In any rate of goodness ?

Cler. 'Tis their fault.
 We have examples of it, clear and many. 40
 Demetrius Phalereus, an orator,
 And (which not oft meet) a philosopher,
 So great in Athens grew that he erected
 Three hundred statues of him ; of all which,
 No rust nor length of time corrupted one ; 45
 But in his life time all were overthrown.
 And Demades (that pass'd Demosthenes
 For all extemporal orations)
 Erected many statues, which (he living)
 Were broke, and melted into chamber-pots. 50
 Many such ends have fallen on such proud honours,
 No more because the men on whom they fell
 Grew insolent and left their virtues' state,
 Than for their hugeness, that procur'd their hate :
 And therefore little pomp in men most great 55
 Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
 Of what they win by chance or just reward.
 Great and immodest braveries again,
 Like statues much too high made for their bases,
 Are overturn'd as soon as given their places. 60

Enter a Messenger with a Letter

Mes. Here is a letter, sir, deliver'd me,
Now at the fore-gate by a gentleman.

Cler. What gentleman?

Mes. He would not tell his name;
He said, he had not time enough to tell it,
And say the little rest he had to say. 65

Cler. That was a merry saying; he took measure
Of his dear time like a most thrifty husband. [*Reads*]

Char. What news?

Cler. Strange ones, and fit for a novation;
Weighty, unheard of, mischievous enough.

Ren. Heaven shield! What are they?

Cler. Read them, good my lord. 70

Ren. [*reads*] 'You are betray'd into this country.'

Monstrous!

Char. How's that?

Cler. Read on.

Ren. 'Maillard, your brother's Lieutenant, that yesterday invited you to see his musters, hath letters and strict charge from the King to apprehend you.' 75

Char. To apprehend him?

Ren. 'Your brother absents himself of purpose.'

Cler. That's a sound one!

Char. That's a lie! 80

Ren. 'Get on your Scotch horse, and retire to your strength; you know where it is, and there it expects you. Believe this as your best friend had sworn it. Fare well, if you will. ANONYMOS.' What's that?

Cler. Without a name. 85

Char. And all his notice, too, without all truth.

Cler. So I conceive it, sister: I'll not wrong
My well-known brother for Anonymos.

Char. Some fool hath put this trick on you, yet more
T'uncover your defect of spirit and valour, 90
First shown in ling'ring my dear brother's wreak.
See what it is to give the envious world
Advantage to diminish eminent virtue.
Send him a challenge? Take a noble course
To wreak a murder done so like a villain? 95

Cler. Shall we revenge a villany with villany?

Char. Is it not equal?

Cler. Shall we equal be
With villains? Is that your reason?

Char. Cowardice evermore
Flies to the shield of reason.

Cler. Nought that is
Approv'd by reason can be cowardice. 100

Char. Dispute, when you should fight! Wrong, wreakless
sleeping,

Makes men die honourless; one borne, another
Leaps on our shoulders.

Cler. We must wreak our wrongs
So as we take not more.

Char. One wreak'd in time
Prevents all other. Then shines virtue most 105
When time is found for facts; and found, not lost.

Cler. No time occurs to kings, much less to virtue;
Nor can we call it virtue that proceeds
From vicious fury. I repent that ever
(By any instigation in th' appearance 110
My brother's spirit made, as I imagin'd)
That e'er I yielded to revenge his murther.
All worthy men should ever bring their blood
To bear all ill, not to be wreak'd with good:
Do ill for no ill; never private cause 115
Should take on it the part of public laws.

Char. A D'Ambois bear in wrong so tame a spirit!

Ren. Madam, be sure there will be time enough
For all the vengeance your great spirit can wish.
The course yet taken is allow'd by all, 120
Which being noble, and refus'd by th' Earl,
Now makes him worthy of your worst advantage;
And I have cast a project with the Countess
To watch a time when all his wariest guards
Shall not exempt him. Therefore give him breath; 125
Sure death delay'd is a redoubled death.

Cler. Good sister, trouble not yourself with this;
Take other ladies' care; practise your face.
There's the chaste matron, Madam Perigot,
Dwells not far hence; I'll ride and send her to you. 130
She did live by retailing maiden-heads
In her minority; but now she deals
In wholesale altogether for the Court.
I tell you, she's the only fashion-monger

For your complexion, powdering of your hair, 135
 Shadows, rebatoes, wires, tires, and such tricks,
 That Cambrai, or I think, the Court affords :
 She shall attend you, sister, and with these
 Womanly practices employ your spirit ;
 This other suits you not, nor fits the fashion. 140
 Though she be dear, lay't on, spare for no cost,
 Ladies in these have all their bounties lost.

Ren. Madam, you see his spirit will not check
 At any single danger, when it stands
 Thus merrily firm against an host of men, 145
 Threaten'd to be [in] arms for his surprise.

Char. That's a mere bugbear, an impossible mock.
 If he, and him I bound by nuptial faith,
 Had not been dull and drossy in performing
 Wreak of the dear blood of my matchless brother, 150
 What prince, what king, which of the desperat'st ruffians,
 Outlaws in Arden, durst have tempted thus
 One of our blood and name, be't true or false ?

Cler. This is not caus'd by that ; 'twill be as sure
 As yet it is not, though this should be true. 155

Char. True ? 'Tis past thought false.

Cler. I suppose the worst,
 Which far I am from thinking ; and despise
 The army now in battle that should act it.

Char. I would not let my blood up to that thought,
 But it should cost the dearest blood in France. 160

Cler. Sweet sister, far be both off as the fact
 Of my feign'd apprehension. *Osculatur*

Char. I would once
 Strip off my shame with my attire, and try
 If a poor woman, votist of revenge,
 Would not perform it with a precedent 165
 To all you bungling, foggy-spirited men ;
 But for our birthright's honour, do not mention
 One syllable of any word may go
 To the begetting of an act so tender
 And full of sulphur as this letter's truth ; 170
 It comprehends so black a circumstance
 Not to be nam'd, that but to form one thought,
 It is, or can be so, would make me mad ;
 Come, my lord, you and I will fight this dream
 Out at the chess.

Ren. Most gladly, worthiest lady. 175
Exeunt Charlotte and Renel

Enter a Messenger

Mes. Sir, my Lord Governor's Lieutenant prays
 Access to you.

Cler. Himself alone ?

Mes. Alone, sir.

Cler. Attend him in. *Exit* Messenger

Now comes this plot to trial.

I shall discern (if it be true as rare)
 Some sparks will fly from his dissembling eyes. 180
 I'll sound his depth.

Enter Maillard with the Messenger

Mail. Honour, and all things noble !

Cler. As much to you, good Captain. What's th' affair ?

Mail. Sir, the poor honour we can add to all
 Your studied welcome to this martial place,
 In presentation of what strength consists 185
 My lord your brother's government, is ready.
 I have made all his troops and companies
 Advance and put themselves rang'd in battalia,
 That you may see both how well-arm'd they are,
 How strong is every troop and company, 190
 How ready, and how well prepar'd for service.

Cler. And must they take me ?

Mail. Take you, sir ? O, heaven ! [*turning away*]

Mes. [*Aside to Clermont*] Believe it, sir ; his count'nance
 chang'd in turning.

Mail. What do you mean, sir ?

Cler. If you have charg'd them,
 You being charg'd yourself, to apprehend me, 195
 Turn not your face ; throw not your looks about so.

Mail. Pardon me, sir. You amaze me to conceive
 From whence our wills to honour you should turn
 To such dishonour of my lord your brother.
 Dare I, without him, undertake your taking ? 200

Cler. Why not, by your direct charge from the King ?

Mail. By my charge from the King ? Would he so much
 Disgrace my lord, his own Lieutenant here,
 To give me his command without his forfeit ?

Cler. Acts that are done by kings are not ask'd why. 205
I'll not dispute the case, but I will search you.

Mail. Search me? For what?

Cler. For letters.

Mail. I beseech you,

Do not admit one thought of such a shame
To a commander.

Cler. Go to! I must do't.

Stand and be search'd; you know me.

Mail. You forget 210

What 'tis to be a captain, and yourself.

Cler. Stand, or I vow to heaven, I'll make you lie,
Never to rise more.

Mail. If a man be mad

Reason must bear him.

Cler. So coy to be search'd?

Mail. 'Sdeath, sir! Use a captain like a carrier? 215

Cler. Come, be not furious; when I have done
You shall make such a carrier of me,
If't be your pleasure; you're my friend, I know,
And so am bold with you.

Mail. You'll nothing find

Where nothing is.

Cler. Swear you have nothing. 220

Mail. Nothing you seek, I swear: I beseech you
Know I desir'd this out of great affection,
To th' end my lord may know out of your witness
His forces are not in so bad estate
As he esteem'd them lately in your hearing: 225
For which he would not trust me with the confines,
But went himself to witness their estate.

Cler. I heard him make that reason, and am sorry
I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you, since 'tis such rhubarb to you. 230
I'll therefore search no more. If you are charg'd
(By letters from the King, or otherwise)
To apprehend me, never spice it more
With forc'd terms of your love, but say; I yield;
Hold, take my sword, here; I forgive thee freely; 235
Take, do thine office.

Mail. 'Sfoot, you make m' a hangman;
By all my faith to you, there's no such thing.

Cler. Your faith to me?

Mail. My faith to God ; all's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

Cler. In that sense I accept your oath, and thank you : 240
I gave my word to go, and I will go. *Exit* Clermont

Mail. I'll watch you whither. *Exit* Maillard

Mes. If he goes, he proves
How vain are men's foreknowledges of things,
When Heaven strikes blind their powers of note and use ;
'And makes their way to ruin seem more right 245
Than that which safety opens to their sight.
Cassandra's prophecy had no more profit
With Troy's blind citizens, when she foretold
Troy's ruin ; which, succeeding, made her use
This sacred inclamation : ' God ' (said she) 250
' Would have me utter things uncredited :
For which now they approve what I presag'd ;
They count me wise that said before I rag'd.' *[Exit]*

[SCENA TERTIA

In the Camp]

Enter Chalon with two Soldiers

Chal. Come, soldiers, you are downwards fit for lackeys ;
Give me your pieces, and take you these coats,
To make you complete footmen, in whose forms
You must be complete soldiers ; you two only
Stand for our army.

1st Sold. That were much.

Chal. 'Tis true ; 5
You two must do, or enter, what our army
Is now in field for.

2nd Sold. I see then our guerdon
Must be the deed itself, 'twill be such honour.

Chal. What fight soldiers most for ?

1st Sold. Honour only.

Chal. Yet here are crowns beside.

Ambo. We thank you, captain. 10

2nd Sold. Now, sir, how show we ?

Chal. As you should at all parts.
Go now to Clermont d'Ambois, and inform him
Two battles are set ready in his honour,

And stay his presence only for their signal,
When they shall join : and that t'attend him hither, 15
Like one we so much honour, we have sent him—

1st Sold. Us two in person.

Chal. Well, sir, say it so ;
And having brought him to the field, when I
Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
Of one side of his horse, and pluck him down, 20
And I with the ambush laid will second you.

1st Sold, Nay, we shall lay on hands of too much strength
To need your secondings.

2nd Sold. I hope we shall.
Two are enough to encounter Hercules.

Chal. 'Tis well said, worthy soldiers ; haste, and haste him. 25
[Exeunt]

[SCENA QUARTA

A Room in the Castle]

Enter Clermont, Maillard close following him

Cler. [To himself]. My Scotch horse to their army—

Mail. Please you, sir ?

Cler. 'Sdeath, you're passing diligent !

Mail. Of my soul

'Tis only in my love to honour you
With what would grace the King ; but since I see
You still sustain a jealous eye on me, 5
I'll go before.

Cler. 'Tis well ; I'll come ; my hand.

Mail. Your hand, sir ! Come, your word ; your choice
be used. *Exit*

Clermont *solus*

Cler. I had an aversation to this voyage,
When first my brother mov'd it ; and have found
That native power in me was never vain ; 10
Yet now neglected it. I wonder much
At my inconstancy in these decrees,
I every hour set down to guide my life.
When Homer made Achilles passionate,
Wrathful, revengeful, and insatiate 15

In his affections, what man will deny
 He did compose it all of industry,
 To let men see that men of most renown,
 Strong'st, noblest, fairest, if they set not down
 Decrees within them, for disposing these, 20
 Of judgment, resolution, uprightness,
 And certain knowledge of their use and ends,
 Mishap and misery no less extends
 To their destruction, with all that they priz'd,
 Than to the poorest, and the most despis'd. 25

Enter Renel

Ren. Why, how now, friend, retir'd? Take heed you
 prove not
 Dismay'd with this strange fortune: all observe you.
 Your government's as much mark'd as the King's.
 What said a friend to Pompey?

Cler.

What?

Ren.

The people

Will never know, unless in death thou try, 30
 That thou know'st how to bear adversity.

Cler. I shall approve how vile I value fear
 Of death at all times; but to be too rash,
 Without both will and care to shun the worst
 (It being in power to do, well and with cheer) 35
 Is stupid negligence, and worse than fear.

Ren. Suppose this true now.

Cler.

No, I cannot do't.

My sister truly said, there hung a tail
 Of circumstance so black on that supposure,
 That to sustain it thus abhorr'd our metal. 40
 And I can shun it too, in spite of all,
 Not going to field; and there too, being so mounted
 As I will, since I go.

Ren.

You will then go?

Cler. I am engag'd, both in my word and hand;
 But this is it that makes me thus retir'd 45
 To call myself t'account how this affair
 Is to be manag'd if the worst should chance;
 With which I note how dangerous it is
 For any man to press beyond the place
 To which his birth, or means, or knowledge ties him; 50

For my part, though of noble birth, my birthright
Had little left it, and I know 'tis better
To live with little, and to keep within
A man's own strength still, and in man's true end,
Than run a mix'd course. Good and bad hold never 55
Anything common; you can never find
Things' outward care, but you neglect your mind.
God hath the whole world perfect made and free,
His parts to th' use of th' All; men then that [be]
Parts of that All, must, as the general sway 60
Of that importeth, willingly obey
In everything without their power to change.
He that, unpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
And so resisting th' All, is crush'd with it. 65
But he, that knowing how divine a frame
The whole world is; and of it all, can name
(Without self-flattery) no part so divine
As he himself, and therefore will confine
Freely his whole powers in his proper part, 70
Goes on most God-like. He that strives t'invert
The Universal's course with his poor way,
Not only dust-like shivers with the sway,
But, crossing God in his great work, all earth
Bears not so cursed and so damn'd a birth. 75

Ren. Go on; I'll take no care what comes of you;
Heaven will not see it ill, howe'er it show:
But the pretext to see these battles rang'd
Is much your honour.

Cler. As the world esteems it.
But to decide that, you make me remember 80
An accident of high and noble note,
And fits the subject of my late discourse
Of holding on our free and proper way.
I overtook, coming from Italy,
In Germany, a great and famous earl 85
Of England, the most goodly-fashion'd man
I ever saw; from head to foot in form
Rare and most absolute; he had a face
Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romans,
From whence his noblest family was deriv'd; 90
He was beside of spirit passing great,
Valiant, and learn'd, and liberal as the sun,

Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subjects,
 Or of the discipline of public weals ;
 And 'twas the Earl of Oxford ; and being offer'd 95
 At that time, by Duke Casimir, the view
 Of his right royal army then in field,
 Refus'd it, and no foot was mov'd to stir
 Out of his own free fore-determin'd course :
 I, wondering at it, ask'd for it his reason, 100
 It being an offer so much for his honour.
 He, all acknowledging, said 'twas not fit
 To take those honours that one cannot quit.

Ren. 'Twas answer'd like the man you have describ'd.

Cler. And yet he cast it only in the way, 105
 To stay and serve the world. Nor did it fit
 His own true estimate how much it weigh'd,
 For he despis'd it ; and esteem'd it freer
 To keep his own way straight, and swore that he
 Had rather make away his whole estate 110
 In things that cross'd the vulgar, than he would
 Be frozen up stiff (like a Sir John Smith,
 His countryman) in common nobles' fashions,
 Affecting, as the end of noblesse were,
 Those servile observations.

Ren. It was strange. 115

Cler. O, 'tis a vexing sight to see a man,
 Out of his way, stalk proud as he were in ;
 Out of his way to be officious,
 Observant, wary, serious, and grave,
 Fearful, and passionate, insulting, raging, 120
 Labour with iron flails to thresh down feathers
 Flitting in air.

Ren. What one considers this,
 Of all that are thus out, or once endeavours,
 Erring, to enter on man's right-hand path ?

Cler. These are too grave for brave wits ; give them toys ; 125
 Labour bestow'd on these is harsh and thriftless.
 If you would Consul be (says one) of Rome,
 You must be watching, starting out of sleeps ;
 Every way whisking ; glorifying Plebeians ;
 Kissing Patricians' hands, rot at their doors ; 130
 Speak and do basely ; every day bestow
 Gifts and observance upon one or other :
 And what's th' event of all ? Twelve rods before thee ;

Three or four times sit for the whole tribunal ;
Exhibit Circene games ; make public feasts ; 135
And for these idle outward things (says he)

Would'st thou lay on such cost, toil, spend thy spirits ?
And to be void of perturbation,
For constancy, sleep when thou would'st have sleep,
Wake when thou would'st wake, fear nought, vex for nought, 140
No pains wilt thou bestow, no cost, no thought ?

Ren. What should I say ? As good consort with you
As with an angel ; I could hear you ever.

Cler. Well, in, my lord, and spend time with my sister,
And keep her from the field with all endeavour ; 145
The soldiers love her so, and she so madly
Would take my apprehension, if it chance,
That blood would flow in rivers.

Ren. Heaven forbid !
And all with honour your arrival speed ! *Exit*

Enter Messenger with two Soldiers like lackeys

Mes. Here are two lackeys, sir, have message to you. 150

Cler. What is your message, and from whom, my
friends ?

1st Sold. From the Lieutenant, Colonel, and the Captains ;
Who sent us to inform you that the battles
Stand ready rang'd, expecting but your presence
To be their honour'd signal when to join, 155
And we are charg'd to run by, and attend you.

Cler. I come. I pray you see my running horse
Brought to the back-gate to me.

Mes. Instantly.

Exit Messenger.

Cler. Chance what can chance me, well or ill is equal
In my acceptance, since I joy in neither, 160
But go with sway of all the world together.
In all successes Fortune and the day
To me alike are ; I am fix'd, be she
Never so fickle ; and will there repose,
Far past the reach of any die she throws. 165

Exit cum Pedisequis

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Field near Cambrai*]*Alarum within : excursions over the Stage**The [Soldiers disguised like] Lackeys running, Maillard following them**Mail.* Villains, not hold him when ye had him down !*1st Lackey.* Who can hold lightning ? 'Sdeath, a man as wellMight catch a cannon-bullet in his mouth,
And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.*Mail.* Pursue, enclose him ! Stand or fall on him, 5
And ye may take him. 'Sdeath, they make him guards !*Exit [with the Lackeys]**Alarum still, and enter Chalon [with two Soldiers]**Chal.* Stand, cowards, stand, strike, send your
bullets at him !*1st Sold.* We came to entertain him, sir, for honour.*2nd Sold.* Did ye not say so ?*Chal.* Slaves, he is a traitor !

Command the horse troops to over-run the traitor. 10

*Exeunt**Shouts within. Alarum still, and chambers shot off. Then enter Aumale*

Aum. What spirit breathes thus in this more than man,
Turns flesh to air possess'd, and in a storm
Tears men about the field like autumn leaves ?
He turn'd wild lightning in the lackeys' hands,
Who, though their sudden violent twitch unhors'd him, 15
Yet when he bore himself, their saucy fingers
Flew as too hot off, as he had been fire.
The ambush then made in, through all whose force,
He drave as if a fierce and fire-given cannon
Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them. 20
The battles then in two half-moons enclos'd him,
In which he show'd as if he were the light,
And they but earth, who wond'ring what he was,
Shrunk their steel horns, and gave him glorious pass :

And as a great shot from a town besieg'd 25
 At foes before it flies forth black and roaring,
 But they too far, and that with weight oppress'd,
 (As if disdaining earth) doth only graze,
 Strike earth, and up again into the air;
 Again sinks to it, and again doth rise, 30
 And keeps such strength that when it softliest moves,
 It piecemeal shivers any let it proves:
 So flew brave Clermont forth, till breath forsook him,
 Then fell to earth; and yet (sweet man) even then
 His spirit's convulsions made him bound again 35
 Past all their reaches; till, all motion spent,
 His fix'd eyes cast a blaze of such disdain,
 All stood and star'd, and untouch'd let him lie,
 As something sacred fallen out of the sky.

A cry within

O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him! 40

*Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Captains and
 Soldiers following*

See prisoner led, with his bands honour'd more
 Than all the freedom he enjoy'd before.

Mail. At length we have you, sir.

Cler. You have much joy too;
 I made you sport yet; but I pray you tell me,
 Are not you perjur'd? 45

Mail. No; I swore for the King. 45

Cler. Yet perjury, I hope, is perjury.

Mail. But thus forswearing is not perjury.
 You are no politician: not a fault,
 How foul soever, done for private ends,
 Is fault in us sworn to the public good: 50
 We never can be of the damned crew,
 We may impolitic ourselves (as 'twere)
 Into the kingdom's body politic,
 Whereof indeed we're members; you miss terms.

Cler. The things are yet the same. 55

Mail. 'Tis nothing so; the property is alter'd;
 Y'are no lawyer. Or say that oath and oath
 Are still the same in number, yet their species
 Differ extremely, as, for flat example,
 When politic widows try men for their turn, 60

Before they wed them, they are harlots then,
 But when they wed them, they are honest women ;
 So private men, when they forswear, betray,
 Are perjur'd treachers, but being public once,
 That is, sworn, married, to the public good— 65

Cler. Are married women public ?

Mail. Public good ;
 For marriage makes them, being the public good,
 And could not be without them. So I say
 Men public, that is, being sworn or married
 To the good public, being one body made 70
 With the realm's body politic, are no more
 Private, nor can be perjur'd, though forsworn,
 More than a widow, married for the act
 Of generation, is for that an harlot,
 Because for that she was so, being unmarried : 75
 An argument *a paribus*.

Chal. 'Tis a shrewd one.

Cler. ' Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none ' :
 Retain you that, sir ? Who said so ?

Mail. 'Twas I.

Cler. Thy own tongue damn thy infidelity !
 But, captains all, you know me nobly born, 80
 Use ye t'assault such men as I with lackeys ?

Chal. They are no lackeys, sir, but soldiers
 Disguis'd in lackeys' coats.

1st Sold. Sir, we have seen the enemy.

Cler. Avaunt, ye rascals ! Hence !

Mail. Now leave your coats.

Cler. Let me not see them more. 85

Aum. I grieve that virtue lives so undistinguish'd
 From vice in any ill, and though the crown
 Of sovereign law, she should be yet her footstool,
 Subject to censure, all the shame and pain
 Of all her rigour.

Cler. Yet false policy 90
 Would cover all, being like offenders hid,
 That (after notice taken where they hide)
 The more they crouch and stir, the more are spied.

Aum. I wonder how this chanc'd you.

Cler. Some informer,
 Bloodhound to mischief, usher to the hangman, 95
 Thirsty of honour for some huge state act,

Perceiving me great with the worthy Guise,
 And he (I know not why) held dangerous,
 Made me the desperate organ of his danger,
 Only with that poor colour : 'tis the common 100
 And more than whore-like trick of treachery
 And vermin bred to rapine and to ruin :
 For which this fault is still to be accus'd,
 Since good acts fail, crafts and deceits are us'd.
 If it be other, never pity me. 105

Aum. Sir, we are glad, believe it, and have hope,
 The King will so conceit it.

Cler. At his pleasure.
 In meantime, what's your will, Lord Lieutenant ?

Mail. To leave your own horse, and to mount the trumpet's.

Cler. It shall be done. This heavily prevents 110
 My purpos'd recreation in these parts ;
 Which now I think on, let me beg you, sir,
 To lend me some one captain of your troops
 To bear the message of my hapless service
 And misery to my most noble mistress, 115
 Countess of Cambrai ; to whose house this night
 I promis'd my repair, and know most truly,
 With all the ceremonies of her favour,
 She sure expects me.

Mail. Think you now on that ?

Cler. On that, sir ? Ay, and that so worthily, 120
 That if the King, in spite of your great service,
 Would send me instant promise of enlargement,
 Condition I would set this message by,
 I would not take it, but had rather die.

Aum. Your message shall be done, sir ; I myself 125
 Will be for you a messenger of ill.

Cler. I thank you, sir, and doubt not yet to live
 To quite your kindness.

Aum. Mean space use your spirit
 And knowledge for the cheerful patience
 Of this so strange and sudden consequence. 130

Cler. Good sir, believe that no particular torture
 Can force me from my glad obedience
 To anything the high and general Cause
 To match with his whole fabric hath ordain'd :
 And know ye all (though far from all your aims 135

Yet worth them all, and all men's endless studies)
 That in this one thing, all the discipline
 Of manners and of manhood is contain'd :
 A man to join himself with th' Universe
 In his main sway, and make (in all things fit) 140
 One with that All, and go on round as it ;
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
 And into straits, or into nought revert,
 Wishing the complete Universe might be
 Subject to such a rag of it as he ; 145
 But to consider great Necessity
 All things as well refract as voluntary
 Reduceth to the prime celestial cause ;
 Which he that yields to with a man's applause,
 And cheek by cheek goes, crossing it no breath, 150
 But, like God's image, follows to the death,
 That man is truly wise, and everything
 (Each cause, and every part distinguishing)
 In nature with enough art understands,
 And that full glory merits at all hands, 155
 That doth the whole world at all parts adorn,
 And appertains to one celestial born. *Exeunt omnes*

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in the Court]**Enter Baligny, Renel*

Bal. So foul a scandal never man sustain'd,
 Which, caus'd by th' King, is rude and tyrannous :
 Give me a place, and my Lieutenant make
 The filler of it !

Ren. I should never look
 For better of him ; never trust a man 5
 For any justice, that is rapt with pleasure ;
 To order arms well, that makes smocks his ensigns
 And his whole government's sails : you heard of late,
 He had the four and twenty ways of venery
 Done all before him.

Bal. 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly. 10

Ren. 'Tis more than Nature's mighty hand can do
 To make one human and a lecher too.

Look how a wolf doth like a dog appear,
So like a friend is an adulterer :

Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods, 15

No more true men are than so many toads.

A good man happy, is a common good ;
Vile men advanc'd live of the common blood.

Bal. Give and then take, like children !

Ren. Bounties are
As soon repented as they happen rare. 20

Bal. What should kings do, and men of eminent places,
But, as they gather, sow gifts to the Graces ?
And where they have given, rather give again,
(Being given for virtue) than like babes and fools,
Take and repent gifts ? Why are wealth and power ? 25

Ren. Power and wealth move to tyranny, not bounty ;
The merchant for his wealth is swoln in mind,
When yet the chief lord of it is the wind.

Bal. That may so chance to our state-merchants too ;
Something perform'd, that hath not far to go. 30

Ren. That's the main point, my lord ; insist on that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further ? Hath it taken
The tender tinder of my wife's sere blood ?
Is she so passionate ?

Ren. So wild, so mad,
She cannot live, and this unwreak'd sustain. 35
The woes are bloody that in women reign.
The Sicile gulf keeps fear in less degree ;
There is no tiger not more tame than she.

Bal. There is no looking home, then ?

Ren. Home ! Medea
With all her herbs, charms, thunders, lightnings, 40
Made not her presence and black haunts more dreadful.

Bal. Come to the King ; if he reform not all,
Mark the event, none stand where that must fall. *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA

A Room in the House of the Countess of Cambrai].

Enter Countess, Riova, and an Usher

Ush. Madam, a captain come from Clermont d'Ambois
Desires access to you.

Count. And not himself ?

Ush. No, madam.

Count. That's not well. Attend him in.
The last hour of his promise now run out, *Exit Usher*
And he break ? Some brack's in the frame of nature 5
That forceth his breach.

Enter Usher and Aumale

Aum. Save your ladyship !

Count. All welcome ! Come you from my worthy servant ?

Aum. Ay, madam ; and confer such news from him—

Count. Such news ? What news ?

Aum. News that I wish some other had the charge of. 10

Count. Oh, what charge ? What news ?

Aum. Your ladyship must use some patience
Or else I cannot do him that desire
He urg'd with such affection to your graces.

Count. Do it, for heaven's love do it ! If you serve 15
His kind desires, I will have patience.
Is he in health ?

Aum. He is.

Count. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good estate we hold in earth ;
All our ill built upon that is no more
Than we may bear, and should ; express it all. 20

Aum. Madam, 'tis only this ; his liberty—

Count. His liberty ! Without that, health is nothing.
Why live I, but to ask, in doubt of that,
Is that bereft him ?

Aum. You'll again prevent me.

Count. No more, I swear ; I must hear, and together 25
Come all my misery ! I'll hold though I burst.

Aum. Then, madam, thus it fares. He was invited,
By way of honour to him, to take view
Of all the powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his government ; which rang'd in battles, 30
Maillard, Lieutenant to the Governor,
Having receiv'd strict letters from the King
To train him to the musters, and betray him
To their surprise, which, with Chalon in chief,
And other captains (all the field put hard 35
By his incredible valour for his scape)

They haplessly and guiltlessly perform'd,
And to Bastile he's now led prisoner.

Count. What change is here ! How are my hopes prevented !
O my most faithful servant, thou betray'd ! 40
Will kings make treason lawful ? Is society
(To keep which only kings were first ordain'd)
Less broke in breaking faith 'twixt friend and friend,
Than 'twixt the king and subject ? Let them fear.
Kings' precedents in licence lack no danger. 45
Kings are compar'd to gods, and should be like them,
Full in all right, in nought superfluous,
Nor nothing straining past right for their right :
Reign justly and reign safely. Policy
Is but a guard corrupted, and a way 50
Ventur'd in deserts, without guide or path.
Kings punish subjects' errors with their own.
Kings are like archers, and their subjects, shafts :
For as when archers let their arrows fly,
They call to them, and bid them fly or fall, 55
As if 'twere in the free power of the shaft
To fly or fall, when only 'tis the strength,
Straight shooting, compass, given it by the archer,
That makes it hit or miss ; and doing either,
He's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the shaft : 60
So kings to subjects crying, 'Do, do not this',
Must to them by their own examples' strength,
The straightness of their acts, and equal compass,
Give subjects power t' obey them in the like ;
Not shoot them forth with faulty aim and strength, 65
And lay the fault in them for flying amiss.

Aum. But, for your servant, I dare swear him guiltless.

Count. He would not for his kingdom traitor be ;
His laws are not so true to him as he.
O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd 70
Through all their army, I would fly, and do it :
And had I of my courage and resolve
But ten such more, they should not all retain him ;
But I will never die before I give
Maillard an hundred slashes with a sword, 75
Chalon an hundred breaches with a pistol.
They could not all have taken Clermont d'Ambois
Without their treachery ; he had bought his bands out
With their slave bloods ; but he was credulous ;

He would believe, since he would be believ'd ; 80
Your noblest natures are most credulous.

Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to break ;
Hate like hell-mouth who think not what they speak.

Aum. Well, madam, I must tender my attendance
On him again. Will't please you to return 85
No service to him by me ?

Count. Fetch me straight
My little cabinet. (*Exit Ancilla*) 'Tis little, tell him,
And much too little for his matchless love :
But as in him the worths of many men
Are close contracted (*Intrat Ancilla*), so in this are jewels 90
Worth many cabinets. Here, with this (good sir),
Commend my kindest service to my servant,
Thank him, with all my comforts, and, in them
With all my life for them : all sent from him
In his remembrance of me, and true love ; 95
And look you tell him, tell him how I lie

She kneels down at his feet
Prostrate at feet of his accurs'd misfortune,
Pouring my tears out, which shall ever fall
Till I have pour'd for him out eyes and all.

Aum. O, madam, this will kill him : comfort you 100
With full assurance of his quick acquittal :
Be not so passionate : rise, cease your tears.

Count. Then must my life cease. Tears are all the vent
My life hath to scape death. Tears please me better
Than all life's comforts, being the natural seed 105
Of hearty sorrow. As a tree fruit bears,
So doth an undissembled sorrow tears.

He raises her, and leads her out. Exeunt

Ush. This might have been before, and sav'd much charge.
Exit

[SCENA QUARTA

A Room in the Court]

*Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Epernon, Soissons, Perricot with
pen, ink, and paper*

Guise. Now, sir, I hope your much abus'd eyes see,
In my word for my Clermont, what a villain

He was that whisper'd in your jealous ear
 His own black treason in suggesting Clermont's,
 Colour'd with nothing but being great with me. 5
 Sign then this writ for his delivery ;
 Your hand was never urg'd with worthier boldness :
 Come, pray, sir, sign it : why should kings be pray'd
 To acts of justice ? 'Tis a reverence
 Makes them despis'd, and shows they stick and tire 10
 In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

Hen. Well, take your will, sir ;—I'll have mine ere
 long.— *Aversus*

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one ?

Guise. In his most gentle and unwearied mind
 Rightly to virtue fram'd, in very nature, 15
 In his most firm inexorable spirit
 To be remov'd from anything he chooseth
 For worthiness, or bear the least persuasion
 To what is base, or fitteth not his object,
 In his contempt of riches and of greatness, 20
 In estimation of th'idolatrous vulgar,
 His scorn of all things servile and ignoble,
 Though they could gain him never such advancement,
 His liberal kind of speaking what is truth
 In spite of temporizing, the great rising 25
 And learning of his soul, so much the more
 Against ill Fortune, as she set herself
 Sharp against him, or would present most hard
 To shun the malice of her deadliest charge ;
 His detestation of his special friends, 30
 When he perceiv'd their tyrannous will to do,
 Or their abjection basely to sustain
 Any injustice that they could revenge ;
 The flexibility of his most anger,
 Even in the main career and fury of it, 35
 When any object of desertful pity
 Offers itself to him ; his sweet disposeure,
 As much abhorring to behold as do
 Any unnatural and bloody action ;
 His just contempt of jesters, parasites, 40
 Servile observers, and polluted tongues :
 In short, this Senecal man is found in him,
 He may with heaven's immortal powers compare,
 To whom the day and fortune equal are ;

Come fair or foul, whatever chance can fall, 45
 Fix'd in himself, ~~he still is one to all.~~

Hen. Shows he to others thus ?

Omnes. To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor ?

Guise. These are your Machiavellian villains,
 Your bastard Teucers, that, their mischiefs done, 50
 Run to your shield for shelter, Cacusses
 That cut their too large murtherous thieveries
 To their dens' length still : woe be to that state
 Where treachery guards, and ruin makes men great !

Hen. Go, take my letters for him, and release him. 55

Omnes. Thanks to your Highness ! Ever live your High-
 ness ! *Exeunt [all but Baligny]*

Bal. Better a man were buried quick, than live
 A property for state, and spoil to thrive *Exit*

[SCENA QUINTA

On the Road to Paris]

Enter Clermont, Maillard, Chalon, with Soldiers

Mail. We joy you take a chance so ill, so well.

Cler. Who ever saw me differ in acceptance
 Of either fortune ?

Chal. What, love bad like good !
 How should one learn that ?

Cler. To love nothing outward,
 Or not within our own powers to command ; 5
 And so being sure of everything we love,
 Who cares to lose the rest ? If any man
 Would neither live nor die in his free choice,
 But as he sees necessity will have it
 (Which if he would resist, he strives in vain) 10
 What can come near him, that he doth not [will,]
 And if in worst events his will be done,
 How can the best be better ? All is one.

Mail. Methinks 'tis pretty.

Cler. Put no difference
 If you have this, or not this ; but as children 15
 Playing at quoits, ever regard their game,
 And care not for their quoits, so let a man

The things themselves that touch him not esteem,
But his free power in well disposing them.

Chal. Pretty, from toys!

Cler. Methinks this double distich 20
Seems prettily too to stay superfluous longings :
'Not to have want, what riches doth exceed ?
Not to be subject, what superior thing ?
He that to nought aspires, doth nothing need ;
Who breaks no law is subject to no king'.

Mail. This goes to mine ear well, I promise you.

Chal. O, but 'tis passing hard to stay one thus.

Cler. 'Tis so ; rank custom raps men so beyond it ;
And as 'tis hard so well men's doors to bar
To keep the cat out, and th' adulterer ; 30
So 'tis as hard to curb affections so
We let in nought to make them overflow.
And as of Homer's verses many critics
On those stand, of which Time's old moth hath eaten
The first or last feet, and the perfect parts 35
Of his unmatched poem sink beneath,
With upright gasping and sloth dull as death :
So the unprofitable things of life,
And those we cannot compass, we affect ;
All that doth profit, and we have, neglect ; 40
Like covetous and basely getting men,
That, gathering much, use never what they keep ;
But for the least they lose, extremely weep.

Mail. This pretty talking, and our horses walking
Down this steep hill, spends time with equal profit. 45

Cler. 'Tis well bestow'd on ye ; meat and men sick
Agree like this and you : and yet even this
Is th' end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to hear, sir, how your mistress takes this.

Enter Aumale with a cabinet

Mail. We soon shall know it ; see Aumale return'd 50

Aum. Ease to your bands, sir !

Cler. Welcome, worthy friend !

Chal. How took his noblest mistress your sad message ?

Aum. As great rich men take sudden poverty.

I never witness'd a more noble love,
Nor a more ruthless sorrow : I well wish'd 55
Some other had been master of my message.

Mail. Y'are happy, sir, in all things, but this one
Of your unhappy apprehension.

Cler. This is to me, compar'd with her much moan,
As one tear is to her whole passion. 60

Aum. Sir, she commends her kindest service to you,
And this rich cabinet.

Chal. O happy man!
This may enough hold to redeem your bands.

Cler. These clouds, I doubt not, will be soon blown over.

Enter Baligny with his discharge, Renel, and others

Aum. Your hope is just and happy; see, sir, both, 65
In both the looks of these.

Bal. Here's a discharge
For this your prisoner, my good Lord Lieutenant.

Mail. Alas, sir! I usurp that style, enforc'd,
And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

Bal. Well, sir, my wrong aspir'd past all men's hopes. 70

Mail. I sorrow for it, sir.

Ren. You see, sir, there
Your prisoner's discharge autential.

Mail. It is, sir, and I yield it him with gladness.

Bal. Brother, I brought you down to much good purpose.

Cler. Repeat not that, sir; the amends makes all. 75

Ren. I joy in it, my best and worthiest friend;
O y'have a princely fautor of the Guise.

Bal. I think I did my part too.

Ren Well, sir, all
Is in the issue well: and, worthiest friend,
Here's from your friend, the Guise; here from the Countess,
Your brother's mistress, [*giving letters*], the contents whereof 80
I know, and must prepare you now to please
Th' unrested spirit of your slaughter'd brother,
If it be true, as you imagin'd once
His apparition show'd it; the complot 85
Is now laid sure betwixt us; therefore haste
Both to your great friend (who hath some use weighty
For your repair to him) and to the Countess,
Whose satisfaction is no less important.

Cler. I see all, and will haste as it importeth; 90
And, good friend, since I must delay a little
My wish'd attendance on my noblest mistress,
Excuse me to her, with return of this,

And endless protestation of my service ;
 And now become as glad a messenger 95
 As you were late a woful.

Aum. Happy change !

I ever will salute thee with my service. *Exit*

Bal. Yet more news, brother ; the late jesting Monsieur
 Makes now your brother's dying prophecy equal
 At all parts, being dead as he presag'd. 100

Ren. Heaven shield the Guise from seconding that truth,
 With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cler. It hath enough, 'twas grac'd with truth in one ;
 To th' other falsehood and confusion !
 Lead to th' Court, sir.

Bal. You I'll lead no more, 105
 It was too ominous and foul before. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the House of Guise*]

Ascendit Umbra Bussy

Umb. Up from the chaos of eternal night
 (To which the whole digestion of the world
 Is now returning) once more I ascend,
 And bide the cold damp of this piercing air,
 To urge the justice whose almighty word 5
 Measures the bloody acts of impious men
 With equal penance, who in th' act itself
 Includes th' infliction, which like chained shot
 Batter together still ; though as the thunder
 Seems, by men's duller hearing than their sight, 10
 To break a great time after lightning forth,
 Yet both at one time tear the labouring cloud,
 So men think penance of their ills is slow,
 Though th' ill and penance still together go.
 Reform, ye ignorant men, your manless lives, 15
 Whose laws ye think are nothing but your lusts,
 When leaving but for supposition' sake
 The body of felicity, religion
 (Set in the midst of Christendom, and her head
 Cleft to her bosom, one half one way swaying,
 Another th' other), all the Christian world 20

And all her laws, whose observation
 Stands upon faith, above the power of reason—
 Leaving (I say) all these, this might suffice
 To fray ye from your vicious swinge in ill, 25
 And set you more on fire to do more good,
 That since the world (as which of you denies ?)
 Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude
 That all the joints and nerves sustaining nature
 As well may break, and yet the world abide, 30
 As any one good unrewarded die,
 Or any one ill scape his penalty. *The Ghost stands close*

Enter Guise, Clermont

Guise. Thus (friend) thou seest how all good men would
 thrive,
 Did not the good thou prompt'st me with prevent
 The jealous ill pursuing them in others. 35
 But now thy dangers are dispatch'd, note mine :
 Hast thou not heard of that admired voice
 That at the barricadoes spake to me
 (No person seen), 'Let's lead my lord to Rheims' ?

Cler. Nor could you learn the person ?

Guise. By no means. 40

Cler. 'Twas but your fancy, then, a waking dream :
 For as in sleep, which binds both th' outward senses,
 And the sense common too, th' imagining power
 (Stirr'd up by forms hid in the memory's store,
 Or by the vapours of o'erflowing humours 45
 In bodies full and foul, and mix'd with spirits)
 Feigns many strange, miraculous images,
 In which act it so painfully applies
 Itself to those forms that the common sense
 It actuates with his motion, and thereby 50
 Those fictions true seem, and have real 'act :
 So, in the strength of our conceits awake,
 The cause alike doth [oft] like fictions make.

Guise. Be what it will, 'twas a presage of something
 Weighty and secret, which th' advertisements 55
 I have receiv'd from all parts, both without
 And in this kingdom, as from Rome and Spain,
 [Lorraine] and Savoy, gives me cause to think,
 All writing that our plot's catastrophe,
 For propagation of the Catholic cause, 60

Will bloody prove, dissolving all our counsels.

Cler. Retire, then, from them all.

Guise.

I must not do so.

The Archbishop of Lyons tells me plain

I shall be said then to abandon France

In so important an occasion ;

65

And that mine enemies (their profit making

Of my faint absence) soon would let that fall,

That all my pains did to this height exhale.

Cler. Let all fall that would rise unlawfully :

Make not your forward spirit in virtue's right

70

A property for vice, by thrusting on

Further than all your powers can fetch you off.

It is enough, your will is infinite

To all things virtuous and religious,

Which, within limits kept, may without danger

75

Let virtue some good from your graces gather.

Avarice of all is ever nothing's father.

Umb. [*advancing*] Danger (the spur of all great minds)
is ever

The curb to your tame spirits ; you respect not

(With all your holiness of life and learning)

80

More than the present, like illiterate vulgars ;

Your mind (you say) kept in your flesh's bounds,

Shows that man's will must rul'd be by his power :

When (by true doctrine) you are taught to live,

Rather without the body than within,

85

And rather to your God still than yourself ;

To live to Him, is to do all things fitting

His image, in which, like Himself, we live ;

To be His image is to do those things

That make us deathless, which by death is only

90

Doing those deeds that fit eternity ;

And those deeds are the perfecting that justice

That makes the world last, which proportion is

Of punishment and wreak for every wrong,

As well as for right a reward as strong.

95

Away, then ! Use the means thou hast to right

The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted law

Leaves unperform'd in kings, do thou supply,

And be above them all in dignity.

Exit

Guise. Why stand'st thou still thus, and apply'st thine ears 100
And eyes to nothing ?

Cler. Saw you nothing here ?

Guise. Thou dream'st awake now ; what was here to see ?

Cler. My brother's spirit, urging his revenge.

Guise. Thy brother's spirit ! Pray thee mock me not.

Cler. No, by my love and service !

Guise. Would he rise, 105

And not be thund'ring threats against the Guise ?

Cler. You make amends for enmity to him

With ten parts more love and desert of me ;

And as you make your hate to him no let

Of any love to me, no more bears he 110

(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.

Which reason and which justice is perform'd

In spirits ten parts more than fleshy men ;

To whose fore-sights our acts and thoughts lie open :

And therefore, since he saw the treachery 115

Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,

He would not honour his hand with the justice

(As he esteems it) of his blood's revenge,

To which my sister needs would have him sworn,

Before she would consent to marry him. 120

Guise. O Baligny !—Who would believe there were

A man, that (only since his looks are rais'd

Upwards, and have but sacred heaven in sight)

Could bear a mind so more than devilish

As, for the painted glory of the countenance, 125

Flitting in kings, doth good for nought esteem,

And the more ill he does, the better seem ?

Cler. We easily may believe it, since we see

In this world's practice few men better be.

Justice to live doth nought but justice need, 130

But policy must still on mischief feed.

Untruth, for all his ends, truth's name doth sue in ;

None safely live but those that study ruin.

A good man happy is a common good ;

Ill men advanc'd live of the common blood. 135

Guise. But this thy brother's spirit startles me,

These spirits sold or never haunting men

But some mishap ensues.

Cler. Ensue what can ;

Tyrants may kill, but never hurt a man ;

All to his good makes, spite of death and hell. 140

Enter Aumale

Aum. All the desert of good renown, your Highness !

Guise. Welcome, Aumale !

Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome !
How took my noblest mistress the chang'd news ?

Aum. It came too late, sir ; for those loveliest eyes
(Through which a soul look'd so divinely loving) 145
Tears nothing uttering her distress enough,
She wept quite out, and like two falling stars
Their dearest sights quite vanish'd with her tears.

Cler. All good forbid it !

Guise. What events are these ?

Cler. All must be borne, my lord ; and yet this chance 150
Would willingly enforce a man to cast off
All power to bear with comfort, since he sees
In this our comforts made our miseries.

Guise. How strangely thou art lov'd of both the sexes ;
Yet thou lov'st neither, but the good of both. 155

Cler. In love of women, my affection first
Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood ;
Which, till I have enjoy'd, is passionate
Like other lovers ; but, fruition past,
I then love out of judgment, the desert 160
Of her I love still sticking in my heart,
Though the desire and the delight be gone,
Which must chance still, since the comparison
Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,
And what affection, makes in me the best 165
Ever preferr'd, what most love, valuing lest.

Guise. Thy love being judgment then, and of the mind,
Marry thy worthiest mistress now being blind.

Cler. If there were love in marriage, so I would :
But I deny that any man doth love, 170
Affecting wives, maid, widows, any women :
For neither flies love milk, although they drown
In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the bee
Love honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gathering it ; nor those that fat 175
O[n] beasts or fowls, do anything therein
For any love : for as when only Nature
Moves men to meat, as far as her power rules,
She doth it with a temperate appetite,

The too much men devour abhorring Nature ; 180
 And in our most health is our most disease ;
 So, when humanity rules men and women,
 'Tis for society confin'd in reason.
 But what excites the bed's desire in blood,
 By no means justly can be constru'd love ; 185
 For when love kindles any knowing spirit,
 It ends in virtue and effects divine,
 And is in friendship chaste and masculine.

Guise. Thou shalt my mistress be ; methinks my blood
 Is taken up to all love with thy virtues. 190
 And howsoever other men despise
 These paradoxes strange and too precise,
 Since they hold on the right way of our reason,
 I could attend them ever. Come, away !
 Perform thy brother's thus importun'd wreak ; 195
 And I will see what great affairs the King
 Hath to employ my counsel, which he seems
 Much to desire, and more and more esteems. *Exeunt*

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in the Court]**Enter Henry, Baligny with six of the Guard*

Hen. Saw you his saucy forcing of my hand
 To D'Ambois' freedom ?

Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes
 Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to bear
 An insolence so giantly austere.

Hen. The more kings bear at subjects' hands, the more 5
 Their ling'ring justice gathers, that resembles
 The weighty and the goodly-bodied eagle,
 Who (being on earth) before her shady wings
 Can raise her into air, a mighty way
 Close by the ground she runs ; but being aloft, 10
 All she commands, she flies at ; and the more
 Death in her serres bears, the more time she stays
 Her thund'ry stoop from that on which she preys.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the weight
 Of these your shady counsels, who will else 15
 Bear (where such sparks fly as the Guise and D'Ambois)

Powder about them. Counsels (as your entrails)
Should be unpierc'd and sound kept ; for not those,
Whom you discover, you neglect ; but ope
A ruinous passage to your own best hope. 20

Hen. We have spies set on us, as we on others ;
And therefore they that serve us must excuse us,
If what we most hold in our hearts take wind ;
Deceit hath eyes that see into the mind.
But this plot shall be quicker than their twinkling, 25
On whose lids Fate with her dead weight shall lie,
And Confidence that lightens ere she die.
Friends of my guard, as ye gave oath to be
True to your Sovereign, keep it manfully ;
Your eyes have witness'd oft th' ambition 30
That never made access to me in Guise
But treason ever sparkled in his eyes ;
Which if you free us of, our safety shall
You not our subjects but our patrons call.

Ommes. Our duties bind us ; he is now but dead. 35

Hen. We trust in it, and thank ye. Baligny,
Go lodge their ambush, and thou God, that art
Fautor of princes, thunder from the skies
Beneath his hill of pride this giant Guise. *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA

A Room in Montsurry's House]

Enter Tamyra with a letter, Charlotte in man's attire

Tam. I see y'are servant, sir, to my dear sister,
The lady of her loved Baligny.

Char. Madam, I am bound to her virtuous bounties
For that life which I offer in her service
To the revenge of her renowned brother. 5

Tam. She writes to me as much, and much desires
That you may be the man, whose spirit she knows
Will cut short off these long and dull delays
Hitherto bribing the eternal Justice !
Which I believe, since her unmatched spirit 10
Can judge of spirits that have her sulphur in them ;
But I must tell you that I make no doubt
Her living brother will revenge her dead,

On whom the dead impos'd the task, and he,
I know, will come t'effect it instantly. 15

Char. They are but words in him; believe them not.

Tam. See; this is the vault where he must enter;
Where now I think he is.

Enter Renel at the vault, with the Countess being blind

Ren. God save you, lady!

What gentleman is this, with whom you trust
The deadly weighty secret of this hour? 20

Tam. One that yourself will say I well may trust.

Ren. Then come up, madam.

He helps the Countess up
See here, honour'd lady,

A Countess, that in love's mishap doth equal
At all parts your wrong'd self, and is the mistress
Of your slain servant's brother; in whose love, 25
For his late treacherous apprehension,
She wept her fair eyes from her ivory brows,
And would have wept her soul out, had not I
Promis'd to bring her to this mortal quarry,
That by her lost eyes for her servant's love, 30
She might conjure him from this stern attempt,
In which (by a most ominous dream she had)
She knows his death fix'd, and that never more
Out of this place the sun shall see him live.

Char. I am provided, then, to take his place 35
And undertaking on me.

Ren. You, sir! Why?

Char. Since I am charg'd so by my mistress
His mournful sister.

Tam. See her letter, sir. *He reads*

Good madam, I rue your fate more than mine,
And know not how to order these affairs, 40
They stand on such occurrents.

Ren. This, indeed,
I know to be your lady mistress' hand,
And know, besides, his brother will and must
Endure no hand in this revenge but his.

Enter Umbra Bussy

Umb. Away, dispute no more; get up and see!
Clermont must author this just tragedy. 45

Count. Who's that?

Ren. The spirit of Bussy.

Tam. O, my servant!

Let us embrace.

Umb. Forbear! The air, in which
My figure's likeness is impress'd, will blast;
Let my revenge for all loves satisfy, 50
In which, dame, fear not, Clermont shall not die:
No word dispute more; up, and see th' event.

Exeunt Ladies

Make the guard sure, Renel; and then the doors
Command to make fast when the Earl is in. *Exit Renel*
The black soft-footed hour is now on wing, 55
Which, for my just wreak, ghosts shall celebrate
With dances dire and of infernal state. *Exit*

[SCENA QUARTA

An Ante-room in the Palace]

Enter Guise

Guise. Who says that death is natural, when nature
Is with the only thought of it dismay'd?
I have had lotteries set up for my death,
And I have drawn beneath my trencher one,
Knit in my handkerchief another lot, 5
The word being, 'Y'are a dead man if you enter';
And these words this imperfect blood and flesh
Shrink at in spite of me, their solid'st part
Melting like snow within me with cold fire:
I hate myself, that, seeking to rule kings, 10
I cannot curb my slave. Would any spirit,
Free, manly, princely, wish to live to be
Commanded by this mass of slavery,
Since reason, judgment, resolution,
And scorn of what we fear, will yield to fear? 15
While this same sink of sensuality swells,
Who would live sinking in it, and not spring
Up to the stars, and leave this carrion here
For wolves and vultures, and for dogs to tear?
O Clermont d'Ambois, wert thou here to chide 20
This softness from my flesh, far as my reason,

Far as my resolution not to stir
 One foot out of the way, for death and hell !
 Let my false man by falsehood perish here ;
 There's no way else to set my true man clear. 25

Enter Messenger

Mes. The King desires your Grace to come to Council.

Guise. I come. It cannot be : he will not dare
 To touch me with a treachery so profane.
 Would Clermont now were here, to try how he
 Would lay about him, if this plot should be : 30
 Here would be tossing souls into the sky.
 Who ever knew blood sav'd by treachery ?
 Well, I must on, and will ; what should I fear ?
 Not against two Alcides ? Against two,
 And Hercules to friend, the Guise will go. 35

He takes up the arras, and the Guard enters upon him : he draws
 Hold, murtherers ! So then, this is confidence

They strike him down
 In greatness, not in goodness : where is the King ?

The King comes in sight with Epernon, Soissons, and others

Let him appear to justify his deed
 In spite of my betray'd wounds, ere my soul
 Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath strength 40
 To urge his tyranny.

Hen. See, sir, I am come
 To justify it before men, and God,
 Who knows with what wounds in my heart for woe
 Of your so wounded faith I made these wounds,
 Forc'd to it by an insolence of force 45
 To stir a stone ; nor is a rock, oppos'd
 To all the billows of the churlish sea,
 More beat and eaten with them than was I
 With your ambitious mad idolatry ;
 And this blood I shed is to save the blood 50
 Of many thousands.

Guise. That's your white pretext,
 But you will find one drop of blood shed lawless
 Will be the fountain to a purple sea :
 The present lust and shift made for kings' lives
 Against the pure form and just power of law, 55

Will thrive like shifters' purchases ; there hangs
 A black star in the skies, to which the sun
 Gives yet no light, will rain a poison'd shower
 Into your entrails, that will make you feel
 How little safety lies in treacherous steel. 60

Hen. Well, sir, I'll bear it ; y' have a brother too,
 Bursts with like threats, the scarlet Cardinal :
 Seek, and lay hands on him ; and take this hence.
 Their bloods, for all you, on my conscience. *Exit*

Guise. So, sir, your full swinge take ; mine, death hath
 curb'd. 65
 Clermont, farewell, O didst thou see but this !
 But it is better ; see by this the ice
 Broke to thine own blood, which thou wilt despise,
 When thou hear'st mine shed. Is there no friend here
 Will bear my love to him ?

Aum. I will, my lord. 70

Guise. Thanks with my last breath : recommend me, then,
 To the most worthy of the race of men.

Dies. Exeunt [the guard with the body]

[SCENA QUINTA

A Room in Montsurry's House]

Enter Montsurry and Tamyra

Mont. Who have you let into my house ?

Tam. I ? None.

Mont. 'Tis false ; I savour the rank blood of foes
 In every corner.

Tam. That you may do well,
 It is the blood you lately shed you smell.

Mont. 'Sdeath, the vault opes. *The gulf opens*

Tam. What vault ? Hold your sword. 5

Clermont ascends

Cler. No, let him use it.

Mont. Treason, murther, murther !

Cler. Exclaim not ; 'tis in vain, and base in you,
 Being one to only one.

Mont. O bloody strumpet !

Cler. With what blood charge you her ? It may be mine
 As well as yours ; there shall not any else 10

Enter or touch you ; I confer no guards,
 Nor imitate the murderous course you took ;
 But single here will have my former challenge
 Now answer'd single ; not a minute more
 My brother's blood shall stay for his revenge, 15
 If I can act it ; if not, mine shall add
 A double conquest to you, that alone
 Put it to fortune now, and use no odds.
 Storm not, nor beat yourself thus 'gainst the doors,
 Like to a savage vermin in a trap ; 20
 All doors are sure made, and you cannot scape
 But by your valour.

Mont. No, no ; come and kill me.
[Throws himself down]

Cler. If you will die so like a beast, you shall ;
 But when the spirit of a man may save you,
 Do not so shame man, and a nobleman. 25

Mont. I do not show this baseness that I fear thee,
 But to prevent and shame thy victory,
 Which of one base is base, and so I'll die.

Cler. Here, then. [Offers to kill Montsurry]

Mont. Stay, hold ! One thought hath harden'd me ;
He starts up

And since I must afford thee victory, 30
 It shall be great and brave, if one request
 Thou wilt admit me.

Cler. What's that ?

Mont. Give me leave
 To fetch and use the sword thy brother gave me
 When he was bravely giving up his life.

Cler. No, I'll not fight against my brother's sword ; 35
 Not that I fear it, but since 'tis a trick
 For you to show your back.

Mont. By all truth, no :
 Take but my honourable oath, I will not.

Cler. Your honourable oath ! Plain truth no place has
 Where oaths are honourable.

Tam. Trust not his oath. 40
 He will lie like a lapwing ; when she flies
 Far from her sought nest, still ' Here 'tis ', she cries.

Mont. Out on thee, dam of devils ! I will quite
 Disgrace thy brave[r]'s conquest, die, not fight. Lies down

Tam. Out on my fortune, to wed such an abject ! 45

Now is the people's voice the voice of God ;
 He that to wound a woman vaunts so much
 (As he did me), a man dares never touch.

Cler. Revenge your wounds now, madam ; I resign him
 Up to your full will, since he will not fight. 50
 First you shall torture him (as he did you,
 And Justice wills), and then pay I my vow.
 Here, take this poniard.

Mont. Sink earth, open heaven,
 And let fall vengeance !

Tam. Come, sir ; good sir, hold him.

Mont. O, shame of women, whither art thou fled ! 55

Cler. Why (good my lord), is it a greater shame
 For her than you ? Come, I will be the bands
 You us'd to her, profaning her fair hands.

Mont. No, sir ; I'll fight now, and the terror be
 Of all you champions to such as she. 60
 I did but thus far dally : now observe.

O all you aching foreheads that have robb'd
 Your hands of weapons and your hearts of valour,
 Join in me all your rages and rebutters,
 And into dust ram this same race of furies ; 65
 In this one relic of the [D']Ambois gall,
 In his one purple soul shed, drown it all. *Fight*
 Now give me breath a while.

Cler. Receive it freely.

Mont. What think y'o' this now ?

Cler. It is very noble,
 Had it been free, at least, and of yourself ; 70
 And thus we see (where valour most doth vaunt)
 What 'tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cler. That you shall.

Mont. If you obtain it.

Cler. True, sir, 'tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce 75
 Change lives with you, I feel so great a change
 In my tall spirits ; breath'd, I think, with the breath
 A D'Ambois breathes here ; and Necessity
 (With whose point now prick'd on, and so, whose help
 My hands may challenge), that doth all men conquer, 80
 If she except not you of all men only,
 May change the case here.

Cler. True, as you are chang'd ;
Her power, in me urg'd, makes y'another man
Than yet you ever were.

Mont. Well, I must on.

Cler. Your lordship must by all means.

Mont. Then at all. 85

Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him

[*Enter Renel, the Countess and*] *Charlotte above*

Char. Death of my father, what a shame is this !
Stick in his hands thus ?

Ren. [*trying to stop her*]. Gentle sir, forbear.

Count. Is he not slain yet ? [*Charlotte*] *gets down*

Ren. No, madam, but hurt

In divers parts of him.

Mont. Y'have given it me,
And yet I feel life for another veney. 90

Enter Charlotte [*below*]

Cler. [*To Charlotte*] What would you, sir ?

Char. I would perform this combat.

Cler. Against which of us ?

Char. I care not much if 'twere
Against thyself : thy sister would have sham'd
To have thy brother's wreak with any man
In single combat stick so in her fingers. 95

Cler. My sister ? Know you her ?

Tam. Ay, sir, she sent him
With this kind letter to perform the wreak
Of my dear servant.

Cler. Now, alas, good sir !
Think you you could do more ?

Char. Alas ; I do !
And wer't not I, fresh, sound, should charge a man 100
Weary and wounded, I would long ere this
Have prov'd what I presume on.

Cler. Y'have a mind
Like to my sister, but have patience now ;
If next charge speed not, I'll resign to you.

Mont. [*To Clermont*] Pray thee, let him decide it.

Cler. No, my lord, 105
I am the man in fate, and since so bravely

Your lordship stands me, scape but one more charge,
And, on my life, I'll set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit joy and all good on thy victory! *Fights and falls down* 110
Farewell, I heartily forgive thee; wife,
And thee; let penitence spend thy rest of life.

He gives his hand to Clermont and his wife

Cler. Noble and Christian!

Tam. O, it breaks my heart!

Cler. And should; for all faults found in him before,
These words, this end, makes full amends and more. 115
Rest, worthy soul; and with it the dear spirit
Of my lov'd brother rest in endless peace!
Soft lie thy bones, Heaven be your soul's abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no load!

*Music, and the Ghost of Bussy enters, leading the Ghosts of the
Guise, Monsieur, Cardinal Guise, and Chatillon; they
dance about the dead body, and exeunt.*

Cler. How strange is this! The Guise amongst these spirits, 120
And his great brother Cardinal, both yet living!
And that the rest with them with joy thus celebrate
This our revenge! This certainly presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinal.
That the Chatillon's ghost too should thus join 125
In celebration of this just revenge,
With Guise, that bore a chief stroke in his death,
It seems that now he doth approve the act,
And these true shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,
Fore-running thus their bodies, may approve 130
That all things to be done, as here we live,
Are done before all times in th' other life.
That spirits should rise in these times yet are fables;
Though learned'st men hold that our sensitive spirits
A little time abide about the graves 135
Of their deceased bodies, and can take
In cold condens'd air the same forms they had
When they were shut up in this body's shade.

Enter Aumale

Aum. O sir, the Guise is slain!

Cler. Avert it, heaven!

Aum. Sent for to Council, by the King, an ambush 140
 (Lodg'd for the purpose) rush'd on him, and took
 His princely life ; who sent (in dying then)
 His love to you, as to the best of men.

Cler. The worst, and most accursed of things creeping
 On earth's sad bosom. Let me pray ye all 145
 A little to forbear, and let me use
 Freely mine own mind in lamenting him.
 I'll call ye straight again.

Aum. We will forbear,
 And leave you free, sir. *Exeunt*

Cler. Shall I live, and he
 Dead, that alone gave means of life to me ? 150
 There's no disputing with the acts of kings,
 Revenge is impious on their sacred persons :
 And could I play the worldling (no man loving
 Longer than gain is reap'd, or grace from him)
 I should survive, and shall be wonder'd at 155
 Though (in mine own hands being) I end with him :
 But friendship is the cement of two minds,
 As of one man the soul and body is,
 Of which one cannot sever, but the other
 Suffers a needful separation. 160

Ren. I fear your servant, madam, let's descend.

Descend Renel and Countess

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I never liv'd
 To please men worldly, and shall I in death,
 Respect their pleasures, making such a jar
 Betwixt my death and life, when death should make 165
 The consort sweetest, th' end being proof and crown
 To all the skill and worth we truly own ?
 Guise, O my lord, how shall I cast from me
 The bands and coverts hind'ring me from thee ?
 The garment or the cover of the mind, 170
 The human soul is ; of the soul, the spirit
 The proper robe is ; of the spirit, the blood ;
 And of the blood, the body is the shroud.
 With that must I begin then to unclothe,
 And come at th' other. Now, then, as a ship, 175
 Touching at strange and far-removed shores,
 Her men ashore go, for their several ends,
 Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and pearl,
 All yet intente (when the master calls,

The ship to put off ready) to leave all 180
 Their greediest labours, lest they there be left
 To thieves or beasts, or be the country's slaves :
 So, now my master calls, my ship, my venture,
 All in one bottom put, all quite put off,
 Gone under sail, and I left negligent, 185
 To all the horrors of the vicious time,
 The far-remov'd shores to all virtuous aims,
 None favouring goodness, none but he respecting
 Piety or manhood—shall I here survive,
 Not cast me after him into the sea, 190
 Rather than here live, ready every hour
 To feed thieves, beasts, and be the slave of power ?
 I come, my lord ! Clermont, thy creature, comes.

He kills himself

Enter Aumale, Tamyra, Charlotte

Aum. What, lie and languish, Clermont ? Cursed man,
 To leave him here thus ! He hath slain himself. 195

Tam. Misery on misery ! O me, wretched dame
 Of all that breathe ! All heaven turn all his eyes
 In hearty envy thus on one poor dame !

Char. Well done, my brother ! I did love thee ever,
 But now adore thee : loss of such a friend 200
 None should survive, of such a brother [none] ;
 With my false husband live, and both these slain !
 Ere I return to him, I'll turn to earth.

Enter Renel, leading the Countess

Ren. Horror of human eyes ! O Clermont d'Ambois !
 Madam, we stay'd too long ; your servant's slain. 205

Count. It must be so ; he liv'd but in the Guise,
 As I in him. O follow, life, mine eyes !

Tam. Hide, hide thy snaky head ! To cloisters fly,
 In penance pine ! Too easy 'tis to die.

Char. It is. In cloisters, then, let's all survive. 210
 Madam, since wrath nor grief can help these fortunes,
 Let us forsake the world in which they reign,
 And for their wish'd amends to God complain.

Count. 'Tis fit and only needful : lead me on,
 In heaven's course comfort seek, in earth is none. 215

Exeunt

Enter Henry, Epernon, Soissons, and others

Hen. We came indeed too late, which much I rue,
And would have kept this Clermont as my crown.
Take in the dead, and make this fatal room
(The house shut up) the famous D'Ambois tomb.

Exeunt [with the bodies]

FINIS

THE CONSPIRACY AND TRAGEDY
OF
CHARLES DUKE OF BYRON

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN H. COLEMAN
1880

The Conspiracy and Tragedy
of

Charles Duke of Byron

TO

MY HONOURABLE AND CONSTANT FRIEND,

SIR THO: WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT;

AND TO

MY MUCH LOVED FROM HIS BIRTH, THE RIGHT

TOWARD AND WORTHY GENTLEMAN HIS SON,

THOMAS WALSINGHAM, ESQUIRE

SIR, Though I know you ever stood little affected to these unprofitable rites of Dedication (which disposition in you hath made me hitherto dispense with your right in my other impressions), yet, lest the world may repute it a neglect in me of so ancient and worthy a friend, having heard your approbation of these in their presentment, I could not but prescribe them with your name; and that my affection may extend to your posterity, I have entituled to it, herein, your hope and comfort in your generous son; whom I doubt not that most revered Mother of manly sciences, to whose instruction your virtuous care commits him, will so profitably initiate in her learned labours, that they will make him flourish in his riper life over the idle lives of our ignorant gentlemen, and enable him to supply the honourable places of your name; extending your years and his right noble mother's, in the true comforts of his virtues, to the sight of much and most

happy progeny ; which most affectionately wishing, and dividing
these poor dismembered poems betwixt you, I desire to live still
in your graceful loves, and ever

The most assured at your commandments,

GEORGE CHAPMAN

PROLOGUS

WHEN the uncivil civil wars of France
Had pour'd upon the country's beaten breast
Her batter'd cities, press'd her under hills
Of slaughter'd carcasses, set her in the mouths
Of murderous breaches, and made pale Despair, 5
Leave her to Ruin, through them all, Byron
Stepp'd to her rescue, took her by the hand ;
Pluck'd her from under her unnatural press,
And set her shining in the height of peace.
And now new cleans'd from dust, from sweat, and blood, 10
And dignified with title of a Duke,
As when in wealthy Autumn his bright star
Wash'd in the lofty ocean, thence ariseth,
Illustrates heaven, and all his other fires
Out-shines and darkens, so admir'd Byron 15
All France exempted from comparison.
He touch'd heaven with his lance, nor yet was touch'd
With hellish treachery ; his country's love
He yet thirsts, not the fair shades of himself ;
Of which empoison'd spring when Policy drinks, 20
He bursts in growing great, and, rising, sinks :
Which now behold in our conspirator,
And see in his revolt how honour's flood
Ebbs into air, when men are great, not good.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Henry IV, <i>King of France.</i>	Orange, }	<i>Noblemen in the</i>
Albert, <i>Archduke of Austria.</i>	Mansfield, }	<i>Archduke's Court</i>
<i>The Duke of Savoy</i>	Roiseau, a <i>French gentleman</i>	
<i>The Duke of Byron</i>	attending the <i>Embassy</i>	
D'Auvergne, a <i>friend of Byron</i>	La Fin, a <i>ruined French noble</i>	
Nemours, }	Roncas, the <i>Ambassador of</i>	
Soissons, }	Savoy at <i>Paris</i>	
D'Aumont, }	Rochette, }	<i>Lords attending the</i>
Crequi, }	Breton, }	<i>Duke of Savoy</i>
Epernon, }	Vitry, <i>Captain of the Guard</i>	
Bellièvre, }	Janin, a <i>French minister</i>	
Brulart, }	La Brosse, an <i>astrologer</i>	
D'Aumale, a <i>French exile at</i>		
<i>Brussels</i>		
Picoté, a <i>Frenchman in the</i>	<i>Three Ladies at the French</i>	
<i>Spanish service at Brussels</i>	<i>Court</i>	

ACTUS I SCENA I

[*Paris. A Room in the Court*]

Enter Savoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton

Sav. I would not for half Savoy but have bound
 France to some favour by my personal presence
 More than your self, my Lord Ambassador,
 Could have obtain'd ; for all ambassadors,
 You know, have chiefly these instructions : 5
 To note the state and chief sway of the Court
 To which they are employ'd ; to penetrate
 The heart and marrow of the King's designs,
 And to observe the countenances and spirits
 Of such as are impatient of rest, 10
 And wring beneath some private discontent :
 But, past all these, there are a number more
 Of these state criticisms that our personal view
 May profitably make, which cannot fall
 Within the powers of our instruction 15
 To make you comprehend ; I will do more
 With my mere shadow than you with your persons.
 All you can say against my coming here
 Is that, which I confess, may for the time
 Breed strange affections in my brother Spain ; 20
 But when I shall have time to make my cannons
 The long-tongued heralds of my hidden drifts,
 Our reconciliation will be made with triumphs.

Ron. If not, your Highness hath small cause to care,
 Having such worthy reason to complain 25
 Of Spain's cold friendship and his ling'ring succours,
 Who only entertains your griefs with hope
 To make your med'cine desperate.

Roch. My lord knows
 The Spanish gloss too well ; his form, stuff, lasting,

And the most dangerous conditions 30
 He lays on them with whom he is in league.
 Th' injustice in the most unequal dower
 Given with th' Infanta, whom my lord espous'd,
 Compar'd with that her elder sister had,
 May tell him how much Spain's love weighs to him, 35
 When of so many globes and sceptres held
 By the great King, he only would bestow
 A portion but of six-score thousand crowns
 In yearly pension with his Highness' wife,
 When the Infanta, wedded by the Archduke, 40
 Had the Franche-Comté, and Low Provinces.

Bret. We should not set these passages of spleen
 'Twixt Spain and Savoy: to the weaker part
 More good by suff'rance grows than deeds of heart;
 The nearer princes are, the further off 45
 In rites of friendship; my advice had never
 Consented to this voyage of my lord,
 In which he doth endanger Spain's whole loss,
 For hope of some poor fragment here in France.

Sav. My hope in France you know not, though my
 counsel; 50
 And for my loss of Spain, it is agreed
 That I should slight it; oft-times princes' rules
 Are like 'the chymical philosophers';
 Leave me then to mine own projection
 In this our thrifty alchemy of state; 55
 Yet help me thus far, you that have been here
 Our Lord Ambassador, and in short inform me
 What spirits here are fit for our designs.

Ron. The new-created Duke Byron is fit,
 Were there no other reason for your presence, 60
 To make it worthy; for he is a man
 Of matchless valour, and was ever happy
 In all encounters, which were still made good
 With an unwearied sense of any toil,
 Having continued fourteen days together 65
 Upon his horse; his blood is not voluptuous,
 Nor much inclined to women; his desires
 Are higher than his state, and his deserts
 Not much short of the most he can desire,
 If they be weigh'd with what France feels by them:
 He is past measure glorious; and that humour 70

Is fit to feed his spirits, whom it possesseth,
 With faith in any error, chiefly where
 Men blow it up with praise of his perfections ;
 The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate, 75
 And takes up all his appetite, that oft-times
 He will refuse his meat and company
 To feast alone with their most strong conceit ;
 Ambition also cheek by cheek doth march
 With that excess of glory, both sustain'd 80
 With an unlimited fancy that the King,
 Nor France itself, without him can subsist.

Sav. He is the man, my lord, I come to win ;
 And that supreme intention of my presence
 Saw never light till now, which, yet I fear, 85
 The politic King suspecting, is the cause,
 That he hath sent him so far from my reach,
 And made him chief in the commission
 Of his ambassage to my brother Archduke,
 With whom he is now ; and, as I am told, 90
 So entertain'd and fitted in his humour,
 That ere I part, I hope he will return
 Prepar'd and made the more fit for the physic
 That I intend to minister.

Ron. My lord,
 There is another discontented spirit 95
 Now here in Court, that for his brain and aptness
 To any course that may recover him
 In his declined and litigious state
 Will serve Byron, as he were made for him,
 In giving vent to his ambitious vein, 100
 And that is, de La Fin.

Sav. You tell me true,
 And him I think you have prepar'd for me.

Ron. I have, my lord, and doubt not he will prove
 Of the yet taintless fortress of Byron
 A quick expugner, and a strong abider. 105

Sav. Perhaps the batt'ry will be brought before him
 In this ambassage, for I am assur'd
 They set high price of him, and are inform'd
 Of all the passages, and means for mines
 That may be thought on to his taking in. 110

Enter Henry and La Fin

The King comes, and La Fin ; the King's aspect
Folded in clouds.

Hen. I will not have my train
Made a retreat for bankrouts, nor my Court
A hive for drones : proud beggars and true thieves,
That with a forced truth they swear to me 115
Rob my poor subjects, shall give up their arts,
And henceforth learn to live by their deserts ;
Though I am grown, by right of birth and arms,
Into a greater kingdom, I will spread
With no more shade than may admit that kingdom 120
Her proper, natural, and wonted fruits ;
Navarre shall be Navarre, and France still France :
If one may be the better for the other
By mutual rites, so ; neither shall be worse.
Thou art in law, in quarrels, and in debt, 125
Which thou would'st quit with count'nance ; borrowing
With thee is purchase, and thou seek'st by me,
In my supportance, now our old wars cease,
To wage worse battles with the arms of peace.

La F. Peace must not make men cowards, nor keep calm 130
Her pursy regiment with men's smother'd breaths ;
I must confess my fortunes are declin'd,
But neither my deservings nor my mind :
I seek but to sustain the right I found
When I was rich, in keeping what is left, 135
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard ; man's right to everything
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest king ;
Yet Justice should be still indifferent.
The overplus of kings, in all their might, 140
Is but to piece out the defects of right :
And this I sue for, nor shall frowns and taunts
(The common scare-crows of all poor men's suits)
Nor misconstruction that doth colour still
Licentiate justice, punishing good for ill, 145
Keep my free throat from knocking at the sky,
If thunder chid me, for my equity.

Hen. Thy equity is to be ever banish'd
From Court and all society of noblesse,
Amongst whom thou throw'st balls of all dissension ; 150

/ Thou art at peace with nothing but with war,
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eat'st thy heart,
If it but think of doing any good :
Thou witchest with thy smiles, suck'st blood with praises,
Mock'st all humanity ; society poison'st, 155
Cozen'st with virtue ; with religion
Betray'st and massacrest ; so vile thyself,
That thou suspect'st perfection in others :
A man must think of all the villanies
He knows in all men to decipher thee, 160
That art the centre to impiety :
Away, and tempt me not.

La F.

But you tempt me,
To what, thou, Sun, be judge, and make him see. *Exit*

Sav. Now by my dearest Marquise of Saluces,
Your Majesty hath with the greatest life 165
Describ'd a wicked man, or rather thrust
Your arm down through him to his very feet
And pluck'd his inside out, that ever yet
My ears did witness, or turn'd ears to eyes ;
And those strange characters, writ in his face, 170
Which at first sight were hard for me to read,
The doctrine of your speech hath made so plain
That I run through them like my natural language :
Nor do I like that man's aspect, methinks,
Of all looks where the beams of stars have carv'd 175
Their powerful influences ; and (O rare)
What an heroic, more than royal spirit
Bewray'd you in your first speech, that defies
Protection of vile drones that eat the honey
Sweat from laborious virtue, and denies 180
To give those of Navarre, though bred with you,
The benefits and dignities of France.
When little rivers by their greedy currents
(Far far extended from their mother springs)
Drink up the foreign brooks still as they run, 185
And force their greatness, when they come to sea,
And justle with the Ocean for a room,
O how he roars, and takes them in his mouth,
Digesting them so to his proper streams
That they are no more seen, he nothing rais'd 190
Above his usual bounds, yet they devour'd
That of themselves were pleasant, goodly floods.

Hen. I would do best for both, yet shall not be secure,
 Till in some absolute heirs my crown be settled ;
 There is so little now betwixt aspirers 195
 And their great object in my only self,
 That all the strength they gather under me
 Tempts combat with mine own : I therefore make
 Means for some issue by my marriage,
 Which with the Great Duke's niece is now concluded, 200
 And she is coming ; I have trust in heaven
 I am not yet so old, but I may spring,
 And then I hope all trait'rous hopes will fade.

Sav. Else may their whole estates fly, rooted up,
 To ignominy and oblivion : 205
 And (being your neighbour, servant, and poor kinsman)
 I wish your mighty race might multiply,
 Even to the period of all empery.

Hen. Thanks to my princely cousin : this your love
 And honour shown me in your personal presence 210
 I wish to welcome to your full content ;
 The peace now made with your brother Archduke
 By Duke Byron, our Lord Ambassador,
 I wish may happily extend to you,
 And that at his return we may conclude it. 215

Sav. It shall be to my heart the happiest day
 Of all my life, and that life all employ'd
 To celebrate the honour of that day. *Exeunt*

[SCENA II

Brussels. A Room in the Archduke's Court]

Enter Roiseau

Rois. The wondrous honour done our Duke Byron
 In his ambassage here, in th' Archduke's court,
 I fear will taint his loyalty to our King ;
 I will observe how they observe his humour
 And glorify his valour, and how he 5
 Accepts and stands attractive to their ends,
 That so I may not seem an idle spot
 In train of this ambassage, but return
 Able to give our King some note of all,
 Worth my attendance ; and see, here's the man, 10

Who (though a Frenchman and in Orleans born,
 Serving the Archduke) I do most suspect,
 Is set to be the tempter of our Duke ;
 I'll go where I may see, although not hear. [Retires]

Enter Picoté, with two others, spreading a carpet

Pic. Spread here this history of Catiline, 15
 That earth may seem to bring forth Roman spirits
 Even to his genial feet, and her dark breast
 Be made the clear glass of his shining graces ;
 We'll make his feet so tender they shall gall
 In all paths but to empire ; and therein 20
 I'll make the sweet steps of his state begin.

Exit [Picoté with Servants]

Loud music, and enter Byron

Byr. What place is this, what air, what region,
 In which a man may hear the harmony
 Of all things moving ? Hymen marries here
 Their ends and uses, and makes me his temple. 25
 Hath any man been blessed, and yet liv'd ?
 The blood turns in my veins ; I stand on change,
 And shall dissolve in changing ; 'tis so full
 Of pleasure not to be contain'd in flesh :
 To fear a violent good abuseth goodness, 30
 'Tis immortality to die aspiring,
 As if a man were taken quick to heaven ;
 What will not hold perfection, let it burst ;
 What force hath any cannon, not being charg'd,
 Or being not discharg'd ? To have stuff and form, 35
 And to lie idle, fearful, and unus'd,
 Nor form nor stuff shows ; happy Semele,
 That died compress'd with glory ! Happiness
 Denies comparison of less or more,
 And not at most, is nothing : like the shaft 40
 Shot at the sun by angry Hercules,
 And into shivers by the thunder broken,
 Will I be if I burst ; and in my heart
 This shall be written : ' Yet 'twas high and right'.

Music again

Here too ? They follow all my steps with music 45
 As if my feet were numerous, and trod sounds
 Out of the centre with Apollo's virtue,

That out of every thing his each part touch'd
 Struck musical accents ; wheresoe'er I go,
 They hide the earth from me with coverings rich, 50
 To make me think that I am here in heaven.

Enter Picoté in haste

Pic. This way, your Highness.

Byr. Come they ?

Pic. Ay, my lord !

Exeunt

*Enter the other Commissioners of France, Bellièvre, Brulart,
 [with] D'Aumale, Orange*

Bel. My Lord d'Aumale, I am exceeding sorry
 That your own obstinacy to hold out
 Your mortal enmity against the King, 55
 When Duke du Maine and all the faction yielded,
 Should force his wrath to use the rites of treason
 Upon the members of your senseless statue,
 Your name and house, when he had lost your person,
 Your love and duty.

Bru. That which men enforce 60
 By their own wilfulness, they must endure
 With willing patience and without complaint.

D'Aum. I use not much impatience nor complaint,
 Though it offends me much to have my name
 So blotted with addition of a traitor, 65
 And my whole memory with such despite
 Mark'd and begun to be so rooted out.

Bru. It was despite that held you out so long,
 Whose penance in the King was needful justice.

Bel. Come, let us seek our Duke, and take our leaves 70
 Of th' Archduke's grace. *Exeunt*

Enter Byron and Picoté [above]

Byr. Here may we safely breathe ?

Pic. No doubt, my lord ; no stranger knows this way ;
 Only the Archduke, and your friend, Count Mansfield,
 Perhaps may make their general scapes to you
 To utter some part of their private loves 75
 Ere your departure.

Byr. Then I well perceive
 To what th' intention of his Highness tends ;
 For whose, and others, here, most worthy lords,
 I will become, with all my worth, their servant

In any office but disloyalty ; 80
But that hath ever show'd so foul a monster
To all my ancestors and my former life,
That now to entertain it I must wholly
Give up my habit in his contrary,
And strive to grow out of privation. 85
Pic. My lord, to wear your loyal habit still,
When it is out of fashion, and hath done
Service enough, were rustic misery :
The habit of a servile loyalty
Is reckon'd now amongst privations, 90
With blindness, dumbness, deafness, silence, death ;
All which are neither natures by themselves
Nor substances, but mere decays of form,
And absolute decessions of nature ;
And so 'tis nothing, what shall you then lose ? 95
Your Highness hath a habit in perfection,
And in desert of highest dignities,
Which carve yourself, and be your own rewarder.
No true power doth admit privation
Adverse to him ; or suffers any fellow 100
Join'd in his subject ; you superiors,
It is the nature of things absolute
One to destroy another ; be your Highness
Like those steep hills that will admit no clouds,
No dews, nor least fumes bound about their brows, 105
Because their tops pierce into purest air,
Expert of humour ; or like air itself
That quickly changeth, and receives the sun
Soon as he riseth, everywhere dispersing
His royal splendour, girds it in his beams, 110
And makes itself the body of the light :
Hot, shining, swift, light, and aspiring things,
Are of immortal and celestial nature ;
Cold, dark, dull, heavy, of infernal fortunes
And never aim at any happiness : 115
Your Excellency knows that simple loyalty,
Faith, love, sincerity, are but words, no things,
Merely devis'd for form ; and as the Legate,
Sent from his Holiness to frame a peace
'Twixt Spain and Savoy, labour'd fervently, 120
For common ends, not for the Duke's particular,
To have him sign it ; he again endeavours,

Not for the Legate's pains, but his own pleasure,
 To gratify him ; and being at last encounter'd,
 Where the flood Ticin enters into Po, 125
 They made a kind contention, which of them
 Should enter th' other's boat ; one thrust the other ;
 One leg was over, and another in ;
 And with a fiery courtesy at last
 Savoy leaps out into the Legate's arms, 130
 And here ends all his love, and th' other's labour :
 So shall these terms and impositions,
 Express'd before, hold nothing in themselves
 Really good, but flourishes of form ;
 And further than they make to private ends 135
 None wise, or free, their proper use intends.

Byr. O, 'tis a dangerous and a dreadful thing
 To steal prey from a lion, or to hide
 A head distrustful in his open'd jaws ;
 To trust our blood in others' veins, and hang 140
 'Twixt heaven and earth in vapours of their breaths ;
 To leave a sure pace on continue earth,
 And force a gate in jumps from tower to tower,
 As they do that aspire from height to height :
 The bounds of loyalty are made of glass, 145
 ✓ Soon broke, but can in no date be repair'd ;
 And as the Duke d'Aumale, now here in Court,
 Flying his country, had his statue torn
 Piece-meal with horses, all his goods confiscate,
 His arms of honour kick'd about the streets, 150
 His goodly house at Annet raz'd to th' earth,
 And (for a strange reproach of his foul treason)
 His trees about it cut off by their waists ;
 So, when men fly the natural clime of truth,
 And turn themselves loose out of all the bounds 155
 Of justice and the straight way to their ends,
 Forsaking all the sure force in themselves
 To seek without them that which is not theirs,
 The forms of all their comforts are distracted,
 The riches of their freedoms forfeited, 160
 Their human noblesse sham'd, the mansions
 Of their cold spirits eaten down with cares,
 And all their ornaments of wit and valour,
 Learning, and judgment, cut from all their fruits.

[*Enter the Archduke Albert*]

Alb. O, here were now the richest prize in Europe, 165
Were he but taken in affection. [*Embracing Byron*]

Would we might grow together, and be twins
Of either's fortune, or that, still embrac'd,
I were but ring to such a precious stone.

Byr. Your Highness' honours and high bounty shown me 170
Have won from me my voluntary power;
And I must now move by your eminent will;
To what particular objects if I know
By this man's intercession, he shall bring
My uttermost answer, and perform betwixt us 175
Reciprocal and full intelligence.

Alb. Even for your own deserved royal good
'Tis joyfully accepted; use the loves
And worthy admirations of your friends,
That beget vows of all things you can wish, 180
And be what I wish: danger says, no more. *Exit*

Enter Mansfield, at another door

Exit Picoté

Mans. Your Highness makes the light of this Court stoop
With your so near departure; I was forc'd
To tender to your Excellence in brief
This private wish, in taking of my leave, 185
That, in some army royal, old Count Mansfield
Might be commanded by your matchless valour
To the supremest point of victory;
Who vows for that renown all prayer and service:
No more, lest I may wrong you. *Exit Mansfield*

Byr. Thank your lordship. 190

Enter D'Aumale and Orange

D'Aum. All majesty be added to your Highness,
Of which I would not wish your breast to bear
More modest apprehension than may tread
The high gait of your spirit, and be known
To be a fit bound for your boundless valour. 195

Or. So Orange wisheth, and to the deserts
Of your great actions their most royal crown.

Enter Picoté

Pic. Away, my lord, the lords inquire for you.

Exit Byron [and Picoté]

Manet Orange, D'Aumale, Roiseau

Or. Would we might win his valour to our part.

D'Aum. 'Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty here, 200
With all state's highest observations ;

And to their form and words are added gifts.

He was presented with two goodly horses,

One of which two was the brave beast Pastrana,

With plate of gold, and a much prized jewel, 205

Girdle and hangers set with wealthy stones,

All which were valued at ten thousand crowns ;

The other lords had suits of tapestry,

And chains of gold ; and every gentleman

A pair of Spanish gloves, and rapier blades : 210

And here ends their entreaty, which I hope

Is the beginning of more good to us

Than twenty thousand times their gifts to them.

Enter [below] Albert, Byron, Bellièvre, Mansfield, with others

Alb. My lord, I grieve that all the setting forth
Of our best welcome made you more retired ; 215

Your chamber hath been more lov'd than our honours,

And therefore we are glad your time of parting

Is come to set you in the air you love :

Commend my service to his Majesty,

And tell him that this day of peace with him 220

I'll hold as holy. All your pains, my lords,

I shall be always glad to gratify

With any love and honour your own hearts

Shall do me grace to wish express'd to you. *[Exeunt]*

Rois. [advancing] Here hath been strange demeanour, 225
which shall fly

To the great author of this embassy. *[Exit]*

FINIS ACTUS I

ACTUS II SCENA I

[A Room in the House of Nemours at Paris]

Enter Savoy, La Fin, Roncas, Rochette, Breton

Sav. Admit no entry, I will speak with none.

Good signior de la Fin, your worth shall find

That I will make a jewel for my cabinet
 Of that the King, in surfeit of his store,
 Hath cast out as the sweepings of his hall ; 5
 I told him, having threaten'd you away,
 That I did wonder this small time of peace
 Could make him cast his armour so securely,
 In such as you, and, as 'twere, set the head
 Of one so great in counsels on his foot, 10
 And pitch him from him with such guard[less] strength.

La F. He may, perhaps, find he hath pitch'd away
 The axletree that kept him on his wheels.

Sav. I told him so, I swear, in other terms,
 And not with too much note of our close loves, 15
 Lest so he might have smok'd our practices.

La F. To choose his time, and spit his poison on me
 Through th' ears and eyes of strangers !

Sav. So I told him,
 And more than that, which now I will not tell you :
 It rests now then, noble and worthy friend, 20
 That to our friendship we draw Duke Byron,
 To whose attraction there is no such chain
 As you can forge and shake out of your brain.

La F. I have devis'd the fashion and the weight ;
 To valours hard to draw we use retreats ; 25
 And to pull shafts home, with a good bow-arm
 We thrust hard from us : since he came from Flanders
 He heard how I was threaten'd with the King,
 And hath been much inquisitive to know
 The truth of all, and seeks to speak with me ; 30
 The means he us'd, I answer'd doubtfully,
 And with an intimation that I shunn'd him,
 Which will, I know, put more spur to his charge ;
 And if his haughty stomach be prepar'd
 With will to any act for the aspiring 35
 Of his ambitious aims, I make no doubt
 But I shall work him to your Highness' wish.

Sav. But undertake it, and I rest assur'd :
 You are reported to have skill in magic
 And the events of things, at which they reach 40
 That are in nature apt to overreach ;
 Whom the whole circle of the present time,
 In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,
 Cannot contain ; those men, as broken loose

From human limits, in all violent ends 45
 Would fain aspire the faculties of fiends ;
 And in such air breathe his unbounded spirits,
 Which therefore well will fit such conjurations :
 Attempt him then by flying, close with him,
 And bring him home to us, and take my dukedom. 50
La F. My best in that, and all things, vows your [servant].
Sav. Thanks to my dear friend and the French Ulysses.
Exit Savoy [cum suis]

Enter Byron

Byr. Here is the man. My honour'd friend, La Fin !
 Alone, and heavy countenanc'd ? On what terms
 Stood th' insultation of the King upon you ? 55
La F. Why do you ask ?
Byr. Since I would know the truth.
La F. And when you know it, what ?
Byr. I'll judge betwixt you.
 And, as I may, make even th' excess of either.
La F. Alas ! my lord, not all your loyalty,
 Which is in you more than hereditary, 60
 Nor all your valour (which is more than human)
 Can do the service you may hope on me
 In sounding my displeased integrity ;
 Stand for the King as much in policy
 As you have stirr'd for him in deeds of arms, 65
 And make yourself his glory, and your country's,
 Till you be suck'd as dry and wrought as lean
 As my flay'd carcass ; you shall never close
 With me, as you imagine.
Byr. You much wrong me
 To think me an intelligencing instrument. 70
La F. I know not how your so affected zeal
 ✓ To be reputed a true-hearted subject
 May stretch or turn you ; I am desperate ;
 If I offend you, I am in your power ;
 I care not how I tempt your conquering fury, 75
 I am predestin'd to too base an end
 To have the honour of your wrath destroy me,
 And be a worthy object for your sword.
 I lay my hand and head too at your feet,
 As I have ever, here I hold it still ; 80
 End me directly, do not go about.

Byr. How strange is this ! the shame of his disgrace
Hath made him lunatic.

La F. Since the King hath wrong'd me
He thinks I'll hurt myself ; no, no, my lord,
I know that all the kings in Christendom, 85
If they should join in my revenge, would prove
Weak foes to him, still having you to friend ;
If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right myself. *Exit*

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares not show it ; 90
His state decay'd, and he disgrac'd, distracts him.

Redit La Fin

La F. Change not my words, my lord ; I only said :
'I might be tempted then to right myself' ;
Temptation to treason is no treason ;
And that word 'tempted' was conditional too, 95
'If you were gone' ; I pray inform the truth. *Exiturus*

Byr. Stay, injur'd man, and know I am your friend,
Far from these base and mercenary reaches ;
I am, I swear to you.

La F. You may be so ;
And yet you'll give me leave to be *La Fin*, 100
A poor and expuate humour of the Court ;
But what good blood came out with me, what veins
And sinews of the triumphs now it makes,
I list not vaunt ; yet will I now confess,
And dare assume it, I have power to add 105
To all his greatness, and make yet more fix'd
His bold security. Tell him this, my lord,
And this (if all the spirits of earth and air
Be able to enforce) I can make good ;
If knowledge of the sure events of things, 110
Even from the rise of subjects into kings ;
And falls of kings to subjects, hold a power
Of strength to work it, I can make it good ;
And tell him this too : if in midst of winter
To make black groves grow green, to still the thunder, 115
And cast out able flashes from mine eyes
To beat the lightning back into the skies,
Prove power to do it, I can make it good ;
And tell him this too : if to lift the sea

Up to the stars, when all the winds are still, 120
 And keep it calm, when they are most enrag'd ;
 To make earth's driest [plains] sweat humorous springs,
 To make fix'd rocks walk and loose shadows stand,
 To make the dead speak, midnight see the sun,
 Mid-day turn mid-night, to dissolve all laws 125
 Of nature and of order, argue power
 Able to work all, I can make all good :
 And all this tell the King.

Byr. 'Tis more than strange,
 To see you stand thus at the rapier's point
 With one so kind and sure a friend as I. 130

La F. Who cannot friend himself is foe to any,
 And to be fear'd of all, and that is it
 Makes me so scorn'd ; but make me what you can,
 Never so wicked and so full of fiends,
 I never yet was traitor to my friends : 135
 The laws of friendship I have ever held,
 As my religion ; and for other laws
 He is a fool that keeps them with more care
 Than they keep him safe, rich, and popular :
 For riches, and for popular respects 140
 Take them amongst ye, minions ; but for safety,
 You shall not find the least flaw in my arms
 To pierce or taint me ; what will great men be
 To please the King and bear authority ! *Exit*

Byr. How fit a sort were this to handsel Fortune ! 145
 And I will win it though I lose my self ;
 Though he prove harder than Egyptian marble,
 I'll make him malleable as th' Ophir gold :
 I am put off from this dull shore of [ease]
 Into industrious and high-going seas ; 150
 Where, like Pelides in Scamander's flood,
 Up to the ears in surges I will fight,
 And pluck French Ilion underneath the waves !
 If to be highest still, be to be best,
 V All works to that end are the worthiest : 155
 Truth is a golden ball, cast in our way,
 To make us stript by falsehood : and as Spain,
 When the hot scuffles of barbarian arms
 Smother'd the life of Don Sebastian,
 To gild the leaden rumour of his death 160
 Gave for a slaughter'd body, held for his,

A hundred thousand crowns, caused all the state
 Of superstitious Portugal to mourn
 And celebrate his solemn funerals,
 The Moors to conquest thankful feasts prefer, 165
 And all made with the carcass of a Switzer :
 So in the giantlike and politic wars
 Of barbarous greatness, raging still in peace,
 Shows to aspire just objects are laid on
 With cost, with labour, and with form enough, 170
 Which only makes our best acts brook the light,
 And their ends had, we think we have their right ;
 So worst works are made good with good success,
 And so, for kings, pay subjects carcasses. *Exit*

[SCENA II

*A Room in the Court]**Enter Henry, Roiseau**Hen.* Was he so courted ?

Rois. As a city dame,
 Brought by her jealous husband to the Court,
 Some elder courtiers entertaining him,
 While others snatch a favour from his wife :
 One starts from this door, from that nook another, 5
 With gifts and junkets, and with printed phrase
 Steal her employment, shifting place by place
 Still as her husband comes : so Duke Byron
 Was woo'd and worshipp'd in the Archduke's Court ;
 And as th' assistants that your Majesty 10
 Join'd in commission with him, or myself,
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
 He ever vanish'd ; and as such a dame,
 As we compar'd with him before, being won
 To break faith to her husband, lose her fame, 15
 Stain both their progenies, and coming fresh
 From underneath the burthen of her shame,
 Visits her husband with as chaste a brow,
 As temperate and confirm'd behaviour,
 As she came quitted from confession : 20
 So from his scapes would he present a presence,
 The practice of his state adultery,

And guilt, that should a graceful bosom strike,
Drown'd in the set lake of a hopeless cheek.

Hen. It may be he dissembled, or suppose 25
He be a little tainted, men whom virtue
Forms with the stuff of Fortune, great and gracious,
Must needs partake with Fortune in her humour
Of instability, and are like to shafts
Grown crook'd with standing, which to rectify 30
Must twice as much be bow'd another way.
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
Must for his worst be borne with : we must fit
Our government to men, as men to it :
In old time they that hunted savage beasts 35
Are said to clothe themselves in savage skins ;
They that were fowlers, when they went on fowling,
Wore garments made with wings resembling fowls ;
To bulls we must not show ourselves in red,
Nor to the warlike elephant in white. 40
In all things govern'd, their infirmities
Must not be stirr'd, nor wrought on ; Duke Byron
Flows with adust and melancholy choler,
And melancholy spirits are venomous,
Not to be touch'd, but as they may be cur'd : 45
I therefore mean to make him change the air,
And send him further from those Spanish vapours,
That still bear fighting sulphur in their breasts,
To breathe a while in temperate English air,
Where lips are spic'd with free and loyal counsels, 50
Where policies are not ruinous, but saving ;
Wisdom is simple, valour righteous,
Human, and hating facts of brutish forces ;
And whose grave natures scorn the scoffs of France,
The empty compliments of Italy, 55
The any-way encroaching pride of Spain,
And love men modest, hearty, just, and plain.

[*Enter*] Savoy, *whispering with* La Fin

Sav. [*aside*] I'll sound him for Byron ; and what I find
In the King's depth, I'll draw up, and inform
In excitations to the Duke's revolt, 60
When next I meet with him.

La F. [*aside*] It must be done
With praising of the Duke ; from whom the King

Will take to give himself ; which, told the Duke,
Will take his heart up into all ambition.

Sav. [*aside*] I know it, politic friend, and 'tis my purpose. 65
Exit La Fin

Your Majesty hath miss'd a royal sight :
The Duke Byron on his brave beast Pastrana,
Who sits him like a full-sail'd Argosy
Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug
Plies to his bearer, both their motions mix'd ; 70
And being consider'd in their site together,
They do the best present the state of man
In his first royalty ruling, and of beasts
In their first loyalty serving (one commanding,
And no way being mov'd ; the other serving, 75
And no way being compell'd) of all the sights
That ever my eyes witness'd ; and they make
A doctrinal and witty hieroglyphic
Of a blest kingdom : to express and teach
Kings to command as they could serve, and subjects 80
To serve as if they had power to command.

Hen. You are a good old horseman, I perceive,
And still out all the use of that good part ;
Your wit is of the true Pierian spring,
That can make anything of anything. 85

Sav. So brave a subject as the Duke, no king
Seated on earth can vaunt of but your Highness,
So valiant, loyal, and so great in service.

Hen. No question he sets valour in his height.
And hath done service to an equal pitch, 90
Fortune attending him with fit events,
To all his vent'rous and well-laid attempts.

Sav. Fortune to him was Juno to Alcides ;
For when or where did she but open way,
To any act of his ? What stone took he 95
With her help, or without his own lost blood ?
What fort won he by her, or was not forc'd ?
What victory but 'gainst odds ? On what commander
Sleepy or negligent did he ever charge ?
What summer ever made she fair to him ? 100
What winter not of one continued storm ?
Fortune is so far from his creditress
That she owes him much, for in him her looks
Are lovely, modest, and magnanimous,

Constant, victorious ; and in his achievements 105
 Her cheeks are drawn out with a virtuous redness,
 Out of his eager spirit to victory,
 And chaste contention to convince with honour ;
 And, I have heard, his spirits have flow'd so high
 In all his conflicts against any odds, 110
 That, in his charge, his lips have bled with fervour.
 How serv'd he at your famous siege of Dreux ?
 Where the enemy, assur'd of victory,
 Drew out a body of four thousand horse
 And twice six thousand foot, and, like a crescent, 115
 Stood for the signal ; you, that show'd yourself
 A sound old soldier, thinking it not fit
 To give your enemy the odds and honour
 Of the first stroke, commanded de la Guiche
 To let fly all his cannons, that did pierce 120
 The adverse thickest squadrons, and had shot
 Nine volleys ere the foe had once given fire.
 Your troop was charg'd, and when your Duke's old father
 Met with th' assailants, and their grove of reiters
 Repuls'd so fiercely, made them turn their beards 125
 And rally up themselves behind their troops,
 Fresh forces, seeing your troops a little sever'd
 From that part first assaulted, gave it charge,
 Which then this Duke made good, seconds his father,
 Beats through and through the enemy's greatest strength, 130
 And breaks the rest like billows 'gainst a rock,
 And there the heart of that huge battle broke.
Hen. The heart but now came on, in that strong body
 Of twice two thousand horse, led by Du Maine ;
 Which, if I would be glorious, I could say 135
 I first encounter'd.

Sav. How did he take in
 Beaune in view of that invincible army
 Led by the Lord Great Constable of Castile,
 Autun and Nuits ; in Burgundy chas'd away
 Viscount Tavannes' troops before Dijon, 140
 And puts himself in, and there that was won.

Hen. If you would only give me leave, my lord,
 I would do right to him, yet must not give—

Sav. A league from Fontaine Française, when you sent
 him

To make discovery of the Castile army, 145

When he discern'd 'twas it, with wondrous wisdom
Join'd to his spirit, he seem'd to make retreat,
But when they press'd him, and the Baron of Lux,
Set on their charge so hotly that his horse
Was slain, and he most dangerously engag'd, 150
Then turn'd your brave Duke head, and, with such ease
As doth an echo beat back violent sounds
With their own forces, he (as if a wall
Start suddenly before them) pash'd them all
Flat as the earth, and there was that field won. 155

Hen. Y'are all the field wide.

Sav.

O, I ask you pardon,

The strength of that field yet lay in his back,
Upon the foe's part; and what is to come
Of this your Marshal, now your worthy Duke,
Is much beyond the rest; for now he sees 160
A sort of horse troops issue from the woods
In number near twelve hundred; and retiring
To tell you that the entire army follow'd,
Before he could relate it, he was forc'd
To turn head and receive the main assault 165
Of five horse troops only with twenty horse;
The first he met he tumbled to the earth,
And brake through all, not daunted with two wounds,
One on his head, another on his breast,
The blood of which drown'd all the field in doubt; 170
Your Majesty himself was then engag'd,
Your power not yet arriv'd, and up you brought
The little strength you had (a cloud of foes,
Ready to burst in storms about your ears);
Three squadrons rush'd against you, and the first 175
You took so fiercely that you beat their thoughts
Out of their bosoms from the urged fight;
The second all amazed you overthrew;
The third dispers'd, with five and twenty horse;
Left of the fourscore that pursu'd the chase: 180
And this brave conquest, now your Marshal seconds
Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse;
One after other he defeats them both,
And made them run, like men whose heels were tripp'd,
And pitch their heads in their great general's lap; 185
And him he sets on, as he had been shot
Out of a cannon; beats him into rout,

And as a little brook being overrun
 With a black torrent, that bears all things down
 His fury overtakes, his foamy back 190
 Loaded with cattle and with stacks of corn,
 And makes the miserable plowman mourn ;
 So was Du Maine surcharg'd, and so Byron
 Flow'd over all his forces, every drop
 Of his lost blood bought with a worthy man ; 195
 And only with a hundred gentlemen
 He won the place from fifteen hundred horse.

Hen. He won the place ?

Sav. On my word, so 'tis said !

Hen. Fie, you have been extremely misinform'd.

Sav. I only tell your Highness what I heard ; 200
 I was not there ; and though I have been rude
 With wonder of his valour, and presum'd
 To keep his merit in his full career,
 Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder,
 Pardon my fault, since 'twas t'extol your servant : 205
 But is it not most true that, 'twixt ye both,
 So few achiev'd the conquest of so many ?

Hen. It is a truth must make me ever thankful,
 But not perform'd by him ; was not I there,
 Commanded him, and in the main assault 210
 Made him but second ?

Sav. He's the capital soldier
 That lives this day in holy Christendom,
 Except your Highness,—always except Plato.

Hen. We must not give to one to take from many :
 For (not to praise our countrymen) here serv'd 215
 The General, Mylor' Norris, sent from England,
 As great a captain as the world affords,
 One fit to lead and fight for Christendom,
 Of more experience and of stronger brain,
 As valiant for abiding, in command 220
 (On any sudden, upon any ground,
 And in the form of all occasions)
 As ready and as profitably dauntless ;
 And here was then another, Colonel Williams,
 A worthy captain ; and more like the Duke, 225
 Because he was less temperate than the General ;
 And being familiar with the man you praise,
 (Because he knew him haughty and incapable

Of all comparison) would compare with him,
 And hold his swelling valour to the mark 230
 Justice had set in him, and not his will :
 And as in open vessels fill'd with water,
 And on men's shoulders borne, they put treen cups
 To keep the wild and slippery element
 From washing over, follow all his sways 235
 And tickle aptness to exceed his bounds,
 And at the brim contain him ; so this knight
 Swum in Byron, and held him but to right.
 But leave these hot comparisons ; he's mine own,
 And, than what I possess, I'll more be known. 240

Sav. [aside] All this shall to the Duke ; I fish'd for this.

Exeunt

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS III SCENA I

[*A Room in Byron's House*]

Enter La Fin, Byron following, unseen

La F. [aside] A feigned passion in his hearing now
 (Which he thinks I perceive not), making conscience
 Of the revolt that he hath urg'd to me,
 (Which now he means to prosecute) would sound
 How deep he stands affected with that scruple.— 5
 As when the moon hath comforted the night
 And set the world in silver of her light,
 The planets, asterisms, and whole state of heaven,
 In beams of gold descending, all the winds,
 Bound up in caves, charg'd not to drive abroad 10
 Their cloudy heads, an universal peace,
 Proclaim'd in silence of the quiet earth ;
 Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
 Storms and clouds mixing suddenly put out
 The eyes of all those glories, the creation 15
 Tun'd in to Chaos ; and we then desire,
 For all our joy of life, the death of sleep :
 So when the glories of our lives, men's loves,
 Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties,

That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd, 20
 Grief and disgrace invade us; and for all
 Our night of life besides our misery craves
 Dark earth would ope and hide us in our graves.

Byr. [*advancing*] How strange is this!

La F. What! Did your Highness hear?

Byr. Both heard and wonder'd that your wit and spirit, 25

And profit in experience of the slaveries

✓ Impos'd on us in those mere politic terms

Of love, fame, loyalty, can be carried up,

To such a height of ignorant conscience,

Of cowardice, and dissolution 30

In all the free-born powers of royal man.

You, that have made way through all the guards

Of jealous state, and seen on both your sides

The pikes' points charging heaven to let you pass,

Will you, in flying with a scrupulous wing, 35

Above those pikes to heavenward, fall on them?

This is like men that, spirited with wine,

Pass dangerous places safe, and die for fear

With only thought of them, being simply sober:

We must, in passing to our wish'd ends, 40

Through things call'd good and bad, be like the air

That evenly interpos'd betwixt the seas

And the opposed element of fire,

At either toucheth, but partakes with neither;

Is neither hot nor cold, but with a slight

And harmless temper mix'd of both th' extremes. *d. & bad* 45

La F. 'Tis shrewd.

Byr. There is no truth of any good

✓ To be discern'd on earth: and, by conversion,

Nought therefore simply bad; but as the stuff

Prepar'd for arras pictures is no picture 50

Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beams

Of his imaginous fancy through it,

In forming ancient kings and conquerors,

As he conceives they look'd and were attir'd,

Though they were nothing so: so all things here 55

✓ Have all their price set down from men's conceits,

Which make all terms and actions good or bad,

And are but pliant and well-colour'd threads

Put into feigned images of truth;

To which to yield and kneel as truth-pure kings, *chance* 60

That pull'd us down with clear truth of their gospel,
Were superstition to be hiss'd to hell.

La F. Believe it, this is reason.

Byr.

'Tis the faith

Of reason and of wisdom.

La F.

You persuade,

As if you could create : what man can shun

65

The searches and compressions of your Grace's ?

Byr. We must have these lures when we hawk for friends,

And wind about them like a subtle river

That, seeming only to run on his course,

Doth search yet as he runs, and still finds out

70

The easiest parts of entry on the shore ;

Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touch'd,

Yet still eats something in it : so must those

That have large fields and currents to dispose.

Come, let us join our streams, we must run far,

75

And have but little time ; the Duke of Savoy

Is shortly to be gone, and I must needs

Make you well known to him.

La F.

But hath your Highness

Some enterprise of value join'd with him ?

Byr. With him and greater persons !

La F.

I will creep

80

Upon my bosom in your princely service.

Vouchsafe to make me known. I hear there lives not,

So kind, so bountiful, and wise a prince

But in your own excepted excellence.

Byr. He shall both know and love you : are you mine ?

85

La F. I take the honour of it, on my knee,

And hope to quite it with your Majesty. *[Exeunt]*

[SCENA II

A Room in the Court]

Enter Savoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton

Sav. La Fin is in the right, and will obtain ;
He draweth with his weight, and like a plummet
That sways a door, with falling off pulls after.

Ron. Thus will La Fin be brought a stranger to you
By him he leads ; he conquers that is conquer'd,

5

That's sought as hard to win, that sues to be won.

Sav. But is my painter warn'd to take his picture,
When he shall see me and present La Fin?

Roch. He is, my lord, and, as your Highness will'd,
All we will press about him, and admire 10
The royal promise of his rare aspect,
As if he heard not.

Sav. 'Twill inflame him :
Such tricks the Archduke us'd t'extol his greatness,
Which compliments, though plain men hold absurd,
And a mere remedy for desire of greatness, 15
Yet great men use them as their state potatoes,
High cullises, and potions to excite
The lust of their ambition : and this Duke
You know is not'd in his natural garb
Extremely glorious ; who will therefore bring 20
An appetite expecting such a bait :
He comes ; go instantly, and fetch the painter.

Enter Byron, La Fin

Byr. All honour to your Highness !

Sav. 'Tis most true. [*embracing him*]
All honours flow to me, in you their ocean ;
As welcome, worthiest Duke, as if my marquise 25
Were circled with you in these amorous arms.

Byr. I sorrow, sir, I could not bring it with me
That I might so supply the fruitless compliment
Of only visiting your Excellence,
With which the King now sends me t'entertain you ; 30
Which, notwithstanding, doth confer this good
That it hath given me some small time to show
My gratitude for the many secret bounties
I have, by this your Lord Ambassador,
Felt from your Highness, and, in short, t'assure you 35
That all my most deserts are at your service.

Sav. Had the King sent me by you half his kingdom,
It were not half so welcome.

Byr. For defect
Of whatsoever in myself, my lord,
I here commend to your most princely service 40
This honour'd friend of mine.

Sav. Your name, I pray you, sir ?

La F. La Fin, my lord.

Sav. La Fin ? [To Roncas] Is this the man,
That you so recommended to my love ?

Ron. The same, my lord.

Sav. Y'are, next my lord the Duke,
The most desir'd of all men. [To Byron] O my lord, 45
The King and I have had a mighty conflict
About your conflicts and your matchless worth
In military virtues ; which I put
In balance with the continent of France,
In all the peace and safety it enjoys, 50
And made even weight with all he could put in
Of all men's else and of his own deserts.

Byr. Of all men's else ? Would he weigh other men's
With my deservings ?

Sav. Ay, upon my life,
The English General, the Mylor' Norris, 55
That serv'd amongst you here, he parallel'd
With you at all parts, and in some preferr'd him ;
And Colonel Williams, a Welsh Colonel,
He made a man that at your most contain'd you :
Which the Welsh herald of their praise, the cuckoo, 60
Would scarce have put in his monology—
In jest and said with reverence to his merits.

Byr. With reverence ? Reverence scorns him ; by the
spoil

Of all her merits in me, he shall rue it.
Did ever Curtian Gulf play such a part ? 65
Had Curtius been so us'd, if he had brook'd
That ravenous whirlpool, pour'd his solid spirits
Through earth' dissolved sinews, stopp'd her veins,
And rose with saved Rome, upon his back ;
As I swum pools of fire and gulfs of brass 70
To save my country, thrust this venturous arm
Beneath her ruins, took her on my neck
And set her safe on her appeased shore ?
And opes the King a fouler bog than this,
In his so rotten bosom to devour 75
Him that devour'd what else had swallow'd him,
In a detraction so with spite embru'd,
And drown such good in such ingratitude ?
My spirit as yet, but stooping to his rest,
Shines hotly in him, as the sun in clouds 80
Purpled and made proud with a peaceful even :

But when I throughly set to him, his cheeks
Will, like those clouds, forego their colour quite,
And his whole blaze smoke into endless night.

Sav. Nay, nay, we must have no such gall, my lord, 85
O'erflow our friendly livers ; my relation
Only delivers my inflamed zeal
To your religious merits ; which, methinks,
Should make your Highness canoniz'd a saint.

Byr. What had his arms been, without my arm, 90
That with his motion made the whole field move ?
And this held up, we still had victory.
When overcharg'd with number, his few friends
Retir'd amaz'd, I set them on assur'd,
And what rude ruin seized on I confirm'd ; 95
When I left leading, all his army reel'd,
One fell on other foul, and as the Cyclop
That, having lost his eye, struck every way,
His blows directed to no certain scope,
Or as, the soul departed from the body, 100
The body wants coherence in his parts,
Cannot consist, but sever and dissolve ;
So, I remov'd once, all his armies shook,
Panted, and fainted, and were ever flying,
Like wandering pulses spers'd through bodies dying. 105

Sav. It cannot be denied ; 'tis all so true
That what seems arrogance, is desert in you.

Byr. What monstrous humours feed a prince's blood,
Being bad to good men, and to bad men good !

Sav. Well, let these contradictions pass, my lord, 110
Till they be reconcil'd, or put in form,
By power given to your will, and you present
The fashion of a perfect government :
In mean space but a word, we have small time
To spend in private, which I wish may be 115
With all advantage taken : Lord La Fin—

Ron. Is't not a face of excellent presentment ?
Though not so amorous with pure white and red,
Yet is the whole proportion singular.

Roch. That ever I beheld !

Bret. It hath good lines, 120
And tracts drawn through it ; the [profile] rare.

Ron. I heard the famous and right learned Earl
And Archbishop of Lyons, Pierre Pinac

(Who was reported to have wondrous judgment
 In men's events and natures by their looks), 125
 Upon his death-bed visited by this Duke,
 He told his sister, when his Grace was gone,
 That he had never yet observed a face
 Of worse presage than this ; and I will swear
 That, something seen in physiognomy, 130
 I do not find in all the rules it gives
 One slend'rest blemish tending to mishap,
 But, on the opposite part, as we may see,
 On trees late-blossom'd, when all frosts are past,
 How they are taken, and what will be fruit : 135
 So on this tree of sceptres I discern
 How it is loaden with appearances,
 Rules answering rules, and glances crown'd with glances.

He snatches away the picture

Byr. What ! Does he take my picture ?

Sav. Ay, my lord.

Byr. Your Highness will excuse me ; I will give you 140
 My likeness put in statue, not in picture,
 And by a statuary of mine own,
 That can in brass express the wit of man,
 And in his form make all men see his virtues :
 Others that with much strictness imitate 145
 The something-stooping carriage of my neck,
 The voluble and mild radiance of mine eyes,
 Never observe my masculine aspect
 And lion-like instinct it shadoweth,
 Which Envy cannot say is flattery : 150
 And I will have my image promis'd you,
 Cut in such matter as shall ever last,
 Where it shall stand, fix'd with eternal roots
 And with a most unmoved gravity ;
 For I will have the famous mountain Oros, 155
 That looks out of the duchy where I govern
 Into your Highness' dukedom, first made yours,
 And then with such inimitable art
 Express'd and handled, chiefly from the place
 Where most conspicuously he shows his face, 160
 That, though it keep the true form of that hill
 In all his longitudes and latitudes,
 His height, his distances, and full proportion,
 Yet shall it clearly bear my counterfeit.

Both in my face and all my lineaments ; 165
 And every man shall say : This is Byron !
 Within my left hand I will hold a city,
 Which is the city Amiens, at whose siege
 I served so memorably ; from my right
 I'll pour an endless flood into a sea 170
 Raging beneath me, which shall intimate
 My ceaseless service drunk up by the King,
 As th' ocean drinks up rivers and makes all
 Bear his proud title : ivory, brass, and gold,
 That thieves may purchase, and be bought and sold, 175
 Shall not be us'd about me ; lasting worth
 Shall only set the Duke of Byron forth.

Sav. O that your statuary could express you
 With any nearness to your own instructions !
 That statue would I prize past all the jewels 180
 Within my cabinet of Beatrice,
 The memory of my grandame Portugal.
 Most royal Duke, we cannot long endure
 To be thus private ; let us then conclude
 With this great resolution that your wisdom 185
 Will not forget to cast a pleasing veil
 Over your anger, that may hide each glance
 Of any notice taken of your wrong,
 And show yourself the more obsequious.
 'Tis but the virtue of a little patience ; 190
 There are so oft attempts made 'gainst his person,
 That sometimes they may speed, for they are plants
 That spring the more for cutting, and at last
 Will cast their wished shadow, mark, ere long !

Enter Nemours, Soissons

See who comes here, my lord, [*aside*] as now no more, 195
 Now must we turn our stream another way.—
 My lord, I humbly thank his Majesty
 That he would grace my idle time spent here
 With entertainment of your princely person,
 Which, worthily, he keeps for his own bosom. 200
 My lord, the Duke Nemours, and Count Soissons !
 Your honours have been bountifully done me
 In often visitation : let me pray you
 To see some jewels now, and help my choice
 In making up a present for the King. 205

Nem. Your Highness shall much grace us.

Sav. I am doubtful

That I have much incens'd the Duke Byron
With praising the King's worthiness in arms
So much past all men.

Sois. He deserves it highly.

Exit [Savoy with the Lords]. Manet Byron and La Fin

Byr. What wrongs are these, laid on me by the King, 210
To equal others' worths in war with mine!

Endure this, and be turn'd into his moil
To bear his sumptures; honour'd friend, be true,
And we will turn these torrents. Hence, the King!

Exit La Fin

Enter Henry, Epernon, Vitry, Janin.

Hen. Why suffer you that ill-aboding vermin 215
To breed so near your bosom? Be assur'd

His haunts are ominous; not the throats of ravens
Spent on infected houses, howls of dogs
When no sound stirs at midnight, apparitions,
And strokes of spirits clad in black men's shapes, 220
Or ugly women's, the adverse decrees
Of constellations, nor security

In vicious peace, are surer fatal ushers
Of [feral] mischiefs and mortalities
Than this prodigious fiend is, where he fawns: 225
La Fiend, and not La Fin, he should be call'd.

Byr. Be what he will, men in themselves entire
March safe with naked feet on coals of fire:
I build not outward, nor depend on props, ✓
Nor choose my consort by the common ear, 230

Nor by the moonshine in the grace of kings;
So rare are true deservers lov'd or known,
That men lov'd vulgarly are ever none,
Nor men grac'd servilely for being spots
In princes' trains, though borne even with their crowns: 235

The stallion, Power, hath such a besom tail
That it sweeps all from justice, and such filth
He bears out in it that men mere exempt
Are merely clearest; men will shortly buy
Friends from the prison or the pillory 240
Rather than Honour's markets. I fear none

But foul ingratitude and detraction

In all the brood of villany.

Hen.

No ? not Treason ?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye

He comes invisible, veil'd with flattery ;

245

And flatterers look like friends, as wolves like dogs.

And as a glorious poem fronted well

With many a goodly herald of his praise,

So far from hate of praises to his face

That he prays men to praise him, and they ride

250

Before, with trumpets in their mouths, proclaiming

Life to the holy fury of his lines—

All drawn, as if with one eye he had leer'd

On his lov'd hand and led it by a rule,

That his plumes only imp the Muses' wings,

255

He sleeps with them, his head is napp'd with bays,

His lips break out with nectar, his tun'd feet

Are of the great last, the perpetual motion,—

And he puff'd with their empty breath believes

Full merit eas'd those passions of wind,

260

Which yet serve but to praise, and cannot merit,

And so his fury in their air expires :

So de la Fin and such corrupted heralds, *

Hir'd to encourage and to glorify,

May force what breath they will into their cheeks

265

Fitter to blow up bladders than full men ;

Yet may puff men too with persuasions

That they are gods in worth and may rise kings

With treading on their noises ; yet the worthiest,

From only his own worth receives his spirit,

270

And right is worthy bound to any merit ;

Which right shall you have ever ; leave him then,

He follows none but mark'd and wretched men.

And now for England you shall go, my lord,

Our Lord Ambassador to that matchless Queen ;

275

You never had a voyage of such pleasure,

Honour, and worthy objects ; there's a Queen

Where Nature keeps her state, and State her Court,

Wisdom her study, Contenance her fort ;

Where Magnanimity, Humanity,

280

Firmness in counsel and Integrity,

Grace to her poorest subjects, Majesty

To awe the greatest, have respects divine,

And in her each part, all the virtues shine.

Exit Henry [cum suis]: manet Byron

Byr. Enjoy your will awhile, I may have mine. 285

Wherefore, before I part to this ambassage,

I'll be resolv'd by a magician

That dwells hereby, to whom I'll go disguis'd

And show him my birth's figure, set before

By one of his profession, of the which 290

I'll crave his judgment, feigning I am sent

From some great personage, whose nativity

He wisheth should be censur'd by his skill.

But on go my plots, be it good or ill.

Exit

[SCENA III

The House of the Astrologer]

Enter La Brosse

La B. This hour by all rules of astrology

Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.

How hapless is our knowledge to foretell,

And not be able to prevent a mischief:

O the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars; 5

They work with inclinations strong and fatal,

And nothing know; and we know all their working,

And nought can do, or nothing can prevent!

Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched;

The heavenly Powers envy what they enjoin; 10

We are commanded t'imitate their natures,

In making all our ends eternity,

And in that imitation we are plagued,

And worse than they esteem'd that have no souls

But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire, 15

As they do that are ignorant of arts,

By drowning their eternal parts in sense

And sensual affectations: while we live

Our good parts take away, the more they give.

[Enter] Byron solus, disguised like a Carrier of Letters

Byr. [aside] The forts that favourites hold in princes' hearts,

20

In common subjects' loves, and their own strengths,

Are not so sure and unexpugnable
 But that the more they are presum'd upon,
 The more they fail: daily and hourly proof
 Tells us prosperity is at highest degree 25
 The fount and handle of calamity:
 Like dust before a whirlwind those men fly
 That prostrate on the grounds of Fortune lie;
 And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,
 Their own top-heavy state grubs up their root. 30
 These apprehensions startle all my powers,
 And arm them with suspicion gainst themselves.
 In my late projects I have cast myself
 Into the arms of others, and will see
 If they will let me fall, or toss me up 35
 Into th' affected compass of a throne.—
 God save you, sir!

La B. Y'are welcome, friend; what would you?

Byr. I would entreat you, for some crowns I bring,
 To give your judgment of this figure cast,
 To know, by his nativity there seen, 40
 What sort of end the person shall endure
 Who sent me to you and whose birth it is.

La B. I'll herein do my best in your desire.

[*He contemplates the figure*]

The man is rais'd out of a good descent,
 And nothing older than yourself, I think; 45
 Is it not you?

Byr. I will not tell you that:
 But tell me on what end he shall arrive.

La B. My son, I see that he, whose end is cast
 In this set figure, is of noble parts,
 And by his military valour rais'd 50
 To princely honours, and may be a king;
 But that I see a *Caput Algol* here
 That hinders it, I fear.

Byr. A *Caput Algol*?

What's that, I pray?

La B. Forbear to ask me, son;
 You bid me speak what fear bids me conceal. 55

Byr. You have no cause to fear, and therefore speak.

La B. You'll rather wish you had been ignorant,
 Than be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle salve for ill;

And therefore do not urge me to enforce
 What I would freely know ; for by the skill
 Shown in thy aged hairs I'll lay thy brain
 Here scatter'd at my feet and seek in that
 What safely thou must utter with thy tongue,
 If thou deny it. 60

La B. Will you not allow me 65
 To hold my peace ? What less can I desire ?
 If not, be pleas'd with my constrained speech.

Byr. Was ever man yet punish'd for expressing
 What he was charg'd ? Be free, and speak the worst.

La B. Then briefly this : the man hath lately done 70
 An action that will make him lose his head.

Byr. Curs'd be thy throat and soul, raven, screech-owl,
 hag ! [Beating *La Brosse*]

La B. O, hold, for heaven's sake, hold !

Byr. Hold on, I will.

Vault and contractor of all horrid sounds,
 Trumpet of all the miseries in hell, 75
 Of my confusions, of the shameful end
 Of all my services ; witch, fiend, accurs'd
 For ever be the poison of thy tongue,
 And let the black fume of thy venom'd breath
 Infect the air, shrink heaven, put out the stars, 80
 And rain so fell and blue a plague on earth,
 That all the world may falter with my fall.

La B. Pity my age, my lord.

Byr. Out, prodigy,

Remedy of pity, mine of flint,
 Whence with my nails and feet I'll dig enough 85
 Horror and savage cruelty to build
 Temples to Massacre : dam of devils take thee !
 Had'st thou no better end to crown my parts.
 The bulls of Colchis, nor his triple neck,
 That howls out earthquakes, the most mortal vapours 90
 That ever stifled and struck dead the fowls,
 That flew at never such a sightly pitch,
 Could not have burnt my blood so.

La B. I told truth,

And could have flatter'd you.

Byr. O that thou had'st !

Would I had given thee twenty thousand crowns 95
 That thou had'st flatter'd me ; there's no joy on earth,

Never so rational, so pure, and holy,
 But is a jester, parasite, a whore,
 In the most worthy parts, with which they please
 A drunkenness of soul and a disease. 100

La B. I knew you not.

Byr. Peace, dog of Pluto, peace!
 Thou knew'st my end to come, not me here present :
 Pox of your halting human knowledges !
 O Death, how far off hast thou kill'd, how soon
 A man may know too much, though never nothing ! 105
 Spite of the stars and all astrology
 I will not lose my head ; or if I do
 A hundred thousand heads shall off before.
 I am a nobler substance than the stars,
 And shall the baser overrule the better ? 110
 Or are they better, since they are the bigger ?
 I have a will and faculties of choice,
 To do, or not to do : and reason why
 I do, or not do this : the stars have none ;
 They know not why they shine, more than this taper, 115
 Nor how they work, nor what : I'll change my course,
 I'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts,
 And cast my will into another mould :
 And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
 Your planets all, being underneath the earth 120
 At my nativity, what can they do ?
 Malignant in aspects, in bloody houses ?
 Wild fire consume them ! one poor cup of wine
 More than I use, tha[n] my weak brain will bear,
 Shall make them drunk and reel out of their spheres 125
 For any certain act they can enforce.
 O that mine arms were wings that I might fly,
 And pluck out of their hearts my destiny !
 I'll wear those golden spurs upon my heels,
 And kick at fate ; be free, all worthy spirits, 130
 And stretch yourselves for greatness and for height,
 Untruss your slaveries ; you have height enough
 Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches ;
 'Tis too far off to let you, or respect you.
 Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea 135
 Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
 Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
 And his rapt ship run on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
 There is no danger to a man that knows
 What life and death is ; there's not any law
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
 That he should stoop to any other law.
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to himself is a law rational.

140

145

Exit

ACTUS IV SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]*Enter D'Aumont, with Crequi*

D'Aum. The Duke of Byron is return'd from England,
 And, as they say, was princely entertain'd,
 School'd by the matchless queen there, who, I hear,
 Spake most divinely ; and would gladly hear
 Her speech reported.

Creq. I can serve your turn,
 As one that speaks from others, not from her,
 And thus it is reported at his parting.

5

' Thus, Monsieur Du Byron, you have beheld
 Our Court proportion'd to our little kingdom
 In every entertainment ; yet our mind
 To do you all the rites of your repair
 Is as unbounded as the ample air.

10

What idle pains have you bestow'd to see
 A poor old woman, who in nothing lives
 More than in true affections borne your King,
 And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd
 Of his good knights and servants of your sort !

15

We thank him that he keeps the memory
 Of us and all our kindness ; but must say
 That it is only kept, and not laid out

20

To such affectionate profit as we wish,
 Being so much set on fire with his deserts
 That they consume us, not to be restor'd
 By your presentment of him, but his person :

And we had [not] thought that he whose virtues fly

25

So beyond wonder and the reach of thought,
 Should check at eight hours' sail, and his high spirit,
 That stoops to fear, less than the poles of heaven,
 Should doubt an under-billow of the sea,
 And, being a sea, be sparing of his streams : 30
 And I must blame all you that may advise him,
 That, having help'd him through all martial dangers,
 You let him stick at the kind rites of peace,
 Considering all the forces I have sent,
 To set his martial seas up in firm walls 35
 On both his sides for him to pass at pleasure,
 Did plainly open him a guarded way
 And led in nature to this friendly shore.
 But here is nothing worth his personal sight,
 Here are no walled cities ; for that Crystal 40
 Sheds, with his light, his hardness and his height
 About our thankful person and our realm,
 Whose only aid we ever yet desired.
 And now I see the help we sent to him,
 Which should have swum to him in our own blood, 45
 Had it been needful (our affections
 Being more given to his good than he himself),
 Ends in the actual right it did his state,
 And ours is slighted ; all our worth is made
 The common stock and bank, from whence are serv'd 50
 All men's occasions ; yet, thanks to Heaven,
 Their gratitudes are drawn dry, not our bounties.
 And you shall tell your King that he neglects
 Old friends for new, and sets his soothed ease
 Above his honour ; marshals policy 55
 In rank before his justice, and his profit
 Before his royalty ; his humanity gone,
 To make me no repayment of mine own'.
D'Aum. What answered the Duke ?
Creg. In this sort.
 ' Your Highness' sweet speech hath no sharper end 60
 Than he would wish his life, if he neglected
 The least grace you have nam'd ; but to his wish
 Much power is wanting : the green roots of war
 Not yet so close cut up, but he may dash
 Against their relics to his utter ruin, 65
 Without more near eyes fix'd upon his feet,
 Than those that look out of his country's soil.

And this may well excuse his personal presence,
Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by yours,
That he might imitate the majesty, 70
Which so long peace hath practis'd, and made full
In your admir'd appearance, to illustrate
And rectify his habit in rude war.
And his will to be here must needs be great,
Since Heaven hath thron'd so true a royalty here, 75
That he thinks no king absolutely crown'd
Whose temples have not stood beneath this sky,
And whose height is not harden'd with these stars,
Whose influences, for this altitude
Distill'd and wrought in with this temperate air 80
And this division of the element,
Have with your reign brought forth more worthy spirits
For counsel, valour, height of wit and art,
Than any other region of the earth,
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors. 85
And as a cunning orator reserves
His fairest similes, best-adorning figures,
Chief matter, and most moving arguments
For his conclusion ; and doth then supply
His ground-streams laid before, glides over them, 90
Makes his full depth seen through ; and so takes up
His audience in applauses past the clouds :
So in your government, conclusive Nature
(Willing to end her excellence in earth
When your foot shall be set upon the stars) 95
Shows all her sovereign beauties, ornaments,
Virtues, and raptures ; overtakes her works
In former empires, makes them but your foils ;
Swells to her full sea, and again doth drown
The world in admiration of your crown '. 100

D'Aum. He did her, at all parts, confessed right.

Creq. She took it yet but as a part of courtship,
And said ' he was the subtle orator
To whom he did too gloriously resemble
Nature in her and in her government '. 105
He said ' he was no orator, but a soldier,
More than this air in which you breathe hath made me,
My studious love of your rare government,
And simple truth, which is most eloquent ;
Your Empire is so amply absolute 110

That even your theatres show more comely rule,
True noblesse, royalty, and happiness
Than others' Courts: you make all state before
Utterly obsolete; all to come, twice sod.

And therefore doth my royal Sovereign wish 115
Your years may prove as vital as your virtues,
That (standing on his turrets this way turn'd,
Ord'ring and fixing his affairs by yours)
He may at last, on firm grounds, pass your seas,
And see that maiden-sea of majesty, 120
In whose chaste arms so many kingdoms lie'.

D'Aum. When came she to her touch of his ambition?

Creg. In this speech following, which I thus remember:
'If I hold any merit worth his presence,
Or any part of that your courtship gives me, 125
My subjects have bestow'd it; some in counsel,
In action some, and in obedience all;
For none knows with such proof as you, my lord,
How much a subject may renown his prince,
And how much princes of their subjects hold: 130
In all the services that ever subject
Did for his sovereign, he that best deserv'd
Must, in comparison, except Byron;
And to win this prize clear, without the maims
Commonly given men by ambition 135
When all their parts lie open to his view,
Shows continence, past their other excellence;
But for a subject to affect a kingdom,
Is like the camel that of Jove begg'd horns;
And such mad-hungry men as well may eat 140
Hot coals of fire to feed their natural heat:
For to aspire to competence with your King,
What subject is so gross and giantly?

He having now a Dauphin born to him,
Whose birth, ten days before, was dreadfully 145
Usher'd with earthquakes in most parts of Europe;
And that gives all men cause enough to fear
All thought of competition with him.

Commend us, good my lord, and tell our brother
How much we joy in that his royal issue, 150
And in what prayers we raise our hearts to heaven,
That in more terror to his foes and wonder
He may drink earthquakes, and devour the thunder.

So we admire your valour and your virtues,
 And ever will contend to win their honour'. 155
 Then spake she to Crequi and Prince d'Auvergne,
 And gave all gracious farewells; when Byron
 Was thus encounter'd by a Councillor
 Of great and eminent name and matchless merit:
 'I think, my lord, your princely Dauphin bears 160
 Arion on his cradle through your kingdom,
 In the sweet music joy strikes from his birth'.
 He answer'd: 'And good right; the cause commands it'.
 'But', said the other, 'had we a fift Henry
 To claim his old right, and one man to friend 165
 (Whom you well know, my lord), that for his friendship
 Were promised the vice-royalty of France,
 We would not doubt of conquest, in despite
 Of all those windy earthquakes'. He replied:
 'Treason was never guide to English conquests, 170
 And therefore that doubt shall not fright our Dauphin;
 Nor would I be the friend to such a foe
 For all the royalties in Christendom'.
 'Fix there your foot', said he, 'I only give
 False fire, and would be loath to shoot you off: 175
 He that wins empire with the loss of faith
 Out-buys it, and will bankrout; you have laid
 A brave foundation by the hand of virtue;
 Put not the roof to fortune: foolish statuaries,
 That under little saints suppose great bases 180
 Make less to sense the saints; and so, where Fortune
 Advanceth vile minds to states great and noble,
 She much the more exposeth them to shame,
 Not able to make good and fill their bases
 With a conformed structure: I have found 185
 (Thanks to the Blesser of my search), that counsels
 Held to the line of justice still produce
 The surest states, and greatest, being sure;
 Without which fit assurance, in the greatest—
 As you may see a mighty promontory 190
 More digg'd and under-eaten than may warrant
 A safe supportance to his hanging brows;
 All passengers avoid him, shun all ground
 That lies within his shadow, and bear still
 A flying eye upon him: so great men, 195
 Corrupted in their grounds, and building out

Too swelling fronts for their foundations,
 When most they should be propp'd are most forsaken ;
 And men will rather thrust into the storms
 Of better-grounded states than take a shelter 200
 Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight ;
 Yet they so oversee their faulty bases,
 That they remain securer in conceit :
 And that security doth worse presage
 Their near destructions than their eaten grounds ; 205
 And therefore heaven itself is made to us
 A perfect hieroglyphic to express
 The idleness of such security,
 And the grave labour of a wise distrust,
 In both sorts of the all-inclining stars, 210
 Where all men note this difference in their shining,
 As plain as they distinguish either hand,
 The fixed stars waver, and the erring stand'.
D'Aum. How took he this so worthy admonition ?
Creq. 'Gravely applied', said he, 'and like the man, 215
 Whom, all the world says, overrules the stars ;
 Which are divine books to us, and are read
 By understanders only, the true objects
 And chief companions of the truest men ;
 And, though I need it not, I thank your counsel, 220
 That never yet was idle, but, spherelike,
 Still moves about and is the continent
 To this blest isle'.

* * * * *

ACTUS V SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Byron, D'Auvergne, La Fin.

Byr. The circle of this embassy is clos'd,
 For which I long have long'd for mine own ends,
 To see my faithful, and leave courtly friends ;
 To whom I came, methought, with such a spirit,
 As you have seen a lusty courser show

That hath been long time at his manger tied,
 High fed, alone, and when, his headstall broken,
 He runs his prison, like a trumpet neighs,
 Cuts air in high curvets, and shakes his head,
 With wanton stoppings, 'twixt his forelegs, mocking 10
 The heavy centre, spreads his flying crest,
 Like to an ensign, hedge and ditches leaping,
 Till in the fresh meat, at his natural food,
 He sees free fellows, and hath met them free.
 And now, good friend, I would be fain inform'd, 15
 What our right princely lord, the Duke of Savoy
 Hath thought on, to employ my coming home.

La F. To try the King's trust in you, and withal
 How hot he trails on our conspiracy,
 He first would have you beg the government, 20
 Of the important citadel of Bourg,
 Or to place in it any you shall name;
 Which will be wondrous fit to march before
 His other purposes, and is a fort
 He rates in love above his patrimony; 25
 To make which fortress worthy of your suit,
 He vows, if you obtain it, to bestow
 His third fair daughter on your Excellence,
 And hopes the King will not deny it you.

Byr. Deny it me? Deny me such a suit? 30
 Who will he grant, if he deny it me?

La. F. He'll find some politic shift to do't, I fear.

Byr. What shift, or what evasion can he find?
 What one patch is there in all Policy's shop,
 That botcher-up of kingdoms, that can mend 35
 The brack betwixt us, any way denying?

D'Auv. That's at your peril.

Byr. Come, he dares not do't.

D'Auv. Dares not? Presume not so; you know, good
 Duke,

That all things he thinks fit to do, he dares.

Byr. By heaven, I wonder at you; I will ask it 40
 As sternly, and secure of all repulse,
 As th' ancient Persians did when they implored
 Their idol, fire, to grant them any boon;
 With which they would descend into a flood,
 And threaten there to quench it, if they fail'd 45
 Of that they ask'd it.

La F. Said like your King's king ;
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suits wrought,
Of any high price, that are coldly sought ;
I'll haste, and with your courage comfort Savoy.

Exit La Fin

D'Auv. I am your friend, my lord, and will deserve 50
That name, with following any course you take ;
Yet, for your own sake, I could wish your spirit
Would let you spare all broad terms of the King ;
Or, on my life, you will at last repent it.

Byr. What can he do ?

D'Auv. All that you cannot fear. 55

Byr. You fear too much ; be by when next I see him,
And see how I will urge him in this suit ;
He comes : mark you, that think he will not grant it.

Enter Henry, Epernon, Soissons, Janin

I am become a suitor to your Highness.

Hen. For what, my lord, 'tis like you shall obtain. 60

Byr. I do not much doubt that ; my services,
I hope, have more strength in your good conceit
Than to receive repulse in such requests.

Hen. What is it ?

Byr. That you would bestow on one whom I shall name 65
The keeping of the citadel of Bourg.

Hen. Excuse me, sir, I must not grant you that.

Byr. Not grant me that !

Hen. It is not fit I should :

You are my governor in Burgundy,
And province governors, that command in chief, 70
Ought not to have the charge of fortresses ;
Besides, it is the chief key of my kingdom,
That opens towards Italy, and must therefore
Be given to one that hath immediately
Dependence on us.

Byr. These are wondrous reasons : 75
Is not a man depending on his merits
As fit to have the charge of such a key
As one that merely hangs upon your humours ?

Hen. Do not enforce your merits so yourself ; 80
It takes away their lustre and reward.

Byr. But you will grant my suit ?

Hen. I swear I cannot,
Keeping the credit of my brain and place.

Byr. Will you deny me, then ?

Hen. I am enforc'd :
I have no power, more than yourself, in things
That are beyond my reason.

Byr. Than myself ? 85
That's a strange slight in your comparison ;
Am I become th' example of such men
As have least power ? Such a diminutive ?
I was comparative in the better sort ;
And such a King as you would say, I cannot 90
Do such or such a thing, were I as great
In power as he ; even that indefinite ' he '
Express'd me full : this moon is strangely chang'd.

Hen. How can I help it ? Would you have a king
That hath a white beard have so green a brain ? 95

Byr. A plague of brain ! What doth this touch your brain ?
You must give me more reason, or I swear—

Hen. Swear ? What do you swear ?

Byr. I swear you wrong me,
And deal not like a king, to jest and slight
A man that you should curiously reward ; 100
Tell me of your grey beard ! It is not grey
With care to recompense me, who eas'd your care.

Hen. You have been recompens'd from head to foot.

Byr. With a distrusted dukedom. Take your dukedom,
Bestow'd on me, again ; it was not given 105
For any love, but fear and force of shame.

Hen. Yet 'twas your honour ; which, if you respect not,
Why seek you this addition ?

Byr. Since this honour
Would show you lov'd me, too, in trusting me ;
Without which love and trust honour is shame, 110
A very pageant and a property :
Honour, with all his adjuncts, I deserve ;
And you quit my deserts with your grey beard.

Hen. Since you expostulate the matter so, 115
I tell you plain another reason is,
Why I am mov'd to make you this denial,
That I suspect you to have had intelligence
With my vow'd enemies.

Byr. Misery of virtue,

Ill is made good with worse ! This reason pours
 Poison for balm into the wound you made ; 120
 You make me mad, and rob me of my soul,
 To take away my tried love and my truth.
 Which of my labours, which of all my wounds,
 Which overthrow, which battle won for you,
 Breeds this suspicion ? Can the blood of faith 125
 (Lost in all these to find it proof and strength)
 Beget disloyalty ? All my rain is fall'n
 Into the horse-fair, springing pools, and mire,
 And not in thankful grounds or fields of fruit :
 Fall then before us, O thou flaming Crystal, 130
 That art the uncorrupted register
 Of all men's merits, and remonstrate here
 The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,
 Whence I have rescu'd this unthankful King ;
 And show, commix'd with them, the joys, the glories 135
 Of his state then, then his kind thoughts of me,
 Then my deservings, now my infamy :
 But I will be mine own king ; I will see
 That all your chronicles be fill'd with me,
 That none but I and my renowned sire 140
 Be said to win the memorable fields
 Of Arques and Dieppe ; and none but we of all
 Kept you from dying there in an hospital ;
 None but myself that won the day at Dreux
 (A day of holy name, and needs no night) ; 145
 Nor none but I at Fontaine Françoise burst
 The heart-strings of the Leaguers ; I alone
 Took Amiens in these arms, and held her fast
 In spite of all the pitchy fires she cast,
 And clouds of bullets pour'd upon my breast, 150
 Till she show'd yours, and took her natural form ;
 Only myself (married to victory)
 Did people Artois, Douai, Picardy,
 Béthune and Saint-Paul, Bapaume and Courcelles,
 With her triumphant issue.

Hen.

Ha, ha, ha !

Exit 155

Byron drawing and is held by D'Auvergne

D'Auv. O hold, my lord ; for my sake, mighty spirit !

Exit [Byron followed by D'Auvergne]

[SCENA II

*Another Room in the Court]**Enter Byron, D'Auvergne following unseen*

Byr. Respect, Revenge; Slaughter, repay for laughter.
 What's grave in earth, what awful, what abhorr'd,
 If my rage be ridiculous? I will make it
 The law and rule of all things serious.
 So long as idle and ridiculous King[s] 5
 Are suffer'd, sooth'd, and wrest all right to safety,
 So long is Mischief gathering massacres
 For their curs'd kingdoms, which I will prevent.
 Laughter? I'll fright it from him, far as he
 Hath cast irrevocable shame; which ever 10
 Being found is lost, and, lost, returneth never;
 Should kings cast off their bounties with their dangers?
 He that can warm at fires where Virtue burns,
 Hunt pleasure through her torments, nothing feel
 Of all his subjects suffer; but, long hid 15
 In wants and miseries, and having pass'd
 Through all the gravest shapes of worth and honour,
 For all heroic fashions to be learn'd
 By those hard lessons show an antic vizard—
 Who would not wish him rather hew'd to nothing 20
 Than left so monstrous? Slight my services?
 Drown the dead noises of my sword in laughter?
 (My blows as but the passages of shadows,
 Over the highest and most barren hills)
 And use me like no man, but as he took me 25
 Into a desert, gash'd with all my wounds
 Sustain'd for him, and buried me in flies?
 Forth, Vengeance, then, and open wounds in him
 Shall let in Spain and Savoy.

Offers to draw and D'Auvergne again holds him

D'Auv. O my lord,
 This is too large a licence given your fury; 30
 Give time to it; what reason suddenly
 Cannot extend, respite doth oft supply.

Byr. While respite holds revenge the wrong redoubles,
 And so the shame of sufferance; it torments me
 To think what I endure at his shrunk hands, 35
 That scorns the gift of one poor fort to me,

That have subdu'd for him (O injury !)
 Forts, cities, countries, ay, and yet my fury—

[*Exiturus.* Enter Henry]

Hen. Byron ?

D'Auv. My lord, the King calls !

Hen. Turn, I pray.

How now, from whence flow these distracted faces ? 40

From what attempt return they, as disclaiming

Their late heroic bearer ? What, a pistol ?

Why, good my lord, can mirth make you so wrathful ?

Byr. Mirth ? 'Twas Mockery, a contempt, a scandal

To my renown for ever ; a repulse 45

✓ As miserably cold as Stygian water,

That from sincere earth issues, and doth break

The strongest vessels, not to be contain'd

But in the tough hoof of a patient ass.

Hen. My lord, your judgment is not competent 50

In this dissension ; I may say of you

As Fame says of the ancient Eleans

That in th' Olympian contentions

They ever were the justest arbitrators,

If none of them contended, nor were parties : 55

Those that will moderate disputations well,

Must not themselves affect the coronet ;

For as the air contain'd within our ears,

If it be not in quiet, nor refrains

Troubling our hearing with offensive sounds 60

(But our affected instrument of hearing,

Replete with noise and singings in itself)

It faithfully receives no other voices ;

So of all judgments, if within themselves

They suffer spleen and are tumultuous, 65

They cannot equal differences without them ;

And this wind, that doth sing so in your ears,

I know is no disease bred in yourself,

But whisper'd in by others ; who in swelling

Your veins with empty hope of much, yet able 70

To perform nothing, are like shallow streams

That make themselves so many heavens to sight,

Since you may see in them the moon and stars,

The blue space of the air, as far from us,

To our weak senses, in those shallow streams, 75

As if they were as deep as heaven is high ;

Yet with your middle finger only sound them,
 And you shall pierce them to the very earth ;
 And therefore leave them and be true to me,
 Or you'll be left by all ; or be like one 80
 That in cold nights will needs have all the fire,
 And there is held by others, and embrac'd
 Only to burn him ; your fire will be inward,
 Which not another deluge can put out.

Byron kneels while the King goes on

O Innocence, the sacred amulet 85
 Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
 Of all misfortune, injury, and death,
 That makes a man in tune still in himself,
 Free from the hell to be his own accuser,
 Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying, 90
 No strife nor no sedition in his powers,
 No motion in his will against his reason,
 No thought gainst thought, nor (as 'twere in the confines
 Of wishing and repenting) doth possess
 Only a wayward and tumultuous peace, 95
 But (all parts in him friendly and secure,
 Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons)
 He can with every wish be in their plenty ;
 When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
 Destroys the free content of all our time. 100

Byr. 'Tis all acknowledg'd, and, though all too late,
 Here the short madness of my anger ends :
 If ever I did good I lock'd it safe
 In you, th' impregnable defence of goodness ;
 If ill, I press it with my penitent knees 105
 To that unsounded depth whence nought returneth.

Hen. 'Tis music to mine ears ; rise then, for ever
 Quit of what guilt soever till this hour,
 And nothing touch'd in honour or in spirit,
 Rise without flattery, rise by absolute merit. 110

Enter Epernon, to the King, Byron, etc.

Ep. Sir, if it please you to be taught any courtship take
 you to your stand ; Savoy is at it with three mistresses at
 once ; he loves each of them best, yet all differently.

Hen. For the time he hath been here, he hath talked a
 volume greater than the Turk's Alcoran ; stand up close ; his 115
 lips go still. [Retiring with Byron and the Lords]

Enter Savoy with three Ladies

Sav. Excuse me, excuse me ; the King has ye all.

1st Lady. True sir, in honourable subjection.

2nd Lady. To the which we are bound by our loyalty.

Sav. Nay your excuse, your excuse ! Intend me for affection ; you are all bearers of his favours, and deny him not your opposition by night. 120

3rd Lady. You say rightly in that, for therein we oppose us to his command.

1st Lady. In the which he never yet pressed us. 125

2nd Lady. Such is the benediction of our peace.

Sav. You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceive not by me.

1st Lady. Therein we are strong in our own purposes ; for it were something scandalous for us to conceive by you. 130

2nd Lady. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet dry weather in harvest does no harm.

Hen. [*aside*] They will talk him into Savoy ; he begins to hunt down.

Sav. As the King is, and hath been, a most admired and most unmatched soldier, so hath he been, and is, a sole excellent and unparalleled courtier. 135

Hen. [*aside*] *Pauvre ami, merci !*

1st Lady. Your Highness does the King but right, sir.

2nd Lady. And heaven shall bless you for that justice with plentiful store of want in ladies' affections. 140

Sav. You are cruel, and will not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1st Lady. Beseech your Grace conclude, that we may present our curtsies to you and give you the adieu. 145

Sav. It is said the King will bring an army into Savoy.

2nd Lady. Truly we are not of his council of war.

Sav. Nay, but vouchsafe me—

3rd Lady. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there 's no play in't. 150

1st Lady. Well, I vouchsafe your Grace.

Sav. Let the King bring an army into Savoy, and I'll find him sport for forty years.

Hen. [*aside*] Would I were sure of that ! I should then have a long age, and a merry. 155

1st Lady. I think your Grace would play with his army at balloon.

2nd Lady. My faith, and that's a martial recreation !

3rd Lady. It is next to impious courting.

Sav. I am not he that can set my squadrons overnight, by 160
midnight leap my horse, curry seven miles, and by three leap
my mistress ; return to mine army again, and direct as I were
infatigable ; I am no such tough soldier.

1st Lady. Your disparity is believed, sir.

2nd Lady. And 'tis a piece of virtue to tell true. 165

3rd Lady. God's me, the King ! [*Discovering Henry*]

Sav. Well, I have said nothing that may offend.

1st Lady. 'Tis hoped so.

2nd Lady. If there be any mercy in laughter.

Sav. I'll take my leave. [*To Henry*] 170

After the tedious stay my love hath made,
Most worthy to command our earthly zeal,
I come for pardon, and to take my leave ;
Affirming, though I reap no other good
By this my voyage but t'have seen a prince 175

Of greatness in all grace so past report,
I nothing should repent me ; and to show
Some token of my gratitude, I have sent
Into your treasury the greatest jewels
In all my cabinet of Beatrice, 180

And of my late deceased wife, th' Infanta,
Which are two basins and their ewers of crystal,
Never yet valu'd for their workmanship,
Nor the exceeding riches of their matter.
And to your stable, worthy Duke of Byron, 185
I have sent in two of my fairest horses.

Byr. Sent me your horses ! Upon what desert ?
I entertain no presents but for merits,
Which I am far from at your Highness' hands,
As being of all men to you the most stranger ; 190
There is as ample bounty in refusing
As in bestowing, and with this I quit you.

Sav. Then have I lost nought but my poor goodwill.

Hen. Well, cousin, I with all thanks welcome that,
And the rich arguments with which you prove it, 195
Wishing I could to your wish welcome you.

Draw, for your Marquisate, the articles
Agreed on in our composition,
And it is yours ; but where you have propos'd
(In your advices) my design for Milan, 200
I will have no war with the King of Spain

Unless his hopes prove weary of our peace ;
 And, princely cousin, it is far from me
 To think your wisdom needful of my counsel,
 Yet love oft-times must offer things unneedful ; 205
 And therefore I would counsel you to hold
 All good terms with his Majesty of Spain :
 If any troubles should be stirr'd betwixt you,
 I would not stir therein, but to appease them ;
 I have too much care of my royal word 210
 To break a peace so just and consequent,
 Without force of precedent injury ;
 Endless desires are worthless of just princes,
 And only proper to the swinge of tyrants.

Sav. At all parts spoke like the Most Christian King. 215
 I take my humblest leave, and pray your Highness
 To hold me as your servant and poor kinsman,
 Who wisheth no supreamer happiness
 Than to be yours. To you, right worthy princes,
 I wish for all your favours pour'd on me 220
 The love of all these ladies mutually,
 And, so they please their lords, that they may please
 Themselves by all means. And be you assur'd,
 Most lovely princesses, as of your lives,
 You cannot be true women if true wives. *Exit* 225

Hen. Is this he, Epernon, that you would needs persuade
 us courted so absurdly ?

Ep. This is even he, sir, howsoever he hath studied his
 parting courtship.

Hen. In what one point seemed he so ridiculous as you 230
 would present him ?

Ep. Behold me, sir, I beseech you behold me ; I appear to
 you as the great Duke of Savoy with these three ladies.

Hen. Well, sir, we grant your resemblance.

Ep. He stole a carriage, sir, from Count d'Auvergne here. 235

D'Auv. From me, sir ?

Ep. Excuse me, sir, from you, I assure you : here, sir, he
 lies at the Lady Antoinette, just thus, for the world, in the
 true posture of Count d'Auvergne.

D'Auv. Y'are exceeding delightful. 240

Hen. Why is not that well ? It came in with the organ
 hose.

Ep. Organ hose ? A pox on't ! Let it pipe itself into
 contempt ; he hath stolen it most feloniously, and it graces
 him like a disease. 245

Hen. I think he stole it from D'Auvergne indeed.

Ep. Well, would he had robbed him of all his other diseases! He were then the soundest lord in France.

D'Auv. As I am, sir, I shall stand all weathers with you.

Ep. But, sir, he has praised you above th' invention 250
of rhymers.

Hen. Wherein, or how?

Ep. He took upon him to describe your victories in war, and where he should have said you were the most absolute soldier in Christendom (no ass could have missed it), he 255
delivered you for as pretty a fellow of your hands as any was in France.

Hen. Marry, God dild him!

Ep. A pox on him!

Hen. Well, to be serious, you know him well 260
To be a gallant courtier: his great wit
Can turn him into any form he lists,
More fit to be avoided than deluded.
For my Lord Duke of Byron here well knows
That it infecteth, where it doth affect, 265
And where it seems to counsel, it conspires.
With him go all our faults, and from us fly,
With all his counsel, all conspiracy.

FINIS ACTUS QUINTI ET ULTIMI



THE TRAGEDY OF CHARLES
DUKE OF BYRON

The Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Henry IV, <i>King of France</i>	Vareennes, <i>Lieutenant of Byron's Guard</i>
<i>The Infant Dauphin</i>	<i>A Bishop</i>
<i>The Duke of Byron</i>	<i>A Captain of Byron's Guard</i>
D'Auvergne	<i>A Messenger</i>
<i>The Spanish Ambassador</i>	<i>The Hangman</i>
La Fin	<i>A Soldier</i>
<i>The Vidame of Chartres, his nephew</i>	
Epernon, } <i>French Nobles</i>	<i>The Nurse of the Dauphin</i>
Soissons, }	<i>A Lady</i>
Montigny, }	<i>Byron's Sister</i>
D'Escures, }	
Harlay, } <i>Judges</i>	<i>In the Masque</i>
Potier, }	<i>Marie de Medici, Queen of France</i>
Fleury, }	<i>Mademoiselle d'Entragues, the King's Mistress</i>
Bellièvre, <i>the Chancellor</i>	<i>Cupid</i>
Janin, <i>a Minister of Henry</i>	<i>Four Ladies</i>
Prâlin, } <i>Captains of the Guard</i>	<i>Torch-bearers, Ushers, Soldiers, Guards</i>
Vitry, }	
La Brunel, <i>a Captain under Byron</i>	

ACTUS I SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Henry, the Vidame, D'Escures, Epernon, Janin

Hen. Byron fall'n in so trait'rous a relapse,
 Alleged for our ingratitude! What offices,
 Titles of honour, and what admiration
 Could France afford him that it pour'd not on?
 When he was scarce arriv'd at forty years, 5
 He ran through all chief dignities of France.
 At fourteen years of age he was made Colonel
 To all the Suisses serving then in Flanders;
 Soon after he was Marshal of the camp,
 And, shortly after, Marshal General; 10
 He was received High Admiral of France
 In that our Parliament we held at Tours,
 Marshal of France in that we held at Paris.
 And at the siege of Amiens he acknowledg'd
 None his superior but ourself, the King; 15
 Though I had there the Princes of the blood,
 I made him my Lieutenant-General,
 Declar'd him jointly the prime Peer of France,
 And raised his barony into a duchy.

Jan. And yet, my lord, all this could not allay 20
 The fatal thirst of his ambition;
 For some have heard him say he would not die
 Till on the wings of valour he had reach'd
 One degree higher; and had seen his head
 Set on the royal quarter of a crown: 25
 Yea, at so unbeliev'd a pitch he aim'd
 That he hath said his heart would still complain
 Till he aspir'd the style of Sovereign.
 And from what ground, my lord, rise all the levies
 Now made in Italy? From whence should spring 30

The warlike humour of the Count Fuentes,
 The restless stirrings of the Duke of Savoy,
 The discontent the Spaniard entertain'd,
 With such a threatening fury, when he heard
 The prejudicial conditions 35
 Propos'd him in the treaty held at Vervins,
 And many other braveries this way aiming,
 But from some hope of inward aid from hence ?
 And that all this directly aims at you
 Your Highness hath by one intelligence 40
 Good cause to think ; which is your late advice
 That the sea army, now prepar'd at Naples,
 Hath an intended enterprise on Provence ;
 Although the cunning Spaniard gives it out
 That all is for Algier.

Hen. I must believe 45
 That, without treason bred in our own breasts,
 Spain's affairs are not in so good estate,
 To aim at any action against France ;
 And if Byron should be their instrument,
 His alter'd disposition could not grow 50
 So far wide in an instant ; nor resign
 His valour to these lawless resolutions
 Upon the sudden ; nor without some charms
 Of foreign hopes and flatteries sung to him :
 But far it flies my thoughts that such a spirit, 55
 So active, valiant, and vigilant,
 Can see itself transform'd with such wild furies,
 And like a dream it shows to my conceits,
 That he who by himself hath won such honour,
 And he to whom his father left so much, 60
 He that still daily reaps so much from me,
 And knows he may increase it to more proof
 From me than any other foreign king,
 Should quite against the stream of all religion,
 Honour, and reason, take a course so foul, 65
 And neither keep his oath, nor save his soul.
 Can the poor keeping of a citadel,
 Which I denied to be at his disposal,
 Make him forego the whole strength of his honours ?
 It is impossible ; though the violence 70
 Of his hot spirit made him make attempt
 Upon our person for denying him,

Yet well I found his loyal judgment serv'd
 To keep it from effect: besides, being offer'd
 Two hundred thousand crowns in yearly pension, 75
 And to be General of all the forces
 The Spaniards had in France, they found him still
 As an unmatch'd Achilles in the wars,
 So a most wise Ulysses to their words,
 Stopping his ears at their enchanted sounds; 80
 And plain he told them that although his blood,
 Being mov'd, by nature were a very fire
 And boil'd in apprehension of a wrong,
 Yet should his mind hold such a sceptre there
 As would contain it from all act and thought 85
 Of treachery or ingratitude to his prince.
 Yet do I long, methinks, to see La Fin,
 Who hath his heart in keeping; since his state,
 Grown to decay and he to discontent,
 Comes near the ambitious plight of Duke Byron. 90
 My Lord Vidame, when does your lordship think
 Your uncle of La Fin will be arriv'd?

Vid. I think, my lord, he now is near arriving,
 For his particular journey and devotion
 Vow'd to the holy Lady of Loretto, 95
 Was long since past and he upon return.

Hen. In him, as in a crystal that is charm'd,
 I shall discern by whom and what designs
 My rule is threaten'd; and that sacred power
 That hath enabled this defensive arm 100
 (When I enjoy'd but an unequal nook
 Of that I now possess) to front a king
 Far my superior, and from twelve set battles
 March home a victor—ten of them obtain'd,
 Without my personal service—will not see 105
 A trait'rous subject foil me, and so end
 What his hand hath with such success begun.

Enter a Lady and a Nurse bringing the Dauphin

Ep. See the young Dauphin brought to cheer your Highness.

Hen. My royal blessing and the King of Heaven
 Make thee an aged and a happy king: 110
 Help, nurse, to put my sword into his hand.

Hold, boy, by this ; and with it may thy arm
Cut from thy tree of rule all trait'rous branches
That strive to shadow and eclipse thy glories ;
Have thy old father's Angel for thy guide, 115
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast
(Who, when this state ran like a turbulent sea
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies, like so many winds,
Settled and burst), and like the halcyon's birth, 120
Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep
As overmatch'd with former massacres,
When guilty [lust] made noblesse feed on noblesse—
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted— 125
When the nak'd merchant was pursu'd for spoil,
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their pale leanness (nothing left on them
But meagre carcasses sustain'd with air,
Wand'ring like ghosts affrighted from their graves), 130
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And, hearing it, ran bellowing to their home :
From which unchristian broils and homicides
Let the religious sword of justice free 135
Thee and thy kingdoms govern'd after me.
O heaven ! Or if th' unsettled blood of France
With ease and wealth renew her civil furies,
Let all my powers be emptied in my son
To curb and end them all, as I have done. 140
Let him by virtue quite [cut] off from Fortune
Her feather'd shoulders and her winged shoes,
And thrust from her light feet her turning stone
That she may ever tarry by his throne.
And of his worth let after ages say 145
(He fighting for the land and bringing home
Just conquests, loaden with his enemies' spoils),
His father pass'd all France in martial deeds,
But he his father twenty times exceeds. [Exeunt]

[SCENA II

*At Dijon]**Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auvergne, and La Fin*

Byr. My dear friends, D'Auvergne and La Fin,
 We need no conjurations to conceal
 Our close intendments to advance our states
 Even with our merits, which are now neglected ;
 Since Bretagne is reduc'd, and breathless War 5
 Hath sheath'd his sword and wrapp'd his ensigns up,
 The King hath now no more use of my valour,
 And therefore I shall now no more enjoy
 The credit that my service held with him—
 My service that hath driven through all extremes, 10
 Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepest floods,
 Winters of shot, and over rocks so high
 That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy tops.
 The world is quite inverted, Virtue thrown
 At Vice's feet, and sensual Peace confounds 15
 Valour and cowardice, fame and infamy ;
 The rude and terrible age is turn'd again,
 When the thick air hid heaven, and all the stars
 Were drown'd in humour, tough and hard to pierce ;
 When the red sun held not his fixed place, 20
 Kept not his certain course, his rise and set,
 Nor yet distinguish'd with his definite bounds,
 Nor in his firm conversions were discern'd
 The fruitful distances of time and place
 In the well-varied seasons of the year ; 25
 When th' incompos'd incursions of floods
 Wasted and eat the earth, and all things show'd
 Wild and disorder'd : nought was worse than now.
 We must reform and have a new creation
 Of state and government, and on our Chaos 30
 Will I sit brooding up another world.
 I, who through all the dangers that can siege
 The life of man have forc'd my glorious way
 To the repairing of my country's ruins,
 Will ruin it again to re-advance it. 35
 Roman Camillus sav'd the state of Rome
 With far less merit than Byron hath France ;
 And how short of this is my recompence.

The King shall know I will have better price
Set on my services, in spite of whom 40
I will proclaim and ring my discontents
Into the farthest ear of all the world.

La F. How great a spirit he breathes ! How learn'd,
how wise !

But, worthy Prince, you must give temperate air
To your unmatch'd and more than human wind, 45
Else will our plots be frost-bit in the flower.

D'Auv. Betwixt ourselves we may give liberal vent
To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions ;
Which nature could not entertain with life
Without some exhalation ; a wrong'd thought 50
Will break a rib of steel.

Byr. My princely friend,
Enough of these eruptions ; our grave counsellor
Well knows that great affairs will not be forg'd
But upon anvils that are lin'd with wool ;
We must ascend to our intentions' top 55
Like clouds, that be not seen till they be up.

La F. O, you do too much ravish and my soul
Offer to music in your numerous breath,
Sententious, and so high it wakens death :
It is for these parts that the Spanish King 60
Hath sworn to win them to his side
At any price or peril, that great Savoy
Offers his princely daughter and a dowry
Amounting to five hundred thousand crowns,
With full transport of all the sovereign rights 65
Belonging to the State of Burgundy ;
Which marriage will be made the only cement
T'effect and strengthen all our secret treaties.
Instruct me therefore, my assured Prince,
Now I am going to resolve the King 70
Of his suspicions, how I shall behave me.

Byr. Go, my most trusted friend, with happy feet ;
Make me a sound man with him ; go to Court
But with a little train, and be prepar'd
To hear, at first, terms of contempt and choler, 75
Which you may easily calm, and turn to grace,
If you beseech his Highness to believe
That your whole drift and course for Italy
(Where he hath heard you were) was only made

Out of your long well-known devotion 80
 To our right holy Lady of Loretto,
 As you have told some of your friends in Court,
 And that in passing Milan and Turin
 They charg'd you to propound my marriage
 With the third daughter of the Duke of Savoy ; 85
 Which you have done, and I rejected it,
 Resolv'd to build upon his royal care
 For my bestowing, which he lately vow'd.

La F. O, you direct, as if the God of light
 Sat in each nook of you and pointed out 90
 The path of empire, charming all the dangers,
 On both sides arm'd, with his harmonious finger.

Byr. Besides, let me entreat you to dismiss
 All that have made the voyage with your lordship,
 But specially the curate, and to lock 95
 Your papers in some place of doubtless safety,
 Or sacrifice them to the God of fire,
 Considering worthily that in your hands
 I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

La F. Therein the bounty that your Grace hath shown me 100
 I prize past life and all things that are mine,
 And will undoubtedly preserve and tender
 The merit of it, as my hope of heaven.

Byr. I make no question ; farewell, worthy friend.

Exit [Byron with the others]

[SCENA III

A Room in the Court]

Henry, Chancellor, La Fin, D'Escures, Janin ; Henry
having many papers in his hand

Hen. Are these proofs of that purely Catholic zeal
 That made him wish no other glorious title
 Than to be call'd the Scourge of Huguenots ?

Chan. No question, sir, he was of no religion ;
 But, upon false grounds by some courtiers laid, 5
 Hath oft been heard to mock and jest at all.

Hen. Are not his treasons heinous ?

All. Most abhorr'd.

Chan. All is confirm'd that you have heard before,
 And amplified with many horrors more.

Hen. Good de la Fin, you were our golden plummet 10
 To sound this gulf of all ingratitude ;
 In which you have with excellent desert
 Of loyalty and policy express'd
 Your name in action ; and with such appearance
 Have prov'd the parts of his ingrateful treasons 15
 That I must credit more than I desir'd.

La F. I must confess, my lord, my voyages
 Made to the Duke of Savoy and to Milan
 Were with endeavour that the wars return'd
 Might breed some trouble to your Majesty, 20
 And profit those by whom they were procur'd ;
 But since in their designs your sacred person
 Was not excepted, which I since have seen,
 It so abhorr'd me that I was resolv'd
 To give you full intelligence thereof ; 25
 And rather choos'd to fail in promises
 Made to the servant than infringe my fealty
 Sworn to my royal Sovereign and master.

Hen. I am extremely discontent to see
 This most unnatural conspiracy ; 30
 And would not have the Marshal of Byron
 The first example of my forced justice ;
 Nor that his death should be the worthy cause
 That my calm reign (which hitherto hath held
 A clear and cheerful sky above the heads 35
 Of my dear subjects) should so suddenly
 Be overcast with clouds of fire and thunder ;
 Yet on submission, I vow still his pardon.

Jan. And still our humble counsels, for his service,
 Would so resolve you, if he will employ 40
 His honour'd valour as effectually
 To fortify the state against your foes
 As he hath practis'd bad intendments with them.

Hen. That vow shall stand, and we will now address
 Some messengers to call him home to Court, 45
 Without the slend'rest intimation
 Of any ill we know ; we will restrain
 (With all forgiveness, if he will confess)
 His headlong course to ruin ; and his taste
 From the sweet poison of his friendlike foes : 50
 Treason hath blister'd heels ; dishonest things
 Have bitter rivers, though delicious springs.

D'Escures, haste you unto him and inform,
 That having heard by sure intelligence
 Of the great levies made in Italy 55
 Of arms and soldiers, I am resolute,
 Upon my frontiers to maintain an army,
 The charge whereof I will impose on him ;
 And to that end expressly have commanded
 De Vic, our Lord Ambassador in Suisse, 60
 To demand levy of six thousand men,
 Appointing them to march where Duke Byron
 Shall have directions ; wherein I have follow'd
 The counsel of my Constable, his gossip ;
 Whose lik'd advice I made him know by letters, 65
 Wishing to hear his own from his own mouth,
 And by all means conjure his speediest presence ;
 Do this with utmost haste.

D'Es.

I will, my lord.

Exit D'Escures

Hen. My good Lord Chancellor, of many pieces,
 More than is here, of his conspiracies 70
 Presented to us by our friend La Fin,
 You only shall reserve these seven-and-twenty,
 Which are not those that [most] conclude against him,
 But mention only him, since I am loth
 To have the rest of the conspirators known. 75

Chan. My lord, my purpose is to guard all these
 So safely from the sight of any other
 That in my doublet I will have them sew'd,
 Without discovering them to mine own eyes
 Till need or opportunity requires. 80

Hen. You shall do well, my lord, they are of weight ;
 But I am doubtful that his conscience
 Will make him so suspicious of the worst
 That he will hardly be induc'd to come.

Jan. I much should doubt that too, but that I hope 85
 The strength of his conspiracy as yet
 Is not so ready that he dare presume
 By his refusal to make known so much
 Of his disloyalty.

Hen. I yet conceive
 His practices are turn'd to no bad end ; 90
 And, good La Fin, I pray you write to him
 To hasten his repair, and make him sure

That you have satisfied me to the full
 For all his actions, and have utter'd nought
 But what might serve to banish bad impressions. 95

La F. I will not fail, my lord.

Hen. Convey your letters
 By some choice friend of his, or by his brother ;
 And for a third excitement to his presence,
 Janin, yourself shall go, and with the power
 That both the rest employ to make him come, 100
 Use you the strength of your persuasions.

Jan. I will, my lord, and hope I shall present him.

Exit Janin

* * * * *

[ACTUS II

A Room in the Court]

Enter Epernon, Soissons, Vitry, Prâlin, etc. [to the King]

Ep. Will't please your Majesty to take your place ?
 The Masque is coming.

Hen. Room, my lords ; stand close.

*Music and a song above, and Cupid enters with a table written
 hung about his neck ; after him two torch-bearers ; after
 them Marie, D'Entragues, and four ladies more with their
 torch-bearers, etc.*

Cupid speaks.

Cup. My lord, these nymphs, part of the scatter'd train
 Of friendless Virtue (living in the woods
 Of shady Arden, and of late not hearing 5
 The dreadful sounds of war, but that sweet Peace,
 Was by your valour lifted from her grave,
 Set on your royal right hand, and all Virtues
 Summon'd with honour and with rich rewards
 To be her handmaids) : these, I say, the Virtues, 10
 Have put their heads out of their caves and coverts,
 To be your true attendants in your Court :
 In which desire I must relate a tale
 Of kind and worthy emulation
 'Twixt these two Virtues, leaders of the train, 15
 This on the right hand is Sophrosyne,
 Or Chastity, this other Dapsile,

Or Liberality ; their emulation
Begot a jar, which thus was reconcil'd.
I (having left my Goddess mother's lap, 20
To hawk and shoot at birds in Arden groves)
Beheld this princely nymph with much affection,
Left killing birds, and turn'd into a bird,
Like which I flew betwixt her ivory breasts
As if I had been driven by some hawk 25
To sue to her for safety of my life ;
She smil'd at first, and sweetly shadow'd me
With soft protection of her silver hand ;
Sometimes she tied my legs in her rich hair,
And made me (past my nature, liberty) 30
Proud of my fetters. As I pertly sat,
On the white pillows of her naked breasts,
I sung for joy ; she answer'd note for note,
Relish for relish, with such ease and art
In her divine division, that my tunes 35
Show'd like the God of shepherds' to the Sun's,
Compar'd with hers ; asham'd of which disgrace,
I took my true shape, bow, and all my shafts,
And lighted all my torches at her eyes ;
Which set about her in a golden ring, 40
I follow'd birds again from tree to tree,
Kill'd and presented, and she kindly took.
But when she handled my triumphant bow,
And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,
She begg'd them of me ; I, poor boy, replied 45
I had no other riches, yet was pleas'd
To hazard all and stake them gainst a kiss
At an old game I us'd, call'd penny-prick.
She, privy to her own skill in the play,
Answer'd my challenge ; so I lost my arms, 50
And now my shafts are headed with her looks ;
One of which shafts she put into my bow,
And shot at this fair nymph, with whom before,
I told your Majesty she had some jar.
The nymph did instantly repent all parts 55
She play'd in urging that effeminate war,
Lov'd and submitted ; which submission
This took so well that now they both are one ;
And as for your dear love their discords grew,
So for your love they did their loves renew. 60

And now to prove them capable of your Court
 In skill of such conceits and qualities
 As here are practis'd, they will first submit
 Their grace in dancing to your Highness' doom,
 And p[r]ay the press to give their measures room. 65

Music, dance, etc., which done Cupid speaks

If this suffice for one Court compliment
 To make them gracious and entertain'd,
 Behold another parcel of their courtship,
 Which is a rare dexterity in riddles,
 Shown in one instance, which is here inscrib'd. 70
 Here is a riddle, which if any knight
 At first sight can resolve, he shall enjoy
 This jewel here annex'd ; which, though it show
 To vulgar eyes no richer than a pebble,
 And that no lapidary nor great man 75
 Will give a sou for it, 'tis worth a kingdom ;
 For 'tis an artificial stone compos'd
 By their great mistress, Virtue, and will make
 Him that shall wear it live with any little
 Suffic'd and more content than any king. 80
 If he that undertakes cannot resolve it,
 And that these nymphs can have no harbour here
 (It being consider'd that so many Virtues
 Can never live in Court), he shall resolve
 To leave the Court and live with them in Arden. 85

Ep. Pronounce the riddle ; I will undertake it.

Cup. 'Tis this, sir.

*What's that a fair lady most of all likes,
 Yet ever makes show she least of all seeks :
 That's ever embrac'd and affected by her,
 Yet never is seen to please or come nigh her :
 Most serv'd in her night-weeds, does her good in a corner :
 But a poor man's thing, yet doth richly adorn her :
 Most cheap and most dear, above all worldly pelf,
 That is hard to get in, but comes out of itself ?* 90

Ep. Let me peruse it, Cupid. 95

Cup. Here it is.

Ep. Your riddle is good fame.

Cup. Good fame ? How make you that good ?

Ep. Good fame is that a good lady most likes, I am sure.

Cup. That's granted.

100

Ep. 'Yet ever makes show she least of all seeks': for she likes it only for virtue, which is not glorious.

Hen. That holds well.

Ep. 'Tis 'ever embrac'd and affected by her', for she must persevere in virtue or fame vanishes; 'yet never is seen to please or come nigh her', for fame is invisible.

Cup. Exceeding right!

Ep. 'Most served in her night-weeds', for ladies that most wear their night-weeds come least abroad, and they that come least abroad serve fame most, according to this: *Non forma, sed fama, in publicum exire debet.*

Hen. 'Tis very substantial.

Ep. 'Does her good in a corner'—that is, in her most retreat from the world comforts her; 'but a poor man's thing': for every poor man may purchase it, 'yet doth richly adorn' a lady.

Cup. That all must grant.

Ep. 'Most cheap,' for it costs nothing; 'and most dear', for gold cannot buy it; 'above all worldly pelf', for that's transitory, and fame eternal. 'It is hard to get in'; that is, hard to get; 'but comes out of itself', for when it is virtuously deserved with the most inward retreat from the world, it comes out in spite of it. And so, Cupid, your jewel is mine.

Cup. It is: and be the virtue of it yours.

We'll now turn to our dance, and then attend
Your Highness' will, as touching our resort,
If Virtue may be entertain'd in Court.

125

Hen. This show hath pleased me well for that it figures
The reconcilment of my Queen and mistress:
Come, let us in and thank them, and prepare
To entertain our trusty friend Byron.

130

Exeunt

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS III SCENA I

[At Dijon]

Enter Byron, D'Auvergne

Byr. Dear friend, we must not be more true to kings
Than kings are to their subjects; there are schools
Now broken open in all parts of the world,

First founded in ingenious Italy,
Where some conclusions of estate are held 5
That for a day preserve a prince, and ever
Destroy him after ; from thence men are taught
To glide into degrees of height by craft,
And then lock in themselves by villany :
But God (who knows kings are not made by art, 10
But right of Nature, nor by treachery propp'd,
But simple virtue) once let fall from heaven
A branch of that green tree, whose root is yet
Fast fix'd above the stars ; which sacred branch
We well may liken to that laurel spray 15
That from the heavenly eagle's golden seres
Fell in the lap of great Augustus' wife ;
Which spray, once set, grew up into a tree
Whereof were garlands made, and emperors
Had their estates and foreheads crown'd with them ; 20
And as the arms of that tree did decay
The race of great Augustus wore away ;
Nero being last of that imperial line,
The tree and Emperor together died.
Religion is a branch, first set and blest 25
By Heaven's high finger in the hearts of kings,
Which whilom grew into a goodly tree ;
Bright angels sat and sung upon the twigs,
And royal branches for the heads of kings
Were twisted of them ; but since squint-eyed Envy 30
And pale Suspicion dash'd the heads of kingdoms
One gainst another, two abhorred twins,
With two foul tails, stern War and Liberty,
Enter'd the world. The tree that grew from heaven
Is overrun with moss ; the cheerful music 35
That heretofore hath sounded out of it
Begins to cease ; and as she casts her leaves,
By small degrees the kingdoms of the earth
Decline and wither ; and look, whensoever
That the pure sap in her is dried-up quite, 40
The lamp of all authority goes out,
And all the blaze of princes is extinct.
Thus, as the poet sends a messenger
Out to the stage to show the sum of all
That follows after, so are kings' revolts 45
And playing both ways with religion

Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,
Which (like a Chorus) subjects must lament.

D'Auv. My lord, I stand not on these deep discourses
To settle my course to your fortunes ; mine 50
Are freely and inseparably link'd,
And to your love, my life.

Byr. Thanks, princely friend ;
And whatsoever good shall come of me,
Pursu'd by all the Catholic Princes' aids
With whom I join, and whose whole states propos'd 55
To win my valour, promise me a throne,
All shall be, equal with myself, thine own.

[*Enter La Brunel*]

La Brun. My lord, here is D'Escures, sent from the King,
Desires access to you.

Byr. Attend him in.

Enter D'Escures

D'Es. Health to my lord the Duke !

Byr. Welcome, D'Escures ! 60
In what health rests our royal Sovereign ?

D'Es. In good health of his body, but his mind
Is something troubled with the gathering storms
Of foreign powers, that, as he is inform'd,
Address themselves into his frontier towns ; 65
And therefore his intent is to maintain
The body of an army on those parts,
And yield their worthy conduct to your valour.

Byr. From whence hears he that any storms are rising ?

D'Es. From Italy ; and his intelligence 70
No doubt is certain, that in all those parts
Levies are hotly made ; for which respect,
He sent to his ambassador, de Vic,
To make demand in Switzerland for the raising
With utmost diligence of six thousand men, 75
All which shall be commanded to attend
On your direction, as the Constable,
Your honour'd gossip, gave him in advice,
And he sent you by writing ; of which letters
He would have answer and advice from you 80
By your most speedy presence.

Byr. This is strange,

That when the enemy is t'attempt his frontiers
 He calls me from the frontiers ; does he think
 It is an action worthy of my valour
 To turn my back to an approaching foe ?

85

D'Es. The foe is not so near but you may come,
 And take more strict directions from his Highness
 Than he thinks fit his letters should contain,
 Without the least attainture of your valour.
 And therefore, good my lord, forbear excuse,
 And bear yourself on his direction,
 Who, well you know, hath never made design
 For your most worthy service where he saw
 That anything but honour could succeed.

90

Byr. I will not come, I swear.

D'Es.

I know your Grace 95

Will send no such unsavoury reply.

Byr. Tell him that I beseech his Majesty
 To pardon my repair till th' end be known
 Of all these levies now in Italy.

D'Es. My lord, I know that tale will never please him, 100
 And wish you, as you love his love and pleasure,
 To satisfy his summons speedily,
 And speedily I know he will return you.

Byr. By heaven, it is not fit, if all my service
 Makes me know anything : beseech him, therefore, 105
 To trust my judgment in these doubtful charges,
 Since in assur'd assaults it hath not fail'd him.

D'Es. I would your lordship now would trust his judgment.

Byr. God's precious, y'are importunate past measure,
 And, I know, further than your charge extends. 110
 I'll satisfy his Highness, let that serve ;
 For by this flesh and blood, you shall not bear
 Any reply to him but this from me.

D'Es. 'Tis nought to me, my lord ; I wish your good,
 And for that cause have been importunate. 115

Exit D'Escures

La Brun. By no means go, my lord ; but, with distrust
 Of all that hath been said or can be sent,
 Collect your friends, and stand upon your guard ;
 The King's fair letters and his messages
 Are only golden pills, and comprehend 120
 Horrible purgatives.

Byr.

I will not go,

For now I see th' instructions lately sent me
 That something is discover'd are too true,
 And my head rules none of those neighbour nobles
 That every pursuivant brings beneath the axe : 125
 If they bring me out, they shall see I'll hatch
 Like to the blackthorn, that puts forth his leaf,
 Not with the golden fawnings of the sun,
 But sharpest showers of hail, and blackest frosts :
 Blows, batteries, breaches, showers of steel and blood, 130
 Must be his downright messengers for me,
 And not the mizzling breath of policy ;
 He, he himself, made passage to his crown
 Through no more armies, battles, massacres
 Than I will ask him to arrive at me. 135
 He takes on him my executions ;
 And on the demolitions, that this arm
 Hath shaken out of forts and citadels,
 Hath he advanc'd the trophies of his valour ;
 Where I, in those assumptions, may scorn 140
 And speak contemptuously of all the world,
 For any equal yet I ever found ;
 And in my rising, not the Sirian star
 That in the Lion's mo[n]th undaunted shines,
 And makes his brave ascension with the sun, 145
 Was of th' Egyptians with more zeal beheld,
 And made a rule to know the circuit
 And compass of the year, than I was held
 When I appear'd from battle, the whole sphere
 And full sustainer of the state we bear ; 150
 I have Alcides-like gone under th' earth,
 And on these shoulders borne the weight of France :
 And for the fortunes of the thankless King,
 My father, all know, set him in his throne,
 And, if he urge me, I may pluck him out. 155

Enter Messenger

Mes. Here is the President Janin, my lord,
 Sent from the King, and urgeth quick access.

Byr. Another pursuivant, and one so quick ?
 He takes next course with me to make him stay :
 But let him in, let's hear what he importunes. 160

[*Exit La Brunel*], *enter* Janin

Jan. Honour and loyal hopes to Duke Byron !

Byr. No other touch me : say how fares the King ?

Jan. Fairly, my lord ; the cloud is yet far off
That aims at his obscuring, and his will
Would gladly give the motion to your powers 165
That should disperse it ; but the means himself
Would personally relate in your direction.

Byr. Still on that haunt ?

Jan. Upon my life, my lord,
He much desires to see you ; and your sight
Is now grown necessary to suppress 170
(As with the glorious splendour of the sun)
The rude winds that report breathes in his ears,
Endeavouring to blast your loyalty.

Byr. Sir, if my loyalty stick in him no faster
But that the light breath of report may loose it, 175
So I rest still unmov'd, let him be shaken.

Jan. But these aloof abodes, my lord, bewray,
That there is rather firmness in your breath
Than in your heart. Truth is not made of glass,
That with a small touch it should fear to break, 180
And therefore should not shun it ; believe me
His arm is long, and strong ; and it can fetch
Any within his will, that will not come :
Not he that surfeits in his mines of gold,
And for the pride thereof compares with God, 185
Calling (with almost nothing different)
His powers invincible, for omnipotent,
Can back your boldest fort gainst his assaults :
It is his pride, and vain ambition,
That hath but two stairs in his high designs— 190
The lowest, envy, and the highest, blood—
That doth abuse you, and gives minds too high
Rather a will by giddiness to fall
Than to descend by judgment.

Byr.

I rely

On no man's back nor belly ; but the King 195
Must think that merit, by ingratitude crack'd,
Requires a firmer cementing than words.
And he shall find it a much harder work,
To solder broken hearts than shiver'd glass.

Jan. My lord, 'tis better hold a Sovereign's love 200
 By bearing injuries, than by laying out
 Stir his displeasure; princes' discontents,
 Being once incens'd, are like the flames of Etna,
 Not to be quench'd, nor lessen'd; and, be sure,
 A subject's confidence in any merit 205
 Against his Sovereign, that makes him presume
 To fly too high, approves him like a cloud
 That makes a show as it did hawk at kingdoms,
 And could command all rais'd beneath his vapour:
 When suddenly, the fowl that hawk'd so fair, 210
 Stoops in a puddle, or consumes in air.

Byr. I fly with no such aim, nor am oppos'd
 Against my Sovereign; but the worthy height
 I have wrought by my service I will hold,
 Which, if I come away, I cannot do; 215
 For if the enemy should invade the frontier,
 Whose charge to guard is mine, with any spoil,
 Although the King in placing of another
 Might well excuse me, yet all foreign kings,
 That can take note of no such secret quittance, 220
 Will lay the weakness here, upon my wants;
 And therefore my abode is resolute,

Jan. I sorrow for your resolution,
 And fear your dissolution will succeed.

Byr. I must endure it.

Jan. Fare you well, my lord! 225
Exit Janin

Enter La Brunel

Byr. Farewell to you!
 Captain, what other news?

La Brun. La Fin salutes you. [*Giving letters*]

Byr. Welcome, good friend; I hope your wish'd arrival
 Will give some certain end to our designs.

La Brun. I know not that, my lord; reports are rais'd 230
 So doubtful and so different, that the truth
 Of any one can hardly be assur'd.

Byr. Good news, D'Auvergne; our trusty friend La Fin
 Hath clear'd all scruple with his Majesty,
 And utter'd nothing but what serv'd to clear 235
 All bad suggestions.

La Brun. So he says, my lord;

But others say La Fin's assurances
 Are mere deceits, and wish you to believe
 That, when the Vidame, nephew to La Fin,
 Met you at Autun to assure your doubts 240
 His uncle had said nothing to the King
 That might offend you, all the journey's charge
 The King defray'd ; besides, your truest friends
 Will'd me to make you certain that your place
 Of government is otherwise dispos'd ; 245
 And all advise you, for your latest hope,
 To make retreat into the Franche-Comté.

Byr. I thank them all, but they touch not the depth
 Of the affairs betwixt La Fin and me,
 Who is return'd contented to his house, 250
 Quite freed of all displeasure or distrust ;
 And therefore, worthy friends, we'll now to Court.

D'Auv. My lord, I like your other friends' advices
 Much better than La Fin's ; and on my life
 You cannot come to Court with any safety. 255

Byr. Who shall infringe it ? I know all the Court
 Have better apprehension of my valour
 Than that they dare lay violent hands on me ;
 If I have only means to draw this sword,
 I shall have power enough to set me free 260
 From seizure by my proudest enemy.

Exit [Byron with the others]

[SCENA II

A Room in the Court]

Enter Epernon, Vitry, Prâlin

Ep. He will not come, I dare engage my hand.

Vit. He will be fetch'd then, I'll engage my head.

Prâ. Come, or be fetch'd, he quite hath lost his honour
 In giving these suspicions of revolt
 From his allegiance ; that which he hath won 5
 With sundry wounds, and peril of his life,
 With wonder of his wisdom and his valour,
 He loseth with a most enchanted glory,
 And admiration of his pride and folly.

Vit. Why, did you never see a fortunate man 10

Suddenly rais'd to heaps of wealth and honour.
Nor any rarely great in gifts of nature
(As valour, wit, and smooth use of the tongue
Set strangely to the pitch of popular likings),
But with as sudden falls the rich and honour'd
Were overwhelm'd by poverty and shame,
Or had no use of both above the wretched ?

15

Ep. Men ne'er are satisfied with that they have ;
But as a man match'd with a lovely wife
When his most heavenly theory of her beauties
Is dull'd and quite exhausted with his practice,
He brings her forth to feasts, where he, alas !
Falls to his viands with no thought like others
That think him blest in her ; and they, poor men,
Court, and make faces, offer service, sweat
With their desires' contention, break their brains
For jests and tales, sit mute and lose their looks
(Far out of wit, and out of countenance) :
So all men else do, what they have, transplant,
And place their wealth in thirst of what they want.

20

25

30

Enter Henry, Chancellor, the Vidame, D'Escures, Janin

Hen. He will not come : I must both grieve and wonder,
That all my care to win my subjects' love
And in one cup of friendship to commix
Our lives and fortunes, should leave out so many
As give a man (contemptuous of my love
And of his own good in the kingdom's peace)
Hope, in a continuance so ungrateful,
To bear out his designs in spite of me.
How should I better please all than I do ?
When they suppos'd I would have given some
Insolent garrisons, others citadels,
And to all sorts increase of miseries,
Province by province I did visit all
Whom those injurious rumours had dis[m]ay'd,
And show'd them how I never sought to build
More forts for me than were within their hearts,
Nor use more stern constraints than their good wills
To succour the necessities of my crown ;
That I desir'd to add to their contents
By all occasions rather than subtract ;

35

40

45

50

Nor wish'd I that my treasury should flow
 With gold that swum in, in my subjects' tears ;
 And then I found no man that did not bless
 My few years' reign, and their triumphant peace ;
 And do they now so soon complain of ease ? 55
 He will not come !

Enter Byron, D'Auvergne, brother, with others

Ep. O madness, he is come !

Chan. The Duke is come, my lord.

Hen. Oh sir, y'are welcome,

And fitly, to conduct me to my house.

Byr. I must beseech your Majesty's excuse,
 That, jealous of mine honour, I have us'd 60
 Some of mine own commandment in my stay,
 And came not with your Highness' soonest summons.

Hen. The faithful servant, right in Holy Writ,
 That said he would not come and yet he came :
 But come you hither, I must tell you now 65
 Not the contempt you stood to in your stay,
 But the bad ground that bore up your contempt,
 Makes you arrive at no port but repentance,
 Despair, and ruin.

Byr. Be what port it will,
 At which your will will make me be arrived, 70
 I am not come to justify myself,
 To ask you pardon, nor accuse my friends.

Hen. If you conceal my enemies, you are one ;
 And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,
 Or else your head be worth my cutting off. 75

Byr. Being friend and worthy fautor of myself,
 I am no foe of yours, nor no impairer,
 Since he can no way worthily maintain
 His prince's honour that neglects his own ;
 And if your will have been, to my true reason, 80
 (Maintaining still the truth of loyalty)
 A check to my free nature and mine honour,
 And that on your free justice I presum'd
 To cross your will a little, I conceive
 You will not think this forfeit worth my head. 85

Hen. Have you maintain'd your truth of loyalty,
 When, since I pardon'd foul intentions

(Resolving to forget eternally

What they appear'd in, and had welcom'd you

As the kind father doth his riotous son), 90

I can approve facts fouler than th' intents

Of deep disloyalty and highest treason?

Byr. May this right hand be thunder to my breast,

If I stand guilty of the slend'rest fact

Wherein the least of those two can be proved, 95

For could my tender conscience but have touch'd

At any such unnatural relapse,

I would not with this confidence have run

Thus headlong in the furnace of a wrath

Blown and thrice kindled, having way enough 100

In my election both to shun and slight it.

Hen. Y'are grossly and vaingloriously abus'd ;

There is no way in Savoy nor in Spain

To give a fool that hope of your escape ;

And had you not, even when you did, arrived, 105

With horror to the proudest hope you had

I would have fetch'd you.

Byr. You must then have us'd

A power beyond my knowledge, and a will

Beyond your justice. For a little stay

More than I us'd would hardly have been worthy 110

Of such an open expedition ;

In which to all the censures of the world

My faith and innocence had been foully foil'd ;

Which, I protest by heaven's bright witnesses

That shine far, far, from mixture with our fears, 115

Retain as perfect roundness as their spheres.

Hen. 'Tis well, my lord ; I thought I could have frighted

Your firmest confidence : some other time

We will, as now in private, sift your actions,

And pour more than you think into the sieve, 120

Always reserving clemency and pardon

Upon confession, be you ne'er so foul.

Come, let's clear up our brows : shall we to tennis ?

Byr. Ay, my lord, if I may make the match.

The Duke Epernon and myself will play 125

With you and Count Soissons.

Ep. I know, my lord,

You play well, but you make your matches ill.

Hen. Come, 'tis a match

Exit

Byr. [To Epernon] How like you my arrival?

Ep. I'll tell you 'as your friend in your ear.

You have given more preferment to your courage 130
Than to the provident counsels of your friends.

D'Auv. I told him so, my lord, and much was griev'd
To see his bold approach, so full of will.

Byr. Well, I must bear it now, though but with th' head,
The shoulders bearing nothing.

Ep.

By Saint John, 135

'Tis a good headless resolution.

Exeunt

ACTUS IV SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Byron, D'Auvergne

Byr. O the most base fruits of a settled peace!
In men I mean, worse than their dirty fields,
Which they manure much better than themselves:
For them they plant and sow, and ere they grow
Weedy and chok'd with thorns, they grub and proin, 5
And make them better than when cruel war
Frighted from thence the sweaty labourer;
But men themselves, instead of bearing fruits,
Grow rude and foggy, overgrown with weeds,
Their spirits and freedoms smother'd in their ease; 10
And as their tyrants and their ministers
Grow wild in prosecution of their lusts,
So they grow prostitute, and lie, like whores,
Down, and take up, to their abhorr'd dishonours;
The friendless may be injur'd and oppress'd, 15
The guiltless led to slaughter, the deserfer
Given to the beggar, right be wholly wrong'd,
And wrong be only honour'd, till the strings
Of every man's heart crack; and who will stir
To tell authority that it doth err? 20
All men cling to it, though they see their bloods
In their most dear associates and allies,
Pour'd into kennels by it, and who dares
But look well in the breast whom that impairs?
How all the Court now looks askew on me! 25
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,

Which, like a March sun, agues breeds in them,
From whence of late 'twas health to have a beam.

D'Auv. Now none will speak to us ; we thrust ourselves
Into men's companies, and offer speech 30
As if not made for their diverted ears,
Their backs turn'd to us, and their words to others.
And we must, like obsequious parasites,
Follow their faces, wind about their persons
For looks and answers, or be cast behind, 35
No more view'd than the wallet of their faults.

Enter Soissons

Byr. Yet here's one views me, and I think will speak.

Sois. My lord, if you respect your name and race,
The preservation of your former honours,
Merits, and virtues, humbly cast them all 40
At the King's mercy ; for beyond all doubt
Your acts have thither driven them ; he hath proofs
So pregnant and so horrid, that to hear them
Would make your valour in your very looks
Give up your forces, miserably guilty ; 45
But he is most loath (for his ancient love
To your rare virtues, and in their impair,
The full discouragement of all that live
To trust or favour any gifts in nature)
T'expose them to the light, when darkness may 50
Cover her own brood, and keep still in day
Nothing of you but that may brook her brightness :
You know what horrors these high strokes do bring
Rais'd in the arm of an incensed king.

Byr. My lord, be sure the King cannot complain 55
Of anything in me but my true service,
Which, in so many dangers of my death,
May so approve my spotless loyalty
That those quite opposite horrors you assure
Must look out of his own ingratitude, 60
Or the malignant envies of my foes,
Who pour me out in such a Stygian flood,
To drown me in myself, since their deserts
Are far from such a deluge, and in me
Hid like so many rivers in the sea. 65

Sois. You think I come to sound you : fare you well.

Exit

Enter Chancellor, Epernon, Janin, *the* Vidame, Vitry, Prâlin,
whispering by couples, etc.

D'Auv. See, see, not one of them will cast a glance
At our eclipsed faces.

Byr. They keep all
To cast in admiration on the King ;
For from his face are all their faces moulded. 70

D'Auv. But when a change comes we shall see them all
Chang'd into water, that will instantly
Give look for look, as if it watch'd to greet us ;
Or else for one they'll give us twenty faces,
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses. 75

Byr. Is't not an easy loss to lose their looks
Whose hearts so soon are melted ?

D'Auv. But methinks,
Being courtiers, they should cast best looks on men
When they thought worst of them.

Byr. O no, my lord !
They ne'er dissemble but for some advantage ; 80
They sell their looks and shadows, which they rate
After their markets, kept beneath the State ;
Lord, what foul weather their aspects do threaten !
See in how grave a brake he sets his vizard ;
Passion of nothing, see, an excellent gesture ! 85
Now courtship goes a-ditching in their foreheads,
And we are fall'n into those dismal ditches.
Why even thus dreadfully would they be rapt,
If the King's butter'd eggs were only spilt.

Enter Henry

Hen. Lord Chancellor !

Chan. Ay, my lord !

Hen. And Lord Vidame ! 90

Exit [Henry with the Chancellor and the Vidame]

Byr. And not Byron ? Here's a prodigious change !

D'Auv. He cast no beam on you.

Byr. Why, now you see
From whence their countenances were copied.

Enter the Captain of Byron's guard, *with a letter*

D'Auv. See, here comes some news, I believe, my lord.

Byr. What says the honest Captain of my guard ? 95

Cap. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

Byr. 'Tis welcome, then.

D'Auv. Have we yet any friends?

Cap. More than ye would, I think; I never saw
Men in their right minds so unrighteous
In their own causes.

Byr. [*showing the letter*] See what thou hast brought. 100
He wills us to retire ourselves my lord,
And makes as if it were almost too late.
What says my captain? Shall we go, or no?

Cap. I would your dagger's point had kiss'd my heart,
When you resolv'd to come.

Byr. I pray thee, why? 105

Cap. Yet doth that senseless apoplexy dull you?
The devil or your wicked angel blinds you,
Bereaving all your reason of a man,
And leaves you but the spirit of a horse
In your brute nostrils, only power to dare. 110

Byr. Why, dost thou think my coming here hath brought
me

To such an unrecoverable danger?

Cap. Judge by the strange ostents that have succeeded
Since your arrival; the kind fowl, the wild duck,
That came into your cabinet so beyond 115
The sight of all your servants, or yourself,
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat,
And which you had so fed and so attended
For that dumb love she show'd you, just as soon
As you were parted, on the sudden died. 120
And to make this no less than an ostent,
Another, that hath fortun'd since, confirms it:
Your goodly horse, Pastrana, which the Archduke
Gave you at Brussels, in the very hour
You left your strength, fell mad, and kill'd himself; 125
The like chanc'd to the horse the Great Duke sent you;
And, with both these, the horse the Duke of Lorraine
Sent you at Vimy, made a third presage
Of some inevitable fate that touch'd you,
Who, like the other, pin'd away and died. 130

Byr. All these together are indeed ostentful,
Which, by another like, I can confirm:
The matchless Earl of Essex, whom some make
(In their most sure divinings of my death)

A parallel with me in life and fortune, 135
 Had one horse, likewise, that the very hour
 He suffer'd death (being well the night before),
 Died in his pasture. Noble, happy beasts,
 That die, not having to their wills to live ;
 They use no deprecations nor complaints, 140
 Nor suit for mercy ; amongst them, the lion
 Serves not the lion, nor the horse the horse,
 As man serves man : when men show most their spirits
 In valour, and their utmost dares to do
 They are compar'd to lions, wolves, and boars ; 145
 But, by conversion, none will say a lion
 Fights as he had the spirit of a man.
 Let me then in my danger now give cause
 For all men to begin that simile.
 For all my huge engagement I provide me 150
 This short sword only, which, if I have time
 To show my apprehender, he shall use
 Power of ten lions if I get not loose. [Exeunt]

[SCENA II

Another Room in the Court]

Enter Henry, Chancellor, the Vidame, Janin, Vitry, Prâlin

Hen. What shall we do with this unthankful man ?
 Would he of one thing but reveal the truth,
 Which I have proof of, underneath his hand,
 He should not taste my justice. I would give
 Two hundred thousand crowns that he would yield 5
 But such means for my pardon as he should ;
 I never lov'd man like him ; would have trusted
 My son in his protection, and my realm :
 He hath deserv'd my love with worthy service,
 Yet can he not deny but I have thrice 10
 Sav'd him from death ; I drew him off the foe
 At Fontaine Françoise, where he was engag'd,
 So wounded, and so much amaz'd with blows,
 That, as I play'd the soldier in his rescue,
 I was enforc'd to play the Marshal 15
 To order the retreat, because he said
 He was not fit to do it, nor to serve me.

Chan. Your Majesty hath us'd your utmost means
 Both by your own persuasions and his friends
 To bring him to submission, and confess 20
 With some sign of repentance his foul fault ;
 Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.
 You have, in love and care of his recovery,
 Been half in labour to produce a course
 And resolution that were fit for him ; 25
 And since so amply it concerns your crown,
 You must by law cut off what by your grace
 You cannot bring into the state of safety.

Jan. Begin at th' end, my lord, and execute,
 Like Alexander with Parmenio. 30
 Princes, you know, are masters of their laws,
 And may resolve them to what forms they please,
 So all conclude in justice ; in whose stroke
 There is one sort of manage for the great,
 Another for inferior : the great mother 35
 Of all productions, grave Necessity,
 Commands the variation ; and the profit,
 So certainly foreseen, commends the example.

Hen. I like not executions so informal,
 For which my predecessors have been blam'd : 40
 My subjects and the world shall know my power
 And my authority by law's usual course
 Dares punish, not the devilish heads of treason,
 But their confederates, be they ne'er so dreadful.
 The decent ceremonies of my laws 45
 And their solemnities shall be observed
 With all their sternness and severity.

Vit. Where will your Highness have him apprehended ?

Hen. Not in the Castle, as some have advis'd,
 But in his chamber.

Prâ. Rather in your own, 50
 Or coming out of it ; for 'tis assur'd
 That any other place of apprehension
 Will make the hard performance end in blood.

Vit. To shun this likelihood, my lord, 'tis best
 To make the apprehension near your chamber ; 55
 For all respect and reverence given the place,
 More than is needful to chastise the person
 And save the opening of too many veins,
 Is vain and dangerous.

Hen. Gather you your guard,
And I will find fit time to give the word 60
When you shall seize on him and on D'Auvergne.

Vit. We will be ready to the death, my lord.

Exeunt [all but Henry]

Hen. O Thou that govern'st the keen swords of kings,
Direct my arm in this important stroke,
Or hold it being advanc'd; the weight of blood, 65
Even in the basest subject, doth exact
Deep consultation in the highest king;
For in one subject death's unjust affrights,
Passions, and pains, though he be ne'er so poor,
Ask more remorse than the voluptuous spleens 70
Of all kings in the world deserve respect:
He should be born grey-headed that will bear
The sword of empire; judgment of the life,
Free state, and reputation of a man,
If it be just and worthy, dwells so dark 75
That it denies access to sun and moon;
The soul's eye sharpen'd with that sacred light
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that judgment. O how much
Err those kings, then, that play with life and death, 80
And nothing put into their serious states
But humour and their lusts, for which alone
Men long for kingdoms; whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers could a fool comprise,
He would not be a king, but would be wise. 85

*Enter Byron talking with the Queen, Epernon, D'Entragues,
D'Auvergne, with another lady, [Montigny and] others
attending.*

Here comes the man, with whose ambitious head
* (Cast in the way of treason) we must stay
His full chase of our ruin and our realm;
This hour shall take upon her shady wings
His latest liberty and life to hell. 90

D'Auv. [aside to Byron] We are undone!

[Exit D'Auvergne]

Queen.

What's that?

Byr.

I heard him not.

Hen. Madam, y'are honour'd much that Duke Byron
Is so observant: some to cards with him;

You four, as now you come, sit to primero ;

And I will fight a battle at the chess.

95

Byr. A good safe fight, believe me ; other war
Thirsts blood and wounds ; and, his thirst quench'd, is thank-
less.

[*Byron, The Queen, Epernon and Montigny play at cards*]

Ep. Lift, and then cut.

Byr. 'Tis right the end of lifting ;

When men are lifted to their highest pitch,

They cut off those that lifted them so high.

100

Queen. Apply you all these sports so seriously ?

Byr. They first were from our serious acts devis'd,

The best of which are to the best but sports

(I mean by best the greatest), for their ends,

In men that serve them best, are their own pleasures.

105

Queen. So in those best men's services their ends

Are their own pleasures. Pass !

Byr. I vie't.

Hen. [*aside*]. I see't,

And wonder at his frontless impudence.

Exit Henry.

Chan. [*To the Queen*] How speeds your Majesty ?

Queen. Well ; the Duke instructs me

With such grave lessons of mortality

110

Forc'd out of our light sport that, if I lose,

I cannot but speed well.

Byr. Some idle talk,

For courtship' sake, you know, does not amiss.

Chan. Would we might hear some of it,

Byr. That you shall ;

I cast away a card now, makes me think

115

Of the deceased worthy King of Spain.

Chan. What card was that ?

Byr. The King of Hearts, my lord ;

Whose name yields well the memory of that king,

Who was indeed the worthy king of hearts,

And had both of his subjects' hearts and strangers'

120

Much more than all the kings of Christendom.

Chan. He won them with his gold.

Byr. He won them chiefly

With his so general piety and justice ;

And as the little, yet great, *Macedon*

Was said with his humane philosophy

125

To teach the rapeful Hyrcans marriage,
 And bring the barbarous Sogdians to nourish,
 Not kill their aged parents as before ;
 Th' incestuous Persians to reverence
 Their mothers, not to use them as their wives ; 130
 The Indians to adore the Grecian gods ;
 The Scythians to inter, not eat their parents ;
 So he, with his divine philosophy
 (Which I may call his, since he chiefly us'd it)
 In Turkey, India, and through all the world, 135
 Expell'd profane idolatry, and from earth
 Rais'd temples to the Highest : whom with the Word
 He could not win, he justly put to sword.

✧ *Chan.* He sought for gold and empire.

Byr.

'Twas religion,

And her full propagation, that he sought ; 140
 If gold had been his end, it had been hoarded,
 When he had fetch'd it in so many fleets,
 Which he spent not on Median luxury,
 Banquets, and women, Calydonian wine,
 Nor dear Hyrcanian fishes, but employ'd it 145
 To propagate his empire ; and his empire
 Desir'd t' extend so that he might withal
 Extend religion through it, and all nations
 Reduce to one firm constitution
 Of piety, justice, and one public weal ; 150
 To which end he made all his matchless subjects
 Make tents their castles and their garrisons ;
 True Catholics, countrymen and their allies ;
 Heretics, strangers and their enemies.
 There was in him the magnanimity— 155

✧ *Mont.* To temper your extreme applause, my lord,
 Shorten and answer all things in a word,
 The greatest commendation we can give
 To the remembrance of that king deceas'd
 Is that he spar'd not his own eldest son, 160
 But put him justly to a violent death,
 — Because he sought to trouble his estates.

Byr. Is't so ?

Chan. [*aside to Montigny.* That bit, my lord, upon my
 life ;

'Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

The King suddenly enters, having determined what to do

Hen. It is resolv'd ; a work shall now be done, 165
Which, while learn'd Atlas shall with stars be crown'd,
While th' Ocean walks in storms his wavy round,
While moons, at full, repair their broken rings,
While Lucifer foreshows Aurora's springs,
And Arctos sticks above the earth unmov'd, 170
Shall make my realm be blest, and me belov'd.
Call in the Count d'Auvergne.

Enter D'Auvergne

A word, my lord !

Will you become as wilful as your friend,
And draw a mortal justice on your heads,
That hangs so black and is so loath to strike ? 175
If you would utter what I know you know
Of his inhuman treason, one strong bar
Betwixt his will and duty were dissolv'd,
For then I know he would submit himself.
Think you it not as strong a point of faith 180
To rectify your loyalties to me,
As to be trusty in each other's wrong ?
Trust that deceives ourselves i[s] treachery,
And truth, that truth conceals, an open lie.

D'Auv. My lord, if I could utter any thought 185
Instructed with disloyalty to you,
And might light any safety to my friend,
Though mine own heart came after, it should out.

Hen. I know you may, and that your faiths affected 190
To one another are so vain and false
That your own strengths will ruin you : ye contend
To cast up rampires to you in the sea,
And strive to stop the waves that run before you.

D'Auv. All this, my lord, to me is [mystery].

Hen. It is ? I'll make it plain enough, believe me ! 195
Come, my Lord Chancellor, let us end our mate.

Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron

Var. You are undone, my lord. *Exit*

Byr. Is it possible ?

Queen. Play, good my lord : whom look you for ?

Ep. Your mind

Is not upon your game.

Byr. Play, pray you play!

Hen. Enough, 'tis late, and time to leave our play 200
On all hands; all forbear the room! [*Exeunt all but Byron*
and Henry] My lord,

Stay you with me; yet is your will resolved
To duty and the main bond of your life?
I swear, of all th' intrusions I have made
Upon your own good and continu'd fortunes, 205
This is the last; inform me yet the truth,
And here I vow to you (by all my love,
By all means shown you even to this extreme,
When all men else forsake you) you are safe.
What passages have slipp'd 'twixt Count Fuentes, 210
You, and the Duke of Savoy?

Byr. Good my lord,
This nail is driven already past the head,
You much have overcharg'd an honest man;
And I beseech you yield my innocence justice,
But with my single valour, gainst them all 215
That thus have poisoned your opinion of me,
And let me take my vengeance by my sword;
For I protest I never thought an action
More than my tongue hath utter'd.

Hen. Would 'twere true!
And that your thoughts and deeds had fell no fouler. 220
But you disdain submission, not rememb'ring,
That (in intents urg'd for the common good)
He that shall hold his peace, being charg'd to speak,
Doth all the peace and nerves of empire break;
Which on your conscience lie. Adieu, good-night! *Exit* 225

Byr. Kings hate to hear what they command men speak;
Ask life, and to desert of death ye yield:
Where medicines loathe, it irks men to be heal'd.

*Enter Vitry, with two or three of the Guard, Epernon, the
Vidame, following. Vitry lays hand on Byron's sword.*

Vit. Resign your sword, my lord; the King commands it.

Byr. Me to resign my sword? What king is he 230
Hath us'd it better for the realm than I?
My sword, that all the wars within the length,
Breadth, and the whole dimensions of great France,
Hath sheath'd betwixt his hilt and horrid point,

And fix'd ye all in such a flourishing peace !
 My sword, that never enemy could enforce,
 Bereft me by my friends ! Now, good my lord,
 Beseech the King I may resign my sword
 To his hand only.

Enter Janin

Jan. [To Vitry] You must do your office,
 The King commands you.

Vit. 'Tis in vain to strive,
 For I must force it.

Byr. Have I ne'er a friend,
 That bears another for me ? All the guard ?
 What, will you kill me, will you smother here
 His life that can command and save in field
 A hundred thousand lives ? For manhood sake
 Lend something to this poor forsaken hand ;
 For all my service let me have the honour
 To die defending of my innocent self,
 And have some little space to pray to God.

Enter Henry

Hen. Come, you are an atheist, Byron, and a traitor
 Both foul and damnable. Thy innocent self !
 No leper is so buried quick in ulcers
 As thy corrupted soul. Thou end the war,
 And settle peace in France ! What war hath rag'd
 Into whose fury I have not expos'd
 My person [with] as free a spirit as thine ?
 Thy worthy father and thyself combin'd
 And arm'd in all the merits of your valours,
 Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest fights,
 Never were bristled with so many battles,
 Nor on the foe have broke such woods of lances
 As grew upon my thigh, and I have marshall'd—
 I am asham'd to brag thus ; [but] where Envy
 And Arrogance their opposite bulwark raise,
 Men are allow'd to use their proper praise.
 Away with him.

Exit Henry

Byr. Away with him ? Live I,
 And hear my life thus slighted ? Cursed man,
 That ever the intelligencing lights

Betray'd me to men's whorish fellowships,
 To princes' Moorish slaveries, to be made 270
 The anvil on which only blows and wounds
 Were made the seed and wombs of others' honours;
 A property for a tyrant to set up
 And puff down with the vapour of his breath.
 Will you not kill me?

Vit. No, we will not hurt you; 275
 We are commanded only to conduct you
 Into your lodging.

Byr. To my lodging? Where?

Vit. Within the Cabinet of Arms, my lord.

Byr. What, to a prison? Death! I will not go.

Vit. We'll force you then.

Byr. And take away my sword; 280
 A proper point of force; ye had as good
 Have robb'd me of my soul, slaves of my stars
 Partial and bloody! O that in mine eyes
 Were all the sorcerous poison of my woes
 That I might witch ye headlong from your height, 285
 And trample out your execrable light.

Vit. Come, will you go, my lord? This rage is vain.

Byr. And so is all your grave authority;
 And that all France shall feel before I die.
 Ye see all how they use good Catholics! 290

[*Exit Byron guarded*]

Ep. Farewell for ever! So have I discern'd
 An exhalation that would be a star
 Fall, when the sun forsook it, in a sink.
 Sho[w]s ever overthrow that are too large,
 And hugest cannons burst with overcharge. 295

Enter D'Auvergne, Prâlin, following with a Guard

Prâ. My lord, I have commandment from the King
 To charge you go with me, and ask your sword.

D'Auv. My sword? Who fears it? It was ne'er the
 death

Of any but wild boars. I prithee take it;
 Hadst thou advertis'd this when last we met, 300
 I had been in my bed, and fast asleep
 Two hours ago; lead, I'll go where thou wilt.

Exit [guarded]

Vid. See how he bears his cross with his small strength
On easier shoulders than the other Atlas.

Ep. Strength to aspire is still accompanied 305
With weakness to endure ; all popular gifts
Are colours [that] will bear no vinegar,
And rather to adverse affairs betray
Thine arm against them : his state still is best
That hath most inward worth ; and that's best tried 310
That neither glories, nor is glorified. *Exeunt*

ACTUS V SCENA I

[*The Council Chamber*]

Enter Henry, Soissons, Janin, D'Escures, cum aliis

Hen. What shall we think, my lords, of these new forces
That from the King of Spain hath pass'd the Alps ?
For which, I think, his Lord Ambassador
Is come to Court to get their pass for Flanders ?

Jan. I think, my lord, they have no end for Flanders ; 5
Count Maurice being already enter'd Brabant
To pass to Flanders, to relieve Ostend,
And th' Archduke full prepar'd to hinder him ;
And sure it is that they must measure forces,
Which (ere this new force could have pass'd the Alps) 10
Of force must be encounter'd.

Sois. 'Tis unlikely
That their march hath so large an aim as Flanders.

D'Es. As these times sort, they may have shorter reaches,
That would pierce further.

Hen. I have been advertis'd
How Count Fuentes (by whose means this army 15
Was lately levied, and whose hand was strong
In thrusting on Byron's conspiracy)
Hath caus'd these cunning forces to advance
With colour only to set down in Flanders ;
But hath intentional respect to favour 20
And count'nance his false partisans in Bresse
And friends in Burgundy, to give them heart
For the full taking of their hearts from me.
Be as it will ; we shall prevent their worst ;
And therefore call in Spain's Ambassador. 25

Enter Ambassador with others

What would the Lord Ambassador of Spain ?

Amb. First, in my master's name, I would beseech
Your Highness' hearty thought that his true hand,
Held in your vow'd amities, hath not touch'd

At any least point in Byron's offence, 30

Nor once had notice of a crime so foul ;

Whereof, since he doubts not you stand resolv'd,

He prays your league's continuance in this favour,

That the army he hath rais'd to march for Flanders

May have safe passage by your frontier towns, 35

And find the river free that runs by Rhone.

Hen. My lord, my frontiers shall not be disarm'd,

Till, by arraignment of the Duke of Byron,

My scruples are resolv'd, and I may know

In what account to hold your master's faith 40

For his observance of the league betwixt us.

You wish me to believe that he is clear

From all the projects caus'd by Count Fuentes,

His special agent ; but where deeds pull down,

Words may repair no faith. I scarce can think 45

That his gold was so bounteously employ'd

Without his special counsel and command :

These faint proceedings in our royal faiths,

Make subjects prove so faithless ; if, because

We sit above the danger of the laws, 50

We likewise lift our arms above their justice,

And that our heavenly Sovereign bounds not us

In those religious confines out of which

Our justice and our true laws are inform'd,

In vain have we expectance that our subjects 55

Should not as well presume to offend their earthly,

As we our heavenly Sovereign ; and this breach

Made in the forts of all society,

Of all celestial, and humane respects,

Makes no strengths of our bounties, counsels, arms, 60

Hold out against their treasons ; and the rapes

Made of humanity and religion,

In all men's more than Pagan liberties,

Atheisms, and slaveries, will derive their springs

From their base precedents, copied out of kings. 65

But all this shall not make me break the commerce

Authoris'd by our treaties ; let your army
Take the directest pass ; it shall go safe.

Amb. So rest your Highness ever, and assur'd
That my true Sovereign loathes all opposite thoughts. 70
[Exit the Ambassador]

Hen. [To Janin] Are our despatches made to all the
kings,
Princes, and potentates of Christendom,
Ambassadors and province governors,
T'inform the truth of this conspiracy ?

Jan. They all are made, my lord ; and some give out 75
That 'tis a blow given to religion,
To weaken it, in ruining of him
That said he never wish'd more glorious title
Than to be call'd the Scourge of Huguenots.

Sois. Others that are like favourers of the fault, 80
Said 'tis a politic advice from England
To break the sacred javelins both together.

Hen. Such shut their eyes to truth ; we can but set
His lights before them, and his trumpet sound
Close to their ears ; their partial wilfulness, 85
In resting blind and deaf, or in perverting
What their most certain senses apprehend,
Shall nought discomfort our impartial justice,
Nor clear the desperate fault that doth enforce it.

Enter Vitry

Vit. The Peers of France, my lord, refuse t'appear 90
At the arraignment of the Duke Byron.

Hen. The Court may yet proceed ; and so command it.
'Tis not their slackness to appear shall serve
To let my will t'appear in any fact
Wherein the boldest of them tempts my justice. 95
I am resolv'd, and will no more endure
To have my subjects make what I command
The subject of their oppositions,
Who evermore slack their allegiance,
As kings forbear their penance. How sustain 100
Your prisoners their strange durance ?

Vit. One of them,
Which is the Count d'Auvergne, hath merry spirits,
Eats well and sleeps, and never can imagine
That any place where he is, is a prison ; —
Where, on the other part, the Duke Byron, 105

Enter'd his prison as into his grave,
 Rejects all food, sleeps not, nor once lies down ;
 Fury hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thorns
 That rest can have no entry : he disdains
 To grace the prison with the slend'rest show 110
 Of any patience, lest men should conceive
 He thought his sufferance in the [least] sort fit ;
 And holds his bands so worthless of his worth
 That he impairs it to vouchsafe to them
 The [least] part of the peace that freedom owes it ; 115
 That patience therein is a willing slavery,
 And like the camel stoops to take the load :
 So still he walks ; or rather as a bird,
 Enter'd a closet, which unwares is made
 His desperate prison, being pursu'd, amaz'd 120
 And wrathful beats his breast from wall to wall,
 Assaults the light, strikes down himself, not out,
 And being taken, struggles, gasps, and bites,
 Takes all his taker's strokings to be strokes,
 Abhorreth food, and with a savage will 125
 Frets, pines, and dies for former liberty :
 So fares the wrathful Duke ; and when the strength
 Of these dumb rages break out into sounds,
 He breathes defiance to the world, and bids us
 Make ourselves drunk with the remaining blood 130
 Of five and thirty wounds receiv'd in fight
 For us and ours, for we shall never brag
 That we have made his spirits check at death.
 This rage in walks and words ; but in his looks
 He comments all and prints a world of books. 135

Hen. Let others learn by him to curb their spleens,
 Before they be curb'd, and to cease their grudges.
 Now I am settled in my sun of height,
 The circular splendour and full sphere of state
 Take all place up from envy : as the sun 140
 At height and passive o'er the crowns of men,
 His beams diffus'd, and down-right pour'd on them,
 Cast but a little or no shade at all :
 So he that is advanc'd above the heads
 Of all his emulators with high light 145
 Prevents their envies, and deprives them quite.

Exeunt

[SCENA II

The Golden Chamber in the Palace of Justice]

*Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, in scarlet gowns,
La Fin, D'Escures, with other officers of state*

Chan. I wonder at the prisoner's so long stay.

Har. I think it may be made a question
If his impatience will let him come.

Pot. Yes, he is now well stay'd : time and his judgment,
Have cast his passion and his fever off. 5

Flew. His fever may be past, but for his passions,
I fear me we shall find it spic'd too hotly
With his old powder.

D'Es. He is sure come forth ;

The carosse of the Marquis of Rosny
Conducted him along to th' Arsenal 10
Close to the river-side ; and there I saw him
Enter a barge cover'd with tapestry,
In which the King's guards waited and receiv'd him.
Stand by there, clear the place !

Chan. The prisoner comes.
My Lord La Fin, forbear your sight awhile ; 15
It may incense the prisoner, who will know,
By your attendance near us, that your hand
Was chief in his discovery ; which, as yet,
I think he doth not doubt.

La F. I will forbear
Till your good pleasures call me. *Exit La Fin*

Har. When he knows, 20
And sees La Fin accuse him to his face,
The Court I think will shake with his distemper.

Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a guard

Vit. You see, my lord, 'tis in the Golden Chamber.
Byr. The Golden Chamber ! Where the greatest kings 25
Have thought them honour'd to receive a place,
And I have had it ; am I come to stand
In rank and habit here of men arraign'd,
Where I have sat assistant, and been honour'd
With glorious title of the chiefest virtuous ;
Where the King's chief Solicitor hath said 30
There was in France no man that ever liv'd

Whose parts were worth my imitation ;
 That, but mine own worth, I could imitate none :
 And that I made myself inimitable
 To all that could come after ; whom this Court 35
 Hath seen to sit upon the flower-de-luce
 In recompence of my renowned service.
 Must I be sat on now by petty judges ?
 These scarlet robes, that come to sit and fight
 Against my life, dismay my valour more 40
 Than all the bloody cassocks Spain hath brought
 To field against it.

Vit. To the bar, my lord !

He salutes and stands to the bar

Har. Read the indictment !

Chan.

Stay, I will invert,

For shortness' sake, the form of our proceedings
 And out of all the points the process holds, 45
 Collect five principal, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferr'd with one, call'd Picoté,
 At Orleans born, and into Flanders fled,
 To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,
 And for two voyages to that effect, 50
 Bestow'd on him five hundred fifty crowns.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of Savoy,
 Without the King's permission ; offering him
 All service and assistance against all men,
 In hope to have in marriage his third daughter. 55

3. Thirdly, you held intelligence with the Duke,
 At taking in of Bourg and other forts ;
 Advising him, with all your prejudice,
 Against the King's army and his royal person.

4. The fourth is, that you would have brought the King, 60
 Before Saint Katherine's fort, to be there slain ;
 And to that end writ to the Governor,
 In which you gave him notes to know his Highness.

5. Fifthly, you sent La Fin to treat with Savoy
 And with the Count Fuentes of more plots, 65
 Touching the ruin of the King and realm.

Byr. All this, my lord, I answer, and deny.
 And first for Picoté : he was my prisoner,
 And therefore I might well confer with him ;
 But that our conference tended to the Archduke 70
 Is nothing so : I only did employ him

To Captain La Fortune, for the reduction
Of Seurre to the service of the King,
Who us'd such speedy diligence therein,
That shortly 'twas assur'd his Majesty. 75

2. Next, for my treaties with the Duke of Savoy,
Roncas, his secretary, having made
A motion to me for the Duke's third daughter,
I told it to the King, who having since
Given me the understanding by La Force 80
Of his dislike, I never dream'd of it.

3. Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,
Advising him against his Highness' army :
Had this been true I had not undertaken
Th' assault of Bourg against the King's opinion, 85
Having assistance but by them about me ;
And, having won it for him, had not been
Put out of such a government so easily.

4. Fourthly, for my advice to kill the King ;
I would beseech his Highness' memory 90
Not to let slip that I alone dissuaded
His viewing of that fort, informing him
It had good mark-men, and he could not go
But in exceeding danger ; which advice
Diverted him, the rather since I said 95
That if he had desire to see the place
He should receive from me a plot of it,
Offering to take it with five hundred men,
And I myself would go to the assault.

5. And lastly, for intelligences held 100
With Savoy and Fuentes, I confess
That being denied to keep the citadel,
Which with incredible peril I had got,
And seeing another honour'd with my spoils,
I grew so desperate that I found my spirit 105
Enrag'd to any act, and wish'd myself
Cover'd with blood.

Chan. With whose blood ?

Byr. With mine own ;

Wishing to live no longer, being denied,
With such suspicion of me and set will
To rack my furious humour into blood. 110
And for two months' space I did speak and write
More than I ought, but have done ever well ;

And therefore your informers have been false,
And, with intent to tyrannize, suborn'd.

Fleu. What if our witnesses come face to face, 115
And justify much more than we allege?

Byr. They must be hirelings, then, and men corrupted.

Pot. What think you of La Fin!

Byr. I hold La Fin
An honour'd gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

Har. If he then aggravate what we affirm 120
With greater accusations to your face,
What will you say?

Byr. I know it cannot be.

Chan. Call in my Lord La Fin.

Byr. Is he so near,
And kept so close from me? Can all the world
Make him a traitor?

Enter La Fin

Chan. I suppose, my lord, 125
You have not stood within, without the ear
Of what hath here been urg'd against the Duke;
If you have heard it, and upon your knowledge
Can witness all is true upon your soul,
Utter your knowledge.

La F. I have heard, my lord, 130
All that hath pass'd here, and, upon my soul,
(Being charg'd so urgently in such a Court)
Upon my knowledge I affirm all true;
And so much more as, had the prisoner lives
As many as his years, would make all forfeit. 135

Byr. O all ye virtuous Powers in earth and heaven
That have not put on hellish flesh and blood,
From whence these monstrous issues are produc'd,
That cannot bear, in execrable concord
And one prodigious subject, contraries; 140
Nor as the isle that, of the world admir'd,
Is sever'd from the world, can cut yourselves
From the consent and sacred harmony
Of life, yet live; of honour, yet be honour'd;
As this extravagant and errant rogue, 145
From all your fair decorums and just laws
Finds power to do, and like a loathsome wen
Sticks to the face of nature and this Court:

Thicken this air, and turn your plaguy rage
 Into a shape as dismal as his sin ; 150
 And with some equal horror tear him off
 From sight and memory : let not such a Court,
 To whose fame all the kings of Christendom
 Now laid their ears, so crack her royal trump,
 As to sound through it that here vaunted justice 155
 Was got in such an incest. Is it justice
 To tempt and witch a man to break the law,
 And by that witch condemn him ? Let me draw
 Poison into me with this cursed air
 If he bewitch'd me and transform'd me not ; 160
 He bit me by the ear, and made me drink
 Enchanted waters ; let me see an image
 That utter'd these distinct words : *Thou shalt die,*
O wicked king ; and if the Devil gave him
 Such power upon an image, upon me 165
 How might he tyrannize that by his vows
 And oaths so Stygian had my nerves and will
 In more awe than his own ? What man is he
 That is so high but he would higher be ?
 So roundly sighted, but he may be found 170
 To have a blind side, which by craft pursu'd,
 Confederacy, and simply trusted treason,
 May wrest him past his Angel and his reason ?
Chan. Witchcraft can never taint an honest mind.
Har. True gold will any trial stand untouch'd. 175
Pot. For colours that will stain when they are tried,
 The cloth itself is ever cast aside.
Byr. Sometimes the very gloss in anything
 Will seem a stain ; the fault, not in the light,
 Nor in the guilty object, but our sight. 180
 My gloss, rais'd from the richness of my stuff,
 Had too much splendour for the owly eye
 Of politic and thankless royalty ;
 I did deserve too much ; a pleurisy
 Of that blood in me is the cause I die. 185
 Virtue in great men must be small and slight,
 For poor stars rule where she is exquisite.
 'Tis tyrannous and impious policy
 To put to death by fraud and treachery ;
 Sleight is then royal when it makes men live 190
 And if it urge faults, urgeth to forgive.

He must be guiltless that condemns the guilty.
 Like things do nourish like, and not destroy them ;
 Minds must be sound that judge affairs of weight,
 And seeing hands cut corrosives from your sight. 195
 A lord, intelligencer ! Hangman-like ?
 Thrust him from human fellowship to the deserts,
 Blow him with curses ; shall your Justice call
 Treachery her father ? Would you wish her weigh
 My valour with the hiss of such a viper ? 200
 What I have done to shun the mortal shame
 Of so unjust an opposition,
 My envious stars cannot deny me this,
 That I may make my judges witnesses,
 And that my wretched fortunes have reserv'd 205
 For my last comfort : ye all know, my lords,
 This body, gash'd with five and thirty wounds,
 Whose life and death you have in your award,
 Holds not a vein that hath not open'd been,
 And which I would not open yet again 210
 For you and yours ; this hand, that writ the lines
 Alleg'd against me, hath enacted still
 More good than there it only talk'd of ill.
 I must confess my choler hath transferr'd
 My tender spleen to all intemperate speech, 215
 But reason ever did my deeds attend
 In worth of praise, and imitation.
 Had I borne any will to let them loose,
 I could have flesh'd them with bad services
 In England lately, and in Switzerland ; 220
 There are a hundred gentlemen by name
 Can witness my demeanour in the first,
 And in the last ambassage I adjure
 No other testimonies than the Seigneurs
 De Vic and Sillery, who amply know 225
 In what sort and with what fidelity
 I bore myself to reconcile and knit
 In one desire so many wills disjoin'd,
 And from the King's allegiance quite withdrawn.
 My acts ask'd many men, though done by one ; 230
 And I were but one I stood for thousands,
 And still I hold my worth, though not my place :
 Nor slight me, judges, though I be but one.
 One man, in one sole expedition,

Reduc'd into th' imperial power of Rome 235
 Armenia, Pontus, and Arabia,
 Syria, Albania, and Iberia,
 Conquer'd th' Hyrcanians, and to Caucasus
 His arm extended; the Numidians
 And Afric to the shores meridional 240
 His power subjected; and that part of Spain
 Which stood from those parts that Sertorius rul'd,
 Even to the Atlantic sea he conquered.
 Th' Albanian kings he from [their] kingdoms chas'd,
 And at the Caspian sea their dwellings plac'd; 245
 Of all the earth's globe, by power and his advice,
 The round-eyed Ocean saw him victor thrice.
 And what shall let me, but your cruel doom,
 To add as much to France as he to Rome.
 And, to leave Justice neither sword nor word 250
 To use against my life, this senate knows
 That what with one victorious hand I took
 I gave to all your uses with another;
 With this I took and propp'd the falling kingdom,
 And gave it to the King; I have kept 255
 Your laws of state from fire, and you yourselves
 Fix'd in this high tribunal, from whose height
 The vengeful Saturnals of the League
 Had hurl'd ye headlong; do ye then return
 This retribution? Can the cruel King, 260
 The kingdom, laws, and you, all sav'd by me,
 Destroy their saver? What, ay me! I did
 Adverse to this, this damn'd enchanter did,
 That took into his will my motion;
 And being bankrout both of wealth and worth, 265
 Pursu'd with quarrels and with suits in law,
 Fear'd by the kingdom, threaten'd by the King,
 Would raise the loathed dunghill of his ruins
 Upon the monumental heap of mine!
 Torn with possessed whirlwinds may he die, 270
 And dogs bark at his murtherous memory.

Chan. My lord, our liberal sufferance of your speech
 Hath made it late, and for this session
 We will dismiss you; take him back, my lord!

Exit Vitry and Byron

Har. You likewise may depart.

Exit La Fin

Chan.

What resteth now 275

C.D.W.

S

To be decreed gainst this great prisoner ?
 A mighty merit and a monstrous crime
 Are here concurrent ; what by witnesses
 His letters and instructions we have prov'd,
 Himself confesseth, and excuseth all 280
 With witchcraft and the only act of thought.
 For witchcraft, I esteem it a mere strength
 Of rage in him, conceiv'd gainst his accuser,
 Who, being examin'd, hath denied it all.
 Suppose it true, it made him false ; but wills 285
 And worthy minds witchcraft can never force.
 And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds,
 Time was the cause, not will ; the mind's free act
 In treason still is judg'd as th' outward fact.
 If his deserts have had a wealthy share 290
 In saving of our land from civil furies,
 Manlius had so that sav'd the Capitol ;
 Yet for his after traitorous factions
 They threw him headlong from the place he sav'd.
 My definite sentence, then, doth this import : 295
 That we must quench the wild-fire with his blood
 In which it was so traitorously inflam'd ;
 Unless with it we seek to incense the land.
 The King can have no refuge for his life,
 If his be quitted ; this was it that made 300
 Louis th' Eleventh renounce his countrymen,
 And call the valiant Scots out of their kingdom
 To use their greater virtues and their faiths
 Than his own subjects in his royal guard.
 What then conclude your censures ?

Omnes. He must die. 305

Chan. Draw then his sentence formally, and send him ;
 And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt*

[SCENA III

Byron's Cell in the Bastile]

Enter Byron, Epernon, Soissons, Janin, the Vidame, D'Escures

Vid. I joy you had so good a day, my lord.

Byr. I won it from them all ; the Chancellor
 I answer'd to his uttermost improvements ;

I mov'd my other judges to lament
 My insolent misfortunes, and to loathe 5
 The pocky soul and state-bawd, my accuser.
 I made reply to all that could be said,
 So eloquently and with such a charm
 Of grave enforcements, that methought I sat
 Like Orpheus casting reins on savage beasts ; 10
 At the arm's end, as 'twere, I took my bar
 And set it far above the high tribunal,
 Where, like a cedar on Mount Lebanon,
 I grew, and made my judges show like box-trees ;
 And box-trees right their wishes would have made them, 15
 Whence boxes should have grown, till they had strook
 My head into the budget ; but, alas !
 I held their bloody arms with such strong reasons,
 And, by your leave, with such a jerk of wit,
 That I fetch'd blood upon the Chancellor's cheeks. 20
 Methinks I see his countenance as he sat,
 And the most lawyerly delivery
 Of his set speeches ; shall I play his part ?
Ep. For heaven's sake, good my lord !
Byr. I will, i' faith ! /
 ' Behold a wicked man, a man debauch'd, 25
 A man contesting with his King, a man
 On whom, my lord, we are not to connive,
 Though we may condole ; a man
 That, *læsa majestate*, sought a lease
 Of *plus quam satis*. A man that *vi et armis* 30
 Assail'd the King, and would *per fas et nefas*
 Aspire the kingdom'. Here was lawyer's learning !
Ep. He said not this, my lord, that I have heard.
Byr. This, or the like, I swear ! I pen no speeches.
Sois. Then there is good hope of your wish'd acquittal. 35
Byr. Acquittal ? They have reason ; were I dead
 I know they cannot all supply my place.
 Is't possible the King should be so vain
 To think he can shake me with fear of death ?
 Or make me apprehend that he intends it ? 40
 Thinks he to make his firmest men his clouds ?
 The clouds, observing their aërial natures,
 Are borne aloft, and then, to moisture [c]hang'd,
 Fall to the earth ; where being made thick and cold,
 They lose both all their heat and levity ; 45

Yet then again recovering heat and lightness,
 Again they are advanc'd, and by the sun
 Made fresh and glorious ; and since clouds are rapt
 With these uncertainties, now up, now down,
 Am I to flit so with his smile or frown ?

50

Ep. I wish your comforts and encouragements
 May spring out of your safety ; but I hear
 The King hath reason'd so against your life,
 And made your most friends yield so to his reasons
 That your estate is fearful.

Byr. Yield t' his reasons ?
 O how friends' reasons and their freedoms stretch
 When Power sets his wide tenters to their sides !
 How like a cure, by mere opinion,
 It works upon our blood ! Like th' ancient gods
 Are modern kings, that liv'd past bounds themselves,
 Yet set a measure down to wretched men ;
 By many sophisms they made good deceit,
 And, since they pass'd in power, surpass'd in right ;
 When kings' wills pass, the stars wink and the sun
 Suffers eclipse ; rude thunder yields to them
 His horrid wings, sits smooth as glass englaz'd ;
 And lightning sticks 'twixt heaven and earth amaz'd :
 Men's faiths are shaken, and the pit of Truth
 O'erflows with darkness, in which Justice sits,
 And keeps her vengeance tied to make it fierce ;
 And when it comes, th' increased horrors show,
 Heaven's plague is sure, though full of state, and slow.

55

60

65

70

Sister. (*Within.*) O my dear lord and brother ! O the Duke !

Byr. What sounds are these, my lord ? Hark, hark, me-
 thinks

I hear the cries of people !

Ep. 'Tis for one,
 Wounded in fight here at Saint Anthony's gate :

75

Byr. 'Sfoot, one cried 'the Duke' ! I pray harken
 Again, or burst yourselves with silence—no !
 What countryman's the common headsman here ?

Sois. He's a Burgonian.

Byr. The great devil he is !
 The bitter wizard told me a Burgonian
 Should be my headsman—strange concurrences.
 'Sdeath, who's here ?

80

*Enter four Ushers bare, Chancellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury,
Vitry, Prâlin, with others*

O then I am but dead,
Now, now ye come all to pronounce my sentence.
I am condemn'd unjustly ; tell my kinsfolks 85
I die an innocent ; if any friend
Pity the ruin of the State's sustainer,
Proclaim my innocence ; ah, Lord Chancellor,
Is there no pardon, will there come no mercy ?
Ay, put your hat on, and let me stand bare. 90
Show yourself right a lawyer.

Chan. I am bare ;
What would you have me do ?

Byr. You have not done
Like a good Justice, and one that knew
He sat upon the precious blood of virtue ;
Y'ave pleas'd the cruel King, and have not borne 95
As great regard to save as to condemn ;
You have condemn'd me, my Lord Chancellor,
But God acquits me ; He will open lay
All your close treasons against Him to colour
Treasons laid to His truest images ; 100
And you, my lord, shall answer this injustice
Before his judgment-seat : to which I summon
In one year and a day your hot appearance.
I go before, by men's corrupted dooms ;
But they that caus'd my death shall after come 105
By the immaculate justice of the Highest.

Chan. Well, good my lord, commend your soul to Him
And to His mercy ; think of that, I pray !

Byr. Sir, I have thought of it, and every hour
Since my affliction ask'd on naked knees 110
Patience to bear your unbeliev'd injustice :
But you, nor none of you, have thought of Him
In my eviction : y'are come to your benches
With plotted judgments ; your link'd ears so loud
Sing with prejudicate winds that nought is heard 115
Of all poor prisoners urge gainst your award.

Har. Passion, my lord, transports your bitterness
Beyond all colour and your proper judgment :
No man hath known your merits more than I,
And would to God your great misdeeds had been 120

As much undone as they have been conceal'd ;
 The cries of them for justice, in desert,
 Have been so loud and piercing that they deafen'd
 The ears of Mercy ; and have labour'd more
 Your judges to compress than to enforce them.

125

Pot. We bring you here your sentence ; will you read it ?

Byr. For Heaven's sake, shame to use me with such rigour ;
 I know what it imports, and will not have
 Mine ear blown into flames with hearing it.
 [To Fleury] Have you been one of them that have condemn'd
 me ?

130

Fleu. My lord, I am your orator ; God comfort you !

Byr. Good sir, my father lov'd you so entirely
 That if you have been one, my soul forgives you.

It is the King (most childish that he is,
 That takes what he hath given) that injures me :

135

He gave grace in the first draught of my fault,

And now restrains it : grace again I ask ;

Let him again vouchsafe it : send to him,

A post will soon return : the Queen of England

Told me that if the wilful Earl of Essex

140

Had us'd submission, and but ask'd her mercy,

She would have given it past resumption.

She like a gracious princess did desire

To pardon him, even as she pray'd to God

He would let down a pardon unto her ;

145

He yet was guilty, I am innocent :

He still refus'd grace, I importune it.

Chan. This ask'd in time, my lord, while he besought it,

And ere he had made his severity known,

Had with much joy to him, I know, been granted.

150

Byr. No, no, his bounty then was misery,

To offer when he knew 'twould be refus'd ;

He treads the vulgar path of all advantage,

And loves men for his vices, not for their virtues.

My service would have quicken'd gratitude

155

In his own death, had he been truly royal ;

It would have stirr'd the image of a king

Into perpetual motion to have stood

Near the conspiracy restrain'd at Mantes,

And in a danger, that had then the wolf

160

To fly upon his bosom, had I only held

Intelligence with the conspirators,

Who stuck at no check but my loyalty,
 Nor kept life in their hopes but in my death.
 The siege of Amiens would have soften'd rocks, 165
 Where, cover'd all in showers of shot and fire,
 I seem'd to all men's eyes a fighting flame
 With bullets cut in fashion of a man,
 A sacrifice to valour, impious king!
 Which he will needs extinguish with my blood. 170
 Let him beware: justice will fall from heaven
 In the same form I served in that siege,
 And by the light of that he shall discern
 What good my ill hath brought him; it will nothing
 Assure his state; the same quench he hath cast 175
 Upon my life, shall quite put out his fame.
 This day he loseth what he shall not find
 By all days he survives, so good a servant,
 Nor Spain so great a foe; with whom, alas!
 Because I treated am I put to death? 180
 'Tis but a politic gloze; my courage rais'd me,
 For the dear price of five and thirty scars,
 And that hath ruin'd me, I thank my stars.
 Come, I'll go where ye will, ye shall not lead me.

[Exit Byron]

Chan. I fear his frenzy; never saw I man 185
 Of such a spirit so amaz'd at death.

Har. He alters every minute: what a vapour
 The strongest mind is to a storm of crosses!

Exeunt

Manent Epernon, Soissons, Janin, the Vidame, D'Escures

Ep. Oh of what contraries consists a man!
 Of what impossible mixtures! Vice and virtue, 190
 Corruption, and eternnesse, at one time,
 And in one subject, let together loose!
 We have not any strength but weakens us,
 No greatness but doth crush us into air.
 Our knowledges do light us but to err, 195
 Our ornaments are burthens, our delights
 Are our tormenters, fiends that, rais'd in fears,
 At parting shake our roofs about our ears.

Sois. O Virtue, thou art now far worse than Fortune;
 Her gifts stuck by the Duke when thine are vanish'd, 200
 Thou brav'st thy friend in need: Necessity,

That used to keep thy wealth, Contempt, thy love,
Have both abandon'd thee in his extremes,
Thy powers are shadows, and thy comfort, dreams.

Vid. O real Goodness, if thou be a power, 205
And not a word alone, in human uses,
Appear out of this angry conflagration,
Where this great captain, thy late temple, burns,
And turn his vicious fury to thy flame
From all earth's hopes mere gilded with thy fame : 210
Let Piety enter with her willing cross,
And take him on it ; ope his breast and arms,
To all the storms Necessity can breathe,
And burst them all with his embraced death.

Jan. Yet are the civil tumults of his spirits 215
Hot and outrageous : not resolv'd, alas,
(Being but one man [under] the kingdom's doom)
He doubts, storms, threatens, rues, complains, implores ;
Grief hath brought all his forces to his looks,
And nought is left to strengthen him within, 220
Nor lasts one habit of those griev'd aspects ;
Blood expels paleness, paleness blood doth chase,
And sorrow errs through all forms in his face.

D'Es. So furious is he, that the politic law
Is much to seek, how to enact her sentence : 225
Authority back'd with arms, though he unarm'd,
Abhors his fury, and with doubtful eyes
Views on what ground it should sustain his ruins ;
And as a savage boar that (hunted long,
Assail'd and set up) with his only eyes 230
Swimming in fire, keeps off the baying hounds,
Though sunk himself, yet holds his anger up,
And snows it forth in foam ; holds firm his stand,
Of battailous bristles ; feeds his hate to die,
And whets his tusks with wrathful majesty : 235
So fares the furious Duke, and with his looks
Doth teach Death horrors ; makes the hangman learn
New habits for his bloody impudence,
Which now habitual horror from him drives,
Who for his life shuns death, by which he lives. 240

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENA IV

*The Courtyard of the Bastile. A Scaffold]**Enter* Chancellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry, [Prâlin]

Vit. Will not your lordship have the Duke distinguish'd
 From other prisoners, where the order is
 To give up men condemn'd into the hands
 Of th' executioner? He would be the death
 Of him that he should die by, ere he suffer'd
 Such an abjection. 5

Chan. But to bind his hands
 I hold it passing needful.

Har. 'Tis my lord,
 And very dangerous to bring him loose.

Prâ. You will in all despair and fury plunge him,
 If you but offer it. 10

Pot. My lord, by this
 The prisoner's spirit is something pacified,
 And 'tis a fear that th' offer of those bands
 Would breed fresh furies in him and disturb
 The entry of his soul into her peace.

Chan. I would not that, for any possible danger
 That can be wrought by his unarmed hands,
 And therefore in his own form bring him in. 15

Enter Byron, a Bishop or two, with all the guards, soldiers with
muskets

Byr. Where shall this weight fall? On what region
 Must this declining prominent pour his load?
 I'll break my blood's high billows 'gainst my stars. 20
 Before this hill be shook into a flat,
 All France shall feel an earthquake; with what murmur,
 This world shrinks into chaos!

[*Bishop.*] Good, my lord,
 Forego it willingly; and now resign
 Your sensual powers entirely to your soul. 25

Byr. Horror of death! Let me alone in peace.
 And leave my soul to me, whom it concerns;
 You have no charge of it; I feel her free:
 How she doth rouse and like a falcon stretch
 Her silver wings, as threatening Death with death; 30
 At whom I joyfully will cast her off.

I know this body but a sink of folly,
 The ground-work and rais'd frame of woe and frailty,
 The bond and bundle of corruption,
 A quick corse, only sensible of grief, 35
 A walking sepulchre, or household thief,
 A glass of air, broken with less than breath,
 A slave bound face to face to Death till death :
 And what said all you more ? I know, besides,
 That life is but a dark and stormy night 40
 Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken sleeps ;
 A tyranny, devising pains to plague
 And make man long in dying, racks his death ;
 And Death is nothing ; what can you say more ?
 I [being] a [large] globe, and a little earth, 45
 Am seated like earth, betwixt both the heavens,
 That if I rise, to heaven I rise ; if fall,
 I likewise fall to heaven ; what stronger faith
 Hath any of your souls ? What say you more ?
 Why lose I time in these things ? Talk of knowledge ! 50
 It serves for inward use. I will not die
 Like to a clergyman ; but like the captain
 That pray'd on horseback, and with sword in hand,
 Threaten'd the sun, commanding it to stand ;
 These are but ropes of sand.
Chan. Desire you then 55
 To speak with any man ?
Byr. I would speak with La Force and Saint Blancart.
 [*Vit.* They are not in the city.]
Byr. Do they fly me ?
 Where is Prevost, Controller of my house ?
Prá. Gone to his house i' th' country three days since. 60
Byr. He should have stay'd here ; he keeps all my blanks.
 Oh all the world forsakes me ! Wretched world,
 Consisting most of parts that fly each other,
 A firmness breeding all inconstancy,
 A bond of all disjunction ; like a man 65
 Long buried, is a man that long hath liv'd ;
 Touch him, he falls to ashes : for one fault,
 I forfeit all the fashion of a man.
 Why should I keep my soul in this dark light,
 Whose black beams lighted me to lose my self ? 70
 When I have lost my arms, my fame, my mind,
 Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and even my fury ?

O happy were the man could live alone,
To know no man, nor be of any known !

Har. My lord, it is the manner once again
To read the sentence.

75

Byr. Yet more sentences ?
How often will ye make me suffer death,
As ye were proud to hear your powerful dooms !
I know and feel you were the men that gave it,
And die most cruelly to hear so often
My crimes and bitter condemnation urg'd !
Suffice it I am brought here and obey,
And that all here are privy to the crimes.

80

Chan. It must be read, my lord, no remedy.

Byr. Read, if it must be, then, and I must talk.

85

Har. [*reads the sentence*] '*The process being extraordinarily
made and examined by the Court and Chambers assembled——*'

Byr. Condemn'd for depositions of a witch,
The common deposition, and her whore
To all whorish perjuries and treacheries !
Sure he call'd up the devil in my spirits,
And made him to usurp my faculties :
Shall I be cast away now he's cast out ?
What justice is in this ? Dear countrymen,
Take this true evidence betwixt heaven and you,
And quit me in your hearts.

90

95

Chan. Go on.

Har. [*reading*] '*Against Charles Gontaut of Byron, Knight
of both the Orders, Duke of Byron, Peer and Marshal of France,
Governor of Burgundy, accused of treason, a sentence was given
the twenty-second of this month, condemning the said Duke of
Byron of high treason, for his direct conspiracies against the
King's person, enterprises against his state——*'

100

Byr. That is most false ! Let me for ever be
Depriv'd of heaven, as I shall be of earth,
If it be true ; know, worthy countrymen,
These two and twenty months I have been clear
Of all attempts against the King and state.

105

Har. [*reading*] '*Treaties and treacheries with his enemies,
being Marshal of the King's army ; for reparation of which
crimes they deprived him of all his estates, honours, and dignities,
and condemned him to lose his head upon a scaffold at the
Grève——*'

110

Byr. The Grève ? Had that place stood for my dispatch

I had not yielded ; all your forces should not
 Stir me one foot, wild horses should have drawn 115
 My body piecemeal ere you all had brought me.

Har. [reading] ' *Declaring all his goods, moveable and im-
 moveable, whatsoever, to be confiscate to the King ; the Seigneury
 of Byron to lose the title of Duchy and Peer for ever* '.

Byr. Now is your form contented ?

Chan. Ay, my lord, 120

And I must now entreat you to deliver
 Your order up ; the King demands it of you.

Byr. And I restore it, with my vow of safety
 In that world where both he and I are one,
 I never brake the oath I took to take it. 125

Chan. Well, now, my lord, we'll take our latest leaves,
 Beseeching Heaven to take as clear from you
 All sense of torment in your willing death,
 All love and thought of what you must leave here,
 As when you shall aspire heaven's highest sphere. 130

Byr. Thanks to your lordship, and let me pray too
 That you will hold good censure of my life,
 By the clear witness of my soul in death,
 That I have never pass'd act gainst the King ;
 Which, if my faith had let me undertake, 135
 [He] had been three years since amongst the dead.

Har. Your soul shall find his safety in her own.
 Call the executioner ! [*Exeunt the Chancellor and Harlay.*]

Byr. Good sir, I pray
 Go after and beseech the Chancellor
 That he will let my body be interr'd 140
 Amongst my predecessors at Byron.

D'Es. I go, my lord. *Exit*

Byr. Go, go ! Can all go thus,
 And no man come with comfort ? Farewell, world !
 He is at no end of his actions blest
 Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best ; 145
 They tread no ground, but ride in air on storms
 That follow state, and hunt their empty forms ;
 Who see not that the valleys of the world
 Make even right with the mountains, that they grow
 Green and lie warmer, and ever peaceful are, 150
 When clouds spit fire at hills and burn them bare ;

Not valleys' part, but we should imitate streams,
 That run below the valleys and do yield
 To every molehill, every bank embrace
 That checks their currents, and when torrents come, 155
 That swell and raise them past their natural height,
 How mad they are, and troubled! Like low [streams]
 With torrents crown'd, are men with diadems.

Vit. My lord, 'tis late; will't please you to go up?

Byr. Up? 'Tis a fair preferment—ha, ha, ha! 160
 There should go shouts to upshots; not a breath
 Of any mercy yet? Come, since we must;

[*He mounts the scaffold*]

[*Enter the Hangman*]

Who's this?

Prd. The executioner, my lord.

Byr. Death, slave, down, or by the blood that moves
 me

I'll pluck thy throat out! Go, I'll call you straight. 165
 Hold, boy, and this!

[*Casting his handkerchief and doublet to a boy*]

Hangman. Soft, boy, I'll bar you that!

Byr. Take this, then; yet, I pray thee that again.
 I do not joy in sight of such a pageant
 As presents Death; though this life have a curse,
 'Tis better than another that is worse. 170

[*He blindfolds his own eyes*]

[*Bishop.*] My lord, now you are blind to this world's sight,
 Look upward to a world of endless light.

Byr. Ay, ay, you talk of upward still to others,
 And downwards look with headlong eyes yourselves.
 Now come you up, sir; [*To the Executioner*] but not touch
 me yet; 175

Where shall I be now?

Hangman. Here, my lord!

Byr. Where's that?

Hangman. There, there, my lord!

Byr. And where, slave, is that there?
 Thou seest I see not, yet speak['st] as I saw,
 Well, now is't fit?

Hangman. Kneel, I beseech your Grace,
 That I may do mine office with most order. 180

Byr. Do it, and if at one blow thou art short,

Give one and thirty, I'll endure them all.

Hold, stay a little ! Comes there yet no mercy ?

High Heaven curse these exemplary proceedings,

When justice fails, they sacrifice our example.

185

Hangman. Let me beseech you I may cut your hair.

Byr. Out, ugly image of my cruel justice !

Yet wilt thou be before me ? Stay my will,

Or, by the will of Heaven, I'll strangle thee !

Vit. My lord, you make too much of this your body.

190

Which is no more your own.

Byr.

Nor is it yours ;

I'll take my death with all the horrid rites

And representments of the dread it merits ;

Let tame nobility and numbed fools

That apprehend not what they undergo,

195

Be such exemplary and formal sheep.

I will not have him touch me till I will ;

If you will needs rack me beyond my reason,

Hell take me but I'll strangle half that's here,

And force the rest to kill me ! I'll leap down.

200

If but once more they tempt me to despair.

You wish my quiet, yet give cause of fury :

Think you to set rude winds upon the sea,

Yet keep it calm, or cast me in a sleep

With shaking of my chains about mine ears ?

205

O honest soldiers, [*To the Guard*] you have seen me free

From any care of many thousand deaths,

Yet of this one the manner doth amaze me.

View, view this wounded bosom ! How much bound

Should that man make me that would shoot it through.

210

Is it not pity I should lose my life

By such a bloody and infamous stroke ?

Soldier. Now by thy spirit, and thy better Angel,

If thou wert clear, the continent of France

Would shrink beneath the burthen of thy death

215

Ere it would bear it.

Vit.

Who's that ?

Soldier.

I say well,

And clear your justice : here is no ground shrinks ;

If he were clear it would ; and I say more,

Clear, or not clear, if he with all his foulness

Stood here in one scale, and the King's chief minion

220

Stood in another place ; put here a pardon,

Here lay a royal gift, this, this, in merit
Should hoise the other minion into air.

Vit. Hence with that frantic!

Byr.

This is some poor witness

That my desert might have outweigh'd my forfeit : 225

But danger haunts desert when he is greatest ;

His hearty ills are prov'd out of his glances,

And kings' suspicions needs no balances ;

So here's a most decretal end of me :

Which, I desire, in me may end my wrongs. 230

Commend my love, I charge you, to my brothers,

And by my love and misery command them

To keep their faiths that bind them to the King,

And prove no stomachers of my misfortunes,

Nor come to Court till time hath eaten out 235

The blots and scars of my opprobrious death ;

And tell the Earl, my dear friend of D'Auvergne,

That my death utterly were free from grief

But for the sad loss of his worthy friendship ;

And if I had been made for longer life 240

I would have more deserv'd him in my service,

Beseeching him to know I have not us'd

One word in my arraignment that might touch him ;

Had I no other want than so ill meaning.

And so farewell for ever! Never more 245

Shall any hope of my revival see me ;

Such is the endless exile of dead men.

Summer succeeds the Spring ; Autumn the Summer ;

The frosts of Winter the fall'n leaves of Autumn :

All these and all fruits in them yearly fade, 250

And every year return : but cursed man

Shall never more renew his vanish'd face.

Fall on your knees then, statists, ere ye fall,

That you may rise again : knees bent too late,

Stick you in earth like statues : see in me 255

How you are pour'd down from your clearest heavens ;

Fall lower yet, mix'd with th' unmoved centre,

That your own shadows may no longer mock ye.

Strike, strike, O strike ; fly, fly, commanding soul,

And on thy wings for this thy body's breath, 260

Bear the eternal victory of Death!

FINIS

THE TRAGEDY OF CHABOT
ADMIRAL OF FRANCE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Francis I, <i>King of France</i>	<i>A Notary</i>
Philip Chabot, <i>Admiral of France</i>	<i>The Father-in-law of Chabot</i>
Montmorency, <i>Lord High Constable</i>	<i>Asall, a gentleman-in-waiting</i>
Poyet, <i>Lord Chancellor</i>	<i>Allegre, a servant of Chabot</i>
<i>The Treasurer</i>	<i>A Courtier</i>
<i>The Secretary</i>	<i>The Captain of the Guard</i>
<i>The Proctor-General, or Advocate</i>	<i>Officers, Ushers, Guards, Petitioners, and Courtiers</i>
<i>Two Judges</i>	<i>The Queen</i>
	<i>The Wife of Chabot</i>

The Tragedy of Chabot Admiral of France

ACTUS PRIMUS

[SCENA I

A Room in the Court]

Enter Asall and Allegre

As. Now Philip Chabot, Admiral of France,
The great and only famous favourite
To Francis, first of that imperial name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory
(Duke Montmorency, Constable of France) 5
Who drinks as deep as he of the stream royal,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the other's fall.

Al. The world would wish it so, that will not patiently
Endure the due rise of a virtuous man. 10

As. If he be virtuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not? Why is he lost
To th' general opinion, and become
Rather their hate than love?

Al. I wonder you
Will question it; ask a ground or reason 15
Of men bred in this vile, degenerate age!
The most men are not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow what's honest;
'Tis an offence enough to be exalted
To regal favours; great men are not safe 20
In their own vice where good men by the hand
Of kings are planted to survey their workings.
What man was ever fix'd i' th' sphere of honour,
And precious to his sovereign, whose actions,
Nay, very soul, was not expos'd to every 25
Common and base dissection? And not only
That which in Nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is privileg'd by name of frailty,

But even virtues are made crimes, and doom'd
To th' fate of treason.

As. A bad age the while ! 30
I ask your pardon, sir, but thinks your judgment
His love to justice and corruption's hate
Are true and hearty ?

Al. Judge yourself, by this
One argument, his hearty truth to all ;
For in the heart hath anger his wisest seat, 35
And gainst unjust suits such brave anger fires him
That when they seek to pass his place and power,
(Though mov'd and urg'd by the other minion,
Or by his greatest friends, and even the King
Lead them to his allowance with his hand, 40
First given in bill assign'd) even then his spirit,
In nature calm as any summer's evening,
Puts up his whole powers like a winter's sea,
His blood boils over, and his heart even cracks
At the injustice, and he tears the bill, 45
And would do, were he for't to be torn in pieces.

As. 'Tis brave, I swear !

Al. Nay, it is worth your wonder,
That I must tell you further, there's no needle
In a sun-dial, plac'd upon his steel
In such a tender posture that doth tremble, 50
The timely dial being held amiss,
And will shake ever till you hold it right,
More tender than himself in anything
That he concludes in justice for the state :
For, as a fever held him, he will shake 55
When he is signing any things of weight,
Lest human frailty should misguide his justice.

As. You have declar'd him a most noble justicer.

Al. He truly weighs and feels, sir, what a charge
The subjects' livings are (being even their lives 60
Laid on the hand of power), which abus'd,
Though seen blood flow not from the justice-seat,
'Tis in true sense as grievous and horrid.

As. It argues nothing less ; but since your lord
Is diversely reported for his parts, 65
What's your true censure of his general worth,
Virtue, and judgment ?

Al. As of a picture wrought to optic reason,

- That to all passers-by seems, as they move,
 Now woman, now a monster, now a devil, 70
 And till you stand and in a right line view it,
 You cannot well judge what the main form is :
 So men, that view him but in vulgar passes,
 Casting but lateral or partial glances
 At what he is, suppose him weak, unjust, 75
 Bloody, and monstrous ; but stand free and fast
 And judge him by no more than what you know
 Ingenuously and by the right laid line
 Of truth, he truly will all styles deserve
 Of wise, just, good ; a man, both soul and nerve. 80
- As.* Sir, I must join in just belief with you ;
 But what's his rival, the Lord High Constable ?
- Al.* As just, and well inclin'd, when he's himself
 (Not wrought on with the counsels and opinions
 Of other men), and the main difference is, 85
 The Admiral is not flexible, nor won
 To move one scruple, when he comprehends
 The honest tract and justness of a cause :
 The Constable explores not so sincerely
 The course he runs, but takes the mind of others 90
 (By name judicial), for what his own
 Judgment and knowledge should conclude.
- As.* A fault,
 In my apprehension : another's knowledge
 Applied to my instruction cannot equal
 My own soul's knowledge how to inform acts ; 95
 The sun's rich radiance, shot through waves most fair,
 Is but a shadow to his beams i' th' air ;
 His beams, that in the air we so admire,
 Is but a darkness to his flame in fire ;
 In fire his fervour but as vapour flies, 100
 To what his own pure bosom rarefies :
 And the Almighty Wisdom, having given
 Each man within himself an apter light
 To guide his acts than any light without him
 (Creating nothing not in all things equal) 105
 It seems a fault in any that depend
 On others' knowledge, and exile their own.
- Al.* 'Tis nobly argued and exemplified ;
 But now I hear my lord and his young rival
 Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light 110

May serve to guide them both.

As. I wish it may, the King being made first mover
To form their reconcilment and inflame it
With all the sweetness of his praise and honour.

Al. See, 'tis dispatch'd, I hope ; the King doth grace it. 115

*Loud Music, and enter Ushers before the Secretary, Treasurer,
Chancellor ; Admiral, Constable, hand in hand ; the
King following, others attend.*

King. This doth express the noblest fruit of peace.

Chan. Which, when the great begin, the humble end
In joyful imitation, all combining

A Gordian beyond the Phrygian knot,
Past wit to loose it, or the sword ; be still so. 120

Treas. 'Tis certain, sir, by concord least things grow
Most great and flourishing like trees, that wrap
Their forehead in the skies ; may these do so !

King You hear, my lord, all that is spoke contends
To celebrate with pious vote the atonement 125
So lately and so nobly made between you.

Chab. Which for itself sir, [I] resolve to keep
Pure and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirm it but my own
Love and allegiance to your sacred counsel. 130

King. 'Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health ;
Stand you firm on that sweet simplicity ? [*To the Constable*]

Mont. Past all earth policy that would infringe it !

King. 'Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.—

Enter one that whispers with the Admiral

And what moves this close message, Philip ?

Chab. My wife's 135
Father, sir, is closely come to court.

King. Is he come to the court, whose aversation
So much affects him that he shuns and flies it ?
What's the strange reason that he will not rise
Above the middle region he was born in ? 140

Chab. He saith, sir, 'tis because the extreme of height
Makes a man less seem to the imperfect eye
Than he is truly, his acts envied more ;
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so
His being just stand firm 'twixt heaven and him, 45

Yet since in his soul's jealousy he fears
 That he himself advanc'd would under-value
 Men plac'd beneath him and their business with him,
 Since height of place oft dazzles height of judgment,
 He takes his top-sail down in such rough storms, 150
 And apts his sails to airs more temperate.

King. A most wise soul he has. How long shall kings
 Raise men that are not wise till they be high?
 You have our leave; but tell him, Philip, we
 Would have him nearer.

Mont. Your desires attend you! 155
 [Exit Chabot]

Enter another

King. We know from whence you come; say to the
 Queen,
 We were coming to her. 'Tis a day of love,
 And she seals all perfection.

Exit [the King with Attendants]

Treas. My lord,

We must beseech your stay.

Mont. My stay?

Chan. Our counsels

Have led you thus far to your reconciliation, 160

And must remember you to observe the end
 At which, in plain, I told you then we aim'd at:

You know we all urg'd the atonement, rather
 To enforce the broader difference between you
 Than to conclude your friendship; which wise men 165

Know to be fashionable and privileg'd policy,
 And will succeed betwixt you and the Admiral,
 As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
 A suit now to the King with all our hands, 170

Which will so much increase his precise justice
 That, weighing not circumstances of politic state,
 He will instantly oppose it and complain
 And urge in passion what the King will sooner
 Punish than yield to; and so render you,
 In the King's frown on him, the only darling 175
 And mediate power of France.

Mont. My good Lord Chancellor,
 Shall I, so late aton'd, and by the King's
 Heartly and earnest motion, fall in pieces?

Chan. 'Tis he, not you, that break.

Treas.

Ha' not you patience

To let him burn himself in the King's flame ?

180

Chan. Come, be not, sir, infected with a spice
Of that too servile equity, that renders
Men free-born slaves and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know, my lord, that even in nature
A man is *animal politicum* ;

185

So that when he informs his actions simply,
He does i[t] both gainst policy and nature :
And therefore our soul motion is affirm'd
To be, like heavenly natures', circular ;
And circles being call'd ambitious lines,
We must, like them, become ambitious ever,
And endless in our circumventions ;
No tough hides limiting our cheverel minds.

190

Treas. 'Tis learnedly, and past all answer, argued ;
Y're great, and must grow greater still, and greater,
And not be like a dull and standing lake,
That settles, putrefies, and chokes with mud ;
But, like a river gushing from the head,
That winds through the under-vales, what checks o'erflowing,
Gets strength still of his course,
Till, with the ocean meeting, even with him
In sway and title his brave billows move.

195

200

Mont. You speak a rare affection and high souls ;
But give me leave, great lords, still my just thanks
Remember'd to your counsels and direction,
I[n] seeking this way to confirm myself
I undermine the columns that support

205

My hopeful, glorious fortune, and at once
Provoke the tempest, though did drown my envy.
With what assurance shall the King expect
My faith to him that break it for another ?

210

He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
Forfeits my trust with him, whose narrow sight
Will penetrate through all our mists, could we
Veil our design with clouds blacker than night ;
But grant this danger over, with what justice,
Or satisfaction to the inward judge,

215

Shall I be guilty of this good man's ruin ?

Though I may still the murmuring tongues without me,
Loud conscience has a voice to sh[u]dder greatness.

220

Sec. A name to fright, and terrify young statists.

There is necessity, my lord, that you

Must lose your light, if you eclipse not him ;

Two stars so lucid cannot shine at once

In such a firmament, and better you

225

Extinguish his fires than be made his fuel,

And in your ashes give his flame a trophy.

Chan. My lord, the league that you have vow'd of friendship,

In a true understanding not confines you,

But makes you boundless ; turn not edge at such

230

A liberty, but look to your own fortune ;

Secure your honour : a precisian

In state is a ridiculous miracle ;

Friendship is but a visor, beneath which

A wise man laughs to see whole families

235

Ruin'd, upon whose miserable pile

He mounts to glory. Sir, you must resolve

To use any advantage.

Mont.

Misery

Of rising statesmen ! I must on ; I see

That gainst the politic and privileg'd fashion,

240

All justice tastes but affectation.

Chan. Why so ! We shall do good on him i' th' end.

Exeunt

[SCENA II

Another Room in the Court]

Enter Father and the Admiral

Chab. You are most welcome.

Fath.

I wish your lordship's safety :

Which whilst I pray for, I must not forget

To urge again the ways to fix you where

No danger has access to threaten you.

Chab. Still your old argument ; I owe your love for't.

5

Fath. But, fortified with new and pregnant reasons,

That you should leave the court.

Chab.

I dare not, sir.

Fath. You dare be undone, then.

Chab.

I should be ingrateful

To such a master, as no subject boasted,

To leave his service[s] when they exact 10
My chiefest duty and attendance, sir.

Fath. Would thou wert less, degraded from thy titles
And swelling offices that will, i' th' end,
Engulf thee past a rescue ! I had not come
So far to trouble you at this time, but that 15
I do not like the loud tongues o' the world,
That say the King has ta'en another favourite,
The Constable, a gay man, and a great,
With a huge train of faction too ; the Queen,
Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and 20
An army of state warriors, whose discipline
Is sure, and subtle to confusion.
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calm.

Chab. Report has not abus'd you, sir.

Fath. It has not !
And you are pleas'd ? Then you do mean to mix 25
With unjust courses, the great Constable
And you combining that no suit may pass
One of the grapples of your either's rape.
I that abhorr'd, must I now entertain
A thought that your so straight and simple custom 30
To render justice and the common good,
Should now be patch'd with policy, and wrested
From the ingenuous step you took, and hang
Upon the shoulders of your enemy,
To bear you out in what you shame to act ? 35

Chab. Sir, we both are reconciled.

Fath. It follows, then, that both the acts must bear
Like reconciliation ; and if he will now
Malign and malice you for crossing him
Or any of his faction in their suits, 40
Being now aton'd, you must be one in all,
One in corruption ; and 'twixt you two millstones,
New pick'd, and put together, must the grain
Of good men's needful means to live be ground
Into your choking superfluities ; 45
You both too rich, they ruin'd.

Chab. I conceive, sir,
We both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes
Even with our places in our Sovereign's favour,
Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of law and justice, and approve 50

Our actions white and innocent.

Fath.

I doubt it ;

Whi[t]e in forc'd show, perhaps, which will, I fear,
Prove in true substance but a miller's whiteness,
More sticking in your clothes than conscience.

Chab. Your censure herein tastes some passion, sir ; 55

And I beseech you nourish better thoughts
Than to imagine that the King's mere grace
Sustains such prejudice by those it honours,
That of necessity we must pervert it
With passionate enemies, and ambitio[n]s boundless, 60
Avarice, and every licence incident

To fortunate greatness, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.

Fath. As if the total sum of favourites' frailties
Affected not the full rule of their kings 65

In their own partially dispos'd ambitions,
And that kings do no hazard infinitely
In their free realities of rights and honours.

Where they leave much for favourites' powers to order.

Chab. But we have such a master of our King, 70

In the imperial art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policy ties
A criage to it, to contain it still ;
And for the reconciliation of us, sir,
Never were two in favour that were more 75

One in all love of justice and true honour,
Though in the act and prosecution
Perhaps we differ. Howsoever yet,
One beam us both creating, what should let
That both our souls should both one mettle bear, 80
And that one stamp, one word, one character ?

Fath. I could almost be won to be a courtier ;
There's something more in's composition
Than ever yet was favourite's.—

Enter a Courtier

What's he ?

Court. I bring your lordship a sign'd bill, to have 85
The addition of your honour'd hand ; the Council
Have all before subscrib'd, and full prepar'd it.

Chab. It seems then they have weigh'd the importance
of it,

And know the grant is just.

Court. No doubt, my lord ;
Or else they take therein the Constable's word, 90
It being his suit, and his power having wrought
The King already to appose his hand.

Chab. I do not like his working of the King,
For, if it be a suit made known to him
And fit to pass, he wrought himself to it ; 95
However, my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'll know, and censure it myself.

Court. [*aside*]. [*Até,*] if thou beest goddess of contention,
That Jove took by the hair and hurl'd from heaven,
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill 100
Thy firebrand make to turn his love, thus tempted,
Into a hate as horrid as thy furies.

Chab. Does this bear title of his lordship's suit ?

Court. It does, my lord, and therefore he beseech'd
The rather your dispatch. 105

Chab. No thought the rather !
But now the rather all powers against it,
The suit being most unjust, and he pretending
In all his actions justice, on the sudden
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile ; and if the King himself 110
Should own and urge it, I would stay and cross it ;
For 'tis within the free power of my office,
And I should strain his kingdom if I pass'd it.
I see their poor attempts and giddy malice ;
Is this the reconciliation that so lately 115
He vow'd in sacred witness of the King ?
Assuring me he never more would offer
To pass a suit unjust, which I well know
This is above all, and have often been urg'd
To give it passage.—Be you, sir, the judge. 120

Fath. I wo' not meddle
With anything of state, you knew long since.

Chab. Yet you may hear it, sir.

Fath. You wo' not urge
My opinion, then ? Go to !

Chab. An honest merchant,
Presuming on our league of France with Spain, 125
Brought into Spain a wealthy ship to vent
Her fit commodities to serve the country,
Which, in the place of suffering their sale,

Were seiz'd to recompense a Spanish ship
 Priz'd by a Frenchman ere the league was made. 130
 No suits, no letters of our King's could gain
 Our merchant's first right in it ; but his letters
 Unreverently receiv'd, the King's self scandal,
 Beside the league's breach and the foul injustice
 Done to our honest merchant, who endur'd all, 135
 Till some small time since, (authoriz'd by our Council,
 Though not in open court,) he made a ship out,
 And took a Spaniard ; brings all home, and sues
 To gain his full prov'd loss, full recompense
 Of his just prize : his prize is stay'd and seiz'd 140
 Yet for the King's disposure ; and the Spaniard
 Makes suit to be restor'd her, which this bill
 Would fain get granted, feigning, as they hop'd,
 With my allowance, and way given to make
 Our countryman's in Spain their absolute prize. 145

Fath. 'Twere absolute injustice.

Chab. Should I pass it ?

Fath. Pass life and state before !

Chab. If this would seem

His lordship's suit, his love to me and justice
 Including plots upon me, while my simpleness
 Is seriously vow'd to reconciliation, 150
 Love him, good vulgars, and abhor me still ;
 For if I court your flattery with my crimes,
 Heaven's love before me fly, till in my tomb
 I stick, pursuing it ; and for this bill,
 Thus, say, 'twas shiver'd ; bless us, equal Heaven ! *Exit* 155

Fath. This could I cherish now, above his loss.—

You may report as much, the bill discharg'd, sir. *Exeunt*

ACTUS SECUNDUS

[SCENA I

A Room in the Court]

Enter King and Queen, Secretary with the torn bill

King. Is it e'en so ?

Queen. Good heaven, how tame you are !

Do Kings of France reward foul traitors thus ?

King. No traitor, y'are too loud, Chabot's no traitor ;

He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicity of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves. Come, be you patient. 5

Queen. Can you be so, and see yourself thus torn ?

King. Ourselves ?

Queen. [*Showing the torn bill.*] There is some left, if you
dare own

Your royal character ; is not this your name ?

King. 'Tis Francis, I confess.

Queen. Be but a name, 10

If this stain live upon't, affronted by
Your subject. Shall the sacred name of King,
A word to make your nation bow and tremble,
Be thus profan'd ? Are laws establish'd
To punish the defacers of your image 15
But dully set by the rude hand of others
Upon your coin, and shall the character
That doth include the blessing of all France,
Your name, thus written by your royal hand,
Design'd for justice and your kingdom's honour, 20
Not call up equal anger to reward it ?
Your Counsellors of state contemn'd and slighted,
As in [his] brain [were] circumscrib'd all wisdom
And policy of empire, and your power
Subordinate and subject to his passion. 25

King. Come, it concerns you not.

Queen. Is this the consequence
Of an atonement made so lately between
The hopeful Montmorency and his lordship,
Urge[d] by yourself with such a precious sanction ?
Come, he that dares do this, wants not a heart, 30
But opportunity—

King. To do what ?

Queen. To tear
Your crown off.

King. Come, your language doth taste more
Of rage and womanish flame, than solid reason,
Against the Admiral. What commands of yours,
Not to your expectation obey'd 35
By him, is ground of your so keen displeasure ?

Queen. Commands of mine ? He is too great and powerful
To stoop to my employment, a Colossus,
And can stride from one province to another

By the assistance of those offices 40
 You have most confidently impos'd upon him.
 'Tis he, not you, take up the people's eyes
 And admiration, while his princely wife—
King. Nay, then I reach the spring of your distaste ;
 He has a wife—

Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and whisper with the King

Queen. [*Aside*] Whom for her pride I love not ; 45
 And I but in her husband's ruin can
 Triumph o'er her greatness.

King. [*To Chancellor*] Well, well ; I'll think on't. *Exit*

Chan. He begins to incline.

Madam, you are the soul of our great work.

Queen. I'll follow, and employ my powers upon him. 50

Treas. We are confident you will prevail at last,

And for the pious work oblige the King to you.

Chan. And us your humblest creatures.

Queen. Press no further. *Exit Queen*

Chan. Let's seek out my lord Constable.

Treas. And inflame him—

Chan. To expostulate with Chabot ; something may 55

Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him.

Exeunt

[SCENA II

Another Room in the Court]

Enter Father and Allegre

Fath. How sorts the business ? How took the King
 The tearing of his bill ?

Al. Exceeding well,

And seem'd to smile at all their grim complaints

Gainst all that outrage to his Highness' hand,

And said, in plain, he sign'd it but to try

My lord's firm justice. 5

Fath. What a sweet king 'tis !

Al. But how his rival, the Lord Constable,

Is labour'd by the Chancellor and others to retort

His wrong with ten parts more upon my lord,

Is monstrous.

Fath. Need he their spurs ?

Al. Ay, sir, for he's afraid
To bear himself too boldly in his braves
Upon the King, being newly enter'd minion,
(Since 'tis but patience sometime [he] think[s]
Because, the favour spending in two streams, 15
One must run low at length) till when he dare
Take fire in such flame as his faction wishes ;
But with wise fear contains himself, and so,
Like a green faggot in his kindling, smokes ;
And where the Chancellor, his chief Cyclops, finds 20
The fire within him apt to take, he blows,
And then the faggot flames as never more
The bellows needed, till the too soft greenness
Of his state habit shows his sap still flows
Above the solid timber, with which, then, 25
His blaze shrinks head, he cools, and smokes again.

Fath. Good man he would be, would the bad not spoil him.

Al. True, sir ; but they still ply him with their arts ;
And, as I heard, have wrought him, personally
To question my lord with all the bitterness 30
The galls of all their faction can pour in ;
And such an expectation hangs upon't,
Th[r]ough all the Court, as 'twere with child and long'd
To make a mirror of my lord's clear blood,
And therein see the full ebb of his flood ; 35
And therefore, if you please to counsel him,
You shall perform a father's part.

Fath. Nay, since
He's gone so far, I would not have him fear,
But dare 'em ; and yet I'll not meddle in't.

Enter Admiral

He's here ; if he have wit to like his cause, 40
His spirit wo' not be asham'd to die in't. *Exit*

Al. My lord, retire ; y'are waylaid in your walks ;
Your friends are all fallen from you ; all your servants,
Suborn'd by all advantage to report
Each word you whisper out, and to serve you 45
With hat and knee, while others have their hearts.

Chab. Much profit may my foes make of such servants !
I love no enemy I have so well,
To take so ill a bargain from his hands.

Al. Their other odds yet shun, all being combin'd, 50
And lodg'd in ambush, arriv'd to do you mischief
By any means, past fear of law or sovereign.

Chab. I walk no desert, yet go arm'd with that
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue
Rather than offer any force to hurt me— 55
My innocence, which is a conquering justice
A[nd] wears a shield that both defends and fights.

Al. One against all the world !

Chab. The more the odds,
The less the conquest ; or, if all the world
Be thought an army fit to employ gainst one, 60
That one is argued fit to fight gainst all :
If I fall under them, this breast shall bear
Their heap digested in my sepulchre.
Death is the life of good men : let 'em come.

Enter Constable, Chancellor, Treasurer, and Secretary

Mont. I thought, my lord, our reconciliation perfect. 65
You have express'd what sea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.

Chab. Dare you confess the sending of that bill ?

Mont. Dare ? Why not ?

Chab. Because it brake your oath
Made in our reconciliation, and betrays 70
The honour and the chief life of the King,
Which is his justice.

Mont. Betrays ?

Chab. No less, and that I'll prove to him.

Omnes. You cannot !

Treas. I would not wish you offer at an action 75
So most impossibly, and much against
The judgment and the favour of the King.

Chab. His judgment nor his favour I respect,
So I preserve his justice.

Chan. 'Tis not justice,
Which I'll prove by law, and absolute learning. 80

Chab. All your great law and learning are but words,
When I plead plainly naked truth and deeds,
Which, though you seek to fray with state and glory,
I'll shoot a shaft at all your globe of light ;
If lightning split it, yet 'twas high and right.

Exit 85

Mont. Brave resolution ! So his acts be just,
He cares for gain no[r] honour.

Chan. How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gain ?

Treas. Well said, my lord !

Sec. Answer but only that.

Mont. By doing justice still in all his actions. 90

Sec. But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,
And think your own course fitter far than his ?

Mont. I will. *Exit*

Chan. He cools, we must not leave him ; we have no 95
Such engine to remove the Admiral. *Exeunt*

[SCENA III

Another Room in the Court]

Enter King and the Admiral

King. I prithee, Philip, be not so severe
To him I favour ; 'tis an argument
That may serve one day to avail yourself,
Nor does it square with your so gentle nature,
To give such fires of envy to your blood ; 5
For howsoever out of love to justice
Your jealousy of that doth so incense you,
Yet they that censure it will say 'tis envy.

Chab. I serve not you for them but for yourself,
And that good in your rule that justice does you ; 10
And care not this what others say, so you
Please but to do me right for what you know.

King. You will not do yourself right. Why should I
Exceed you to yourself ?

Chab. Myself am nothing,
Compar'd to what I seek ; 'tis justice only, 15
The fount and flood both of your strength and kingdom's.

King. But who knows not that extreme justice is
(By all rul'd laws) the extreme of injury,
And must to you be so ; the persons that
Your passionate heat calls into question 20
Are great and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kind, and dignities of fortune ;

And I advanc'd you not to heap on you
 Honours and fortunes, that, by strong hand now
 Held up and over you, when heaven takes off 25
 That powerful hand, should thunder on your head,
 And after you crush your surviving seeds.

Chab. Sir, your regards to both are great and sacred ;
 But, if the innocence and right that rais'd me
 And means for mine, can find no friend hereafter 30
 Of Him that ever lives, and ever seconds
 All kings' just bounties with defence and refuge
 In just men's races, let my fabric ruin,
 My stock want sap, my branches by the root
 Be torn to death, and swept with whirlwinds out. 35

King. For my love no relenting ?

Chab. No, my Liege,
 'Tis for your love and right that I stand out.

King. Be better yet advis'd.

Chab. I cannot, sir,
 Should any oracle become my counsel ;
 For that I stand not out thus of set will 40
 Or pride of any singular conceit,
 My enemies and the world may clearly know ;
 I taste no sweets to drown in others' gall,
 And to affect in that which makes me loathed,
 To leave myself and mine expos'd to all 45
 The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours
 And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
 That m[a]ny cares, and pains, and years have gather'd
 How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds,
 Unless my known health, felt in these forc'd issues, 50
 Were sound and fit ; and that I did not know
 By most true proofs that to become sincere
 With all men's hates doth far exceed their loves,
 To be, as they are, mixtures of corruption ;
 And that those envies that I see pursue me 55
 Of all true actions are the natural consequents
 Which being my object and my resolute choice,
 Not for my good but yours, I will have justice,

King. You will have justice ? Is your will so strong
 Now against mine, your power being so weak, 60
 Before my favour gave them both their forces ?
 Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces,
 You, Philip Chabot, a mean gentleman,

Have not I rais'd you to a supremest lord,
And given you greater dignities than any ? 65

Chab. You have so.

King. Well said ; and to spur your dulness
With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
Have not I made you first a knight of the Order,
Then Admiral of France, then Count Byzanges,
Lord and Lieutenant-General of all 70
My country and command of Burgundy ;
Lieutenant-General likewise of my son,
Dauphin and heir, and of all Normandy ;
And of my chiefly honour'd Privy Council
And cannot all these powers weigh down your will ? 75

Chab. No, sir ; they were not given me to that end,
But to uphold my will, my will being just.

King. And who shall judge that justice, you or I ?

Chab. I, sir, in this case ; your royal thoughts are fitly
Exempt from every curious search of one, 80
You have the general charge with care of all.

King. And do not generals include particulars ?
May not I judge of anything compris'd
In your particular, as well as you ?

Chab. Far be the misery from you that you may ! 85
My cares, pains, broken sleep, therein made more
Than yours, should make me see more, and my forces
Render of better judgment.

King. Well, sir, grant
Your force in this ; my odds in benefits,
Paid for your pains, put in the other scale, 90
And any equal holder of the balance
Will show my merits hoist up yours to air,
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

Chab. You merit not of me for benefits,
More than myself of you for services. 95

King. Is't possible ?

Chab. 'Tis true.

King. Stand you on that ?

Chab. Ay, to the death, and will approve to all men.

King. I am deceiv'd but I shall find good judges
That will find difference.

Chab. Find them, being good.

King. Still so ? What, if conferring 100
My bounties and your services to sound them,

We fall foul on some licences of yours ?
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.

Chab. They cannot.

King. Not in sifting their severe discharges
Of all your offices ? 105

Chab. The more you sift,
The more you shall refine me.

King. What if I
Grant out against you a commission,
Join'd with an extraordinary process
To arrest and put you in law's hands for trial ? 110

Chab. Not with law's uttermost !

King. I'll throw the dice.

Chab. And I'll endure the chance, the dice being square,
Repos'd in dreadless confidence and conscience,
That all your most extremes shall never reach,
Or to my life, my goods, or honour's breach. 115

King. Was ever heard so fine a confidence ?
Must it not prove presumption ? And can that
'Scape bracks and errors in your search of law ?
I prithee weigh yet with more soul the danger,
And some less passion.

Chab. Witness, heaven, I cannot,
Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soul. 120

King [*aside*]. Beshrew my blood, but his resolves amaze
me.—

Was ever such a justice in a subject
Of so much office left to his own swinge
That, left to law thus and his sovereign's wrath, 125
Could stand clear, spite of both ? Let reason rule it,
Before it come at law : a man so rare

In one thing cannot in the rest be vulgar ;
And who sees you not in the broad highway,
The common dust up in your own eyes beating, 130
In quest of riches, honours, offices.

As heartily in show as most believe ?
And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
Must needs embrace the same effects, and cannot (inform
him).

Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such 135
Free equity, as fits one just and real,
Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all parts
So truly circular, so sound, and solid,

But have his swellings-out, his cracks and crannies ;
 And therefore, in this, reason, before law 140
 Take you to her, lest you affect and flatter
 Yourself with mad opinions.

Chab. I were mad
 Directly, sir, if I were yet to know
 Not the sure danger, but the certain ruin
 Of men shot into law from kings' bent brow, 145
 There being no dream from the most muddy brain
 Upon the foulest fancy, that can forge
 More horror in the shadows of mere fame,
 Than can some lawyer in a man expos'd
 To his interpretation by the king. 150
 But these grave toys I shall despise in death ;
 And while I live, will lay them open so
 (My innocence laid by them), that, like foils,
 They shall stick off my merits ten times more,
 And make your bounties nothing ; for who gives 155
 And hits i' th' teeth, himself pays with the glory
 For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
 Not to crown merits or do any good,
 And so no thanks is due but to his glory.

King. 'Tis brave, I swear !

Chab. No, sir, 'tis plain and rude, 160
 But true and spotless ; and where you object
 My hearty and gross vulgar love of riches,
 Titles, and honours, I did never seek them
 For any love to them, but to that justice
 You ought to use in their due gift to merits, 165
 To show you royal, and most open-handed,
 Not using for hands, talons, pincers, grapples ;
 In whose gripes, and upon whose gor'd point,
 Deserts hang sprawling out their virtuous limbs.

King. Better and better !

Chab. This your glory is, 170
 My deserts wrought upon no wretched matter,
 But show'd your royal palms as free and moist
 As Ida, all enchas'd with silver springs,
 And yet my merit still their equal sings.

King. Sing till thou sigh thy soul out ; hence, and leave us ! 175

Chab. My person shall, my love and faith shall never.

King. Perish thy love and faith, and thee for ever !

[Exit Chabot]

Who's there ?

Enter Asall

Let one go for the Chancellor.

As. He's here in court, sir.

King. Haste, and send him hither !

[Exit Asall]

This is an insolence I never met with.

180

Can one so high as his degrees ascend

Climb all so free and without stain ?

Enter Chancellor

My Lord

Chancellor, I send for you about a service

Of equal price to me, as if again

My ransom came to me from Pavian thralldom,

185

And more, as if from forth a subject's fetters,

The worst of servitudes, my life were rescued.

Chan. You fright me with a prologue of much trouble.

King. Methinks it might be. Tell me, out of all

Your famous learning, was there ever subject

190

Rais'd by his sovereign's free hand from the dust

Up to a height above air's upper region,

That might compare with him in any merit

That so advanc'd him, and not show, in that

Gross over-weening, worthy cause to think

195

There might be other over-sights excepted,

Of capital nature in his sifted greatness ?

Chan. And past question, sir, for one absurd thing
granted,

A thousand follow.

King. You must then employ

Your most exact and curious art to explore

200

A man in place of greatest trust and charge,

Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,

And in whom you may give such proud veins vent,

As will bewray their boiling blood, corrupted

Both gainst my crown and life.

205

Chan. And may my life be curs'd in every act,

If I explore him not to every fi[b]re.

King. It is my Admiral.

Chan. Oh, my good Liege,

You tempt, not charge me, with such search of him.

King. Doubt not my heartiest meaning : all the troubles 210
That ever mov'd in a distracted king,
Put in just fear of his assaulted life,
Are not above my sufferings for Chabot.

Chan. Then I am glad and proud that I can cure you,
For he's a man that I am studied in, 215
And all his offices, and if you please
To give authority—

King. You shall not want it.

Chan. If I discharge you not of that disease
About your neck grown, by your strange trust in him,
With full discovery of the foulest treasons— 220

King. But I must have all prov'd with that free justice.

Chan. Beseech your majesty, do not question it.

King. About it instantly, and take me wholly
Upon yourself.

Chan. How much you grace your servant !

King. Let it be fiery quick.

Chan. It shall have wings, 225
And every feather show the flight of kings.

[*Exeunt*]

ACTUS TERTIUS

[SCENA I

A Gallery]

Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor-General whispering in his ear, two Judges following ; they past, enter Chabot, in his gown, a guard about him, his Father and his Wife on each side, Allegre [guarded]

Chab. And have they put my faithful servant to the rack ?
Heaven arm the honest man !

Fath. Allegre feels the malice of the Chancellor.

Chab. Many upon the torture have confess'd
Things against truth, and yet his pain sits nearer 5
Than all my other fears. [*To his Wife*] Come, don't weep.

Wife. My lord, I do not grieve out of a thought
Or poor suspicion, they with all their malice
Can stain your honour ; but it troubles me

The King should grant this licence to your enemies, 10
As he were willing to hear Chabot guilty.

Chab. No more ; the King is just ; and by exposing
Me to this trial, means to render me
More happy to his subjects and himself.
His sacred will be obey'd ; take thy own spirit, 15
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me ;
I go to have my honours all confirm'd.
Farewell ; thy lip [*kisses her*] : my cause has so much innocence,

It sha' not need thy prayer. [*To Father*] I leave her yours
Till my return. Oh, let me be a son 20
Still in your thoughts. Now, gentlemen, set forward.

Exit [*Chabot with Guards*] *Manente* Father and Wife

Fath. See, you that trust in greatness, what sustains you ;
These hazards you must look for, you that thrust
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush
The soldiers of state, in privy arms 25
Of yellow fire, jealous, and mad at all
That shoot their foreheads up into their forges,
And pry into their gloomy cabinets ;
You, like vain citizens, that must go see
Those ever-burning furnaces wherein 30
Your brittle glasses of estate are blown,
Who knows not you are all but puff and bubble,
Of breath and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures
Cause of your dearness ? Were you tough and lasting,
You would be cheap, and not worth half your face. 35
Now, daughter ; planet-struck ?

Wife. I am considering
What form I shall put on, as best agreeing
With my lord's fortune.

Fath. Habit do you mean,
Of mind, or body ?

Wife. Both would be apparell'd. 40

Fath. In neither you have reason yet to mourn.

Wife. I'll not accuse my heart of so much weakness ;
Twere a confession gainst my lord. The Queen !

Enter Queen, Constable, Treasurer, and Secretary

She has express'd gainst me some displeasure.

Fath. Let's this way through the gallery. [*They retire*]

Queen.

'Tis she.

Do you, my lord, say I would speak with her.

45

[*To the Treasurer*] And has Allegre, one of chiefest trust
with him,

Suffer'd the rack? The Chancellor is violent:

And what's confess'd?

Treas. Nothing; he condemn'd all

That could with any cruell'st pain explore him,

As if his mind had robb'd his nerves of sense,

50

And through them diffus'd fiery spirits above

All flesh and blood; for, as his limbs were stretch'd,

His contempts too extended.

Queen.

A strange fortitude!

Treas. But we shall lose th' arraignment.

Queen.

The success

Will soon arrive.

Treas. You'll not appear, my lord, then?

55

Mont. I desire your lordship would excuse me.

Treas. We are your servants.

Exeunt Treasurer and Secretary

Mont.

She attends you, madam.

[*Approaching with Wife who kneels*]

Queen. This humbleness proceeds not from your heart.

Why, you are a queen yourself in your own thoughts,

The Admiral's wife of France cannot be less;

60

You have not state enough; you should not move

Without a train of friends and servants.

Wife.

There is some mystery

Within your language, madam. I would hope

You have more charity than to imagine

My present condition worth your triumph,

65

In which I am not so lost, but I have

Some friends and servants with proportion

To my lord's fortune; but none, within the list

Of those that obey me, can be more ready

To express their duties than my heart to serve

70

Your just commands.

Queen.

Then pride will ebb, I see;

There is no constant flood of state and greatness;

The prodigy is ceasing when your lord

Comes to the balance; he whose blazing fires

Shot wonders through the kingdom, will discover

75

What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wife. My lord ?

Queen. Your high and mighty justicer,
The man of conscience, the oracle
Of state, whose honourable titles
Would crack an elephant's back, is now turn'd mortal, 80
Must pass examination and the test
Of law, have all his offices ripp'd up,
And his corrupt soul laid open to the subjects :
His bribes, oppressions, and close sins, that made
So many groan and curse him, now shall find 85
Their just reward, and all that love their country,
Bless heaven and the King's justice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.

Fath. [*To Montmorency, coming forward*] Sir, your pardon.
Madam, you are the Queen, she is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous, 90
My son-in-law, now gone to be arraign'd.
The King is just, and a good man ; but't does not
Add to the graces of your royal person
To tread upon a lady thus dejected
By her own grief. Her lord's not yet found guilty, 95
Much less condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to execute him.

Queen. What saucy fellow's this ?

Fath. I must confess
I am a man out of this element,
No courtier ; yet I am a gentleman
That dare speak honest truth to the Queen's ear 100
(A duty every subject wo' not pay you),
And justify it to all the world. There's nothing
Doth more eclipse the honours of our soul
Than an ill-grounded and ill-followed passion,
Let fly with noise and licence against those 105
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Mont. Brave old man !

Fath. Cause you are a queen, to trample o'er a woman
Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up !
Strike out a lion's teeth and pare his claws,
And then a dwarf may pluck him by the beard. 110
'Tis a gay victory !

Queen. [*To Montmorency*] Did you hear, my lord ?

Fath. I ha' done.

Wife [*rising*] And it concerns me to begin.
I have not made this pause through servile fear

Or guilty apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heats and wildness 115
Has prepossess'd your nature against our innocence.
You are my Queen ; unto that title bows
The humblest knee in France, my heart made lower
With my obedience and prostrate duty ;
Nor have I powers created for my use, 120
When just commands of you expect their service ;
But were you Queen of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us,
That I could reach you with my eyes and voice,
I would shoot both up in defence of my 125
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Queen. So brave !

Wife. So just, and boldly innocent,
I cannot fear, arm'd with a noble conscience,
The tempest of your frown, were it more frightful
Than ever fury made a woman's anger, 130
Prepar'd to kill with death's most horrid ceremony ;
Yet with what freedom of my soul I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride !

Queen. 'Forgive' ? What insolence is like this language ?
Can any action of ours be capable 135
Of thy forgiveness ? Dust, how I despise thee !
Can we sin to be object of thy mercy ?

Wife. Yes, and have done't already, and no stain
To your greatness, madam ; 'tis my charity,
I can remit. When sovereign princes dare 140
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity and their pray'rs, and 'tis
In the free power of those whom they oppress
To pardon 'em ; each soul has a prerogative,
And privilege royal, that was sign'd by Heaven. 145
But, though i' th' knowledge of my disposition,
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person, I have no
Commission from my lord to clear you for 150
The wrongs you have done him ; and till he pardon
The wounding of his loyalty, with which life
Can hold no balance, I must take just boldness
To say—

Fath. No more. Now I must tell you, daughter,

Lest you forget yourself, she is the Queen ; 155
And it becomes not you to vie with her
Passion for passion : if your lord stand fast
To the full search of law, Heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good men's loves.

If you attempt by these unruly ways 160
To vindicate his justice, I'm against you,
Dear as I wish your husband's life and fame :
[Subjects] are bound to suffer, not contest
With princes, since their will and acts must be
Accounted one day to a Judge supreme. 165

Wife. I ha' done. If the devotion to my lord,
Or piety to his innocence, have led me
Beyond the awful limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred person,
I thus low crave your royal pardon, madam. [Kneeling] 170
I know you will remember in your goodness,
My life-blood is concern'd while his least vein
Shall run black and polluted, my heart fed
With what keeps him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life 175
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born frailty.
My lord, by the King's will, is led already
To a severe arraignment, and to judges 180
Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state. Stay but a little while,
And France shall echo to his shame or innocence.
This suit I beg with tears ; I shall have sorrow
Enough to hear him censur'd foul and monstrous, 185
Should you forbear to antedate my sufferings.

Queen. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To fear he may be worth the law's condemning.

Wife. I sooner will suspect the stars may lose 190
Their way, and crystal heaven return to chaos ;
Truth sits not on her square more firm than he :
Yet, let me tell you, madam, were his life
And action so foul as you have character'd
And the bad world expects, though as a wife
'Twere duty I should weep myself to death 195
To know him fall'n from virtue, yet so much
I, a frail woman, love my King and Country,

I should condemn him too, and think all honours,
 The price of his lost faith, more fatal to me
 Than Cleopatra's asps warm in my bosom, 200
 And as much boast their killing.

Queen [aside]. This declares
 Another soul than was deliver'd me.
 My anger melts, and I begin to pity her.
 How much a prince's ear may be abus'd !—
 Enjoy your happy confidence ; at more leisure 205
 You may hear from us.

Wife. Heaven preserve the Queen,
 And may her heart be charitable !

Fath. You bless and honour your unworthy servant.
 [Exit Wife and Father]

Queen. My lord, did you observe this ?

Mont. Yes, great madam,
 And read a noble spirit, which becomes 210
 The wife of Chabot ! Their great tie of marriage
 Is not more strong upon 'em than their virtues.

Queen. That your opinion ? I thought your judgment
 Against the Admiral. Do you think him honest ?

Mont. Religiously ; a true, most zealous patriot, 215
 And worth all royal favour.

Queen. You amaze me.
 Can you be just yourself then, and advance
 Your powers against him ?

Mont. Such a will be far
 From Montmorency. Pioneers of state
 Have left no art to gain me to their faction,
 And 'tis my misery to be plac'd in such 220
 A sphere, where I am whirl'd by violence
 Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
 My own will would incline me. I shall make
 This appear, madam, if you please to second 225
 My free speech with the King.

Queen. Good heaven protect all !
 Haste to the King ; Justice her swift wing needs ;
 Tis high time to be good when virtue bleeds. *Exeunt*

[SCENA II

A Court of Justice]

Enter Officers before the Chancellor, Judges, the Proctor-General

whispering with the Chancellor ; they take their places : to them enter Treasurer and Secretary, who take their places prepared on one side of the Court. To them the Captain of the Guard, the Admiral following, who is placed at the bar.

Chan. Good Master Proctor-General, begin.

Proc. It is not unknown to you, my very good lords the Judges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short work, since your honourable ears need not to be enlarged—I speak by a figure—with prolix enumeration, how infinitely the King hath favoured this ill-favoured traitor ; and yet I may worthily too insist and prove that no grace hath been so large and voluminous as this, that he hath appointed such upright judges at this time, and the chief of this Triumvirie, our Chancellor, by name Poyet, which deriveth from the Greek his etymology, from ποιῆν, which is, to make, to create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature ; from whence also is the name and dignity of *Poeta*—which I will not insist upon in this place, although I am confident his lordship wanteth no faculty in making of verses. But what addition, I say, is it to the honour of this delinquent, that he hath such a judge, a man so learned, so full of equity, so noble, so notable, in the progress of his life so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt, in the passages of state so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his services to the King so fortunate and exploring, as envy itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lips will open to commend, but those of Philip, and in their hearts will erect altars and statues, columns and obelisks, pillars and pyramids, to the perpetuity of his name and memory. What shall I say ? but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our King and kingdom, and for their everlasting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one of his loins ; one of his loins ever remain, I say, and stay upon this Bench, to be the example of all justice, even while the north and south star shall continue.

Chan. You express your oratory, Master Proctor ; I pray come presently to the matter.

Proc. Thus, with your lordship's pardon, I proceed ; and the first thing I shall glance at will be worth your lordship's reflection—his ingratitude ; and to whom ? To no less person than a king. And to what king ? His own, and our general Sovereign, —*pro Deum atque hominum fidem*—a king and such a king, the health, life, and soul of us all, whose very mention draws

this salt water from my eyes ; for he, indeed, is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleep—and who will not sleep for him ? I mean not sleep, which the philosophers call 40
a natural cessation of the common, and, consequently, of all the exterior senses, caused first and immediately by a detention of spirits, which can have no communication, since the way is obstructed by which these spirits should commerce, by vapours ascending from the stomach to the head ; by which 45
evaporation the roots of the nerves are filled, through which the [animal] spirits [use] to be poured into the dwellings of the external senses ;—but sleep, I take for death, which all know to be *ultima linea*. Who will not sleep eternally for such a king as we enjoy ? If, therefore, in general, as he is King of us all, 50
all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our Sovereign, none should be so ingrateful as once to murmur against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this Chabot ? For our Francis hath loved, not in general, and in the crowd with other subjects, but particularly, this Philip ; advanced him to the supreme dignity of a statesman, lodged him 55
in his very heart, yet—*monstrum horrendum*—even to this Francis hath Philip been ingrateful. Brutus, the loved son, hath stabbed Cæsar with a bodkin. Oh, what brute may be compared to him, and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified ? He hath, as we say, chopped logic with the king ; nay, to the very teeth of his sovereign, advanced his own gnat-like merits, and justified with Luciferous pride that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our munificent King hath paid him. 60

Chan. Observe that, my lords. 65

Proc. Nay, he hath gone further, and most traitorously hath committed outrage and impiety to the King's own hand and royal character, which, presented to him in a bill from the whole council, he most violently did tear in pieces, and 70
will do the very body and person of our King, if your justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the serpentine teeth of this high and more than horrible monster.

Treas. This was enforced home.

Proc. In the next place, I will relate to your honours his 75
most cruel exactions upon the subject, the old vant-couriers of rebellions. In the year 1536 and 37, this oppressor and this extortioner under pretext of his due taxation, being Admiral, imposed upon certain fishermen (observe, I beseech you, the circumstance of their persons, fishermen), who, poor Johns, 80

were embarked upon the coast of Normandy and fishing there for herrings (which some say is the king of fishes), he imposed, I say, twenty sous, and upon every boat six livres. O intolerable exaction ! Enough, not only to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their King, which, *ipso facto*, is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconvenience for want of due provision of fish among the subjects ; for by this might ensue a necessity of mortal sins, by breaking the religious fast upon Vigils, Embers, and other days commanded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh should be licensed for every carnal appetite.—I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous, insatiate, and boundless avarice ; but the improvement of his estate in so few years, from a private gentleman's fortune to a great duke's revenues, might save our Sovereign therein an orator to enforce and prove faulty, even to giantism against heaven. 85 90 95

Judge. This is but a noise of words.

Proc. To the foul outrages so violent, let us add his commissions granted out of his own presumed authority—his Majesty neither [informed] or respected—his disloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumerable abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his Majesty's most royal person, crown, and dignity ; yet, notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatchable, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable and incomparable just ; but, alas ! my most learned lord[s], none knows better than yourselves how easy the sincerity of justice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath least colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soul of it ; he that was never true scholar in the least degree, longs, as a woman with child, to be great with scholar ; she that was never with child longs, *omnibus viis et modis*, to be got with child, and will wear a cushion to seem with child ; and he that was never just, will fly in the King's face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing but just a traitor. 100 105 110 115

Sec. The Admiral smiles.

Judge. Answer yourself, my lord.

Chab. I shall, and briefly :

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath
Branch'd my offences heinous to the King,
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,
That to the king I have justified my merit

120

And services ; which conscience of that truth
 That gave my actions life, when they are questioned,
 I ought to urge again, and do without 125
 The least part of injustice. For the bill,
 A foul and most unjust one, and preferr'd
 Gainst the King's honour and his subjects' privilege
 And with a policy to betray my office
 And faith to both, I do confess I tore it, 130
 It being press'd immodestly, but without
 A thought of disobedience to his name ;
 To whose mention I bow, with humble reverence,
 And dare appeal to the King's knowledge of me
 How far I am in soul from such a rebel. 135
 For the rest, my lord, and you, my honour'd Judges,
 Since all this mountain, all this time in labour
 With more than mortal fury 'gainst my life,
 Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous vermin,
 I will not wrong my right and innocence 140
 With any serious plea in my reply,
 To frustrate breath and fight with terrible shadow[s,]
 That have been forg'd and forc'd against my state,
 But leave all, with my life, to your free censures,
 Only beseeching all your learned judgments, 145
 Equal and pious conscience, to weigh—

Proc. And how this great and mighty fortune has exalted
 him to pride is apparent, not only in his braves and bearings
 to the King, the fountain of all this increase, but in his con-
 tempt and scorn of the subject, his vast expenses in buildings, 150
 his private bounties, above royal, to soldiers and scholars,
 that he may be the general and patron and protector of arms
 and arts ; the number of domestic attendants, an army of
 grasshoppers and gay butterflies, able to devour the spring ;
 his glorious wardrobes, his stable of horses, that are pricked 155
 with provender, and will enforce us to weed up our vineyards,
 to sow oats for supply of their provision ; his caroches shin-
 ing with gold, and more bright than the chariot of the sun,
 wearing out the pavements—nay, he is of late so transcen-
 dently proud that men must be his mules and carry him up 160
 and down, as it were in a procession for men to gaze at him, till
 their chines crack with the weight of his insupportable pride,
 and who knows but this may prove a fashion ? But who
 groans for this ? The subject ! Who murmur, and are ready to
 begin a rebellion, but the tumultuous sailors and water-rats, 165

who run up and down the city, like an overbearing tempest, cursing the Admiral, who in duty ought to undo himself for the general satisfaction of his countrymen ?

Chab. The variety and wonder now presented
 To your most noble notice and the world's, 170
 That all my life and actions and offices
 Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of law,
 Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
 Of an incens'd and commanding king,
 And blown with foes with far more bitter winds 175
 Than Winter from his Eastern cave exhales,
 Yet nothing found, but what you all have heard ;
 And then consider if a peer of state
 Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignment
 For poor complaints—his fame, faith, life, and honours 180
 Rack'd for no more.

Chan. No more ? Good Heaven ! What say
 My learn'd assistants ?

1st Judge. My lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censure
 As capital and worth this high arraignment,
 To me seem strange, because they do not fall 185
 In force of law to arraign a Peer of state ;
 For all that law can take into her power
 To sentence is the exaction of the fishermen.

2nd Judge. Here is no majesty violated : I consent
 To what my brother has express'd.

Chan. Break then in wonder, 190
 My frightened words out of their forming powers,
 That you no more collect from all these forfeits
 That Master Proctor-General hath opened
 With so apparent and impulsive learning
 Against the rage and madness of the offender, 195
 And violate majesty, my learned assistants,
 When majesty's affronted and defied,
 (It being compar'd with, and in such an onset
 As leap'd into his throat, his life affrighting !)
 Be justified in all insolence all subjects, 200
 If this be so considered, and insult
 Upon your privileg'd malice ! Is not majesty
 Poison'd in this wonder, and no felony set
 Where royalty is robb'd and [violate] ?
 Fie, how it fights with law, and grates upon 205
 Her brain and soul, and all the powers of reason !

Reporter of the process, show the schedule.

Notary. Here, my good lord.

1st Judge.

No altering it in us.

2nd Judge. Far be it from us, sir.

Chan.

Here's silken justice !

It might be altered ; mend your sentences.

210

Both. Not we, my lord !

Chan.

Not you ? The King shall know

You slight a duty to his will and safety.

Give me your pen ; it must be capital.

1st Judge. Make what you please, my lord ; our doom shall stand.

Chan. Thus, I subscribe : now, at your perils, follow. 215

Both. Perils, my lord ? Threats in the King's free justice ?

Treas. I am amaz'd they can be so remiss.

Sec. Merciful men, pitiful judges, certain !

1st Judge [aside]. Subscribe ; it matters nothing, being constrain'd.

On this side [*V*], and on this side this capital *I*,

220

Both which together put, import plain *Vi* ;

And witness we are forc'd.

2nd Judge [aside]. Enough ;

It will acquit us, when we make it known,

Our names are forc'd.

Chan.

If traitorous pride

Upon the royal person of a king

225

Were sentenc'd unfeloniously before,

I'll burn my books, and be a judge no more.

Both. Here are our hands subscrib'd.

Chan.

Why, so ! It joys me,

You have reform'd your justice and your judgment.

Now have you done like judges and learned lawyers ;

230

The King shall thank and honour you for this.

Notary, read.

Not. We, by his sacred Majesty appointed judges, upon due trial and examination of Philip Chabot, Admiral of France, declare him guilty of high treasons, etc.

235

Chan. Now, Captain of the guard, secure his person

Till the King signify

His pleasure for his death. This day is happy

To France, thus rescued from the vile devourer.

A shout within

Hark, how the votes applaud their blest deliverance !

240

[To Chabot] You that so late did right and conscience
boast,

Heaven's mercy now implore, the King's is lost. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUARTUS

[SCENA I

A Room in the Court]

Enter King, Queen, and Constable

King. You raise my thoughts to wonder, that you, madam,
And you, my lord, unite your force to plead
I' th' Admiral's behalf: this is not that
Language you did express, when the torn bill
Was late pretended to us; it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebel,
And, arm'd with faction, too soon attempt
To tear my crown off.

5

Queen. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadows of any virtue in those men
They would depress: like crows and carrion birds,
They fly o'er flowery meads, clear springs, fair gardens,
And stoop at carcasses. For your own honour,
Pity poor Chabot.

10

15

King. Poor, and a Colossus
That could so lately straddle o'er a province?
Can he be fallen so low and miserable,
To want my pity, who breaks forth like day,
Takes up all people's eyes and admiration?
It cannot be. He hath a princely wife, too.

20

Queen. I interpose not often, sir, or press you
With unbecoming importunity
To serve the profitable ends of others.
Conscience and duty to yourself enforce
My present mediation; you have given
The health of your own state away, unless
Wisdom in time recover him.

25

King. If he prove
No adulterate gold, trial confirms his value.

30

Queen. Although it hold in metal, gracious sir,
Such fiery examination and the furnace
May waste a heart that's faithful, and together
With that you call the *faeces*, something of
The precious substance may be hazarded.

35

King. [*To the Constable*] Why, you are the chief engine
rais'd against him,
And in the world's creed labour most to sink him
That in his fall and absence every beam
May shine on you and only gild your fortune.
Your difference is the ground of his arraignment ;
Nor were we unsolicited by you
To have your bill confirm'd ; from that, that spring,
Came all these mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now must wrestle ; if the strength
Of his own innocence can break the storm,
Truth wo' not lose her servant, her wings cover him.
He must obey his fate.

40

45

Mont. I would not have
It lie upon my fame that I should be
Mentioned in story his unjust supplanter
For your whole kingdom. I have been abused,
And made believe my suit was just and necessary ;
My walks have not been safe, my closet prayers,
But some plot has pursued me by some great ones
Against your noble Admiral ; they have frightened
My fancy into my dreams with their close whispers
How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable and the scorn
Of France.

50

55

Queen. Brave Montmorency !

King. Are you serious ?

Mont. Have I a soul or gratitude to acknowledge
Myself your creature, dignified and honour'd
By your high favours ? With an equal truth
I must declare the justice of your Admiral
(In what my thoughts are conscious), and will rather
Give up my claim to birth, title, and offices,
Be thrown from your warm smile, the top and crown
Of subjects' happiness, than be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of Chabot's ruin.

60

65

King. Come, come ; you overact this passion,
And if it be not policy, it tastes

Too green, and wants some counsel to mature it ; 70
His fall prepares your triumph.

Mont. It confirms
My shame alive, and, buried, will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genius groan,
And fright the honest marble from my ashes.
His fall prepare my triumph ! Turn me first 75
A naked exile to the world.

King. No more ;
Take heed you banish not yourself ; be wise,
And let not too much zeal devour your reason.

Enter Asall

As. Your Admiral is condemn'd, sir.
King. Ha, strange ! No matter ;
Leave us. [*Exit Asall*] A great man, I see, may be 80
As soon dispatch'd as a common subject.
Queen. No mercy then for Chabot !

Enter Wife and Father

Wife. From whence came
That sound of Chabot ? Then we are all undone.
[*Kneeling*] Oh, do not hear the Queen, she is no friend
To my poor lord, but made against his life, 85
Which hath too many enemies already !

Mont. [*To the Father*] Poor soul ! She thinks the Queen
is still against him,
Who employeth all her powers to preserve him.

Fath. Say you so, my lord ? Daughter, the Queen's our
friend.

Wife. Why do you mock my sorrow ? Can you flatter 90
Your own grief so ? [*To the King*] Be just and hear me,
sir,

And do not sacrifice a subject's blood
To appease a wrathful Queen ; let mercy shine
Upon your brow, and heaven will pay it back
Upon your soul : be deaf to all her prayers. 95

King. Poor heart, she knows not what she has desir'd.

Wife. I beg my Chabot's life ; my sorrows yet
Have not destroy'd my reason.

King. He is in the power
Of my laws, not mine.

Wife. Then you have no power,

And are but the empty shadow of a king. 100
 To whom is it resign'd. Where shall I beg
 The forfeit life of one condemn'd by law's
 Too partial doom?

King. You hear he is condemn'd then?

Fath. My son is condemn'd, sir.

King. You know for what too?

Fath. What the judges please to call it; 105
 But they have given 't a name—treason, they say.

Queen. I must not be denied.

King. I must deny you.

Wife. Be blest for ever for't!

Queen. Grant then to her.

King. Chabot condemned by law!

Fath. But you have power 110
 To change the rigour; in your breast there is
 A chancellor above it. [*Kneeling*] I ne'er had
 A suit before; but my knees join with hers
 To implore your royal mercy to her lord,
 And take his cause to your examination;
 It cannot wrong your judges, if they have 115
 Been steer'd by conscience.

Mont. It will fame your justice.

King. I cannot be prescrib'd; you kneel in vain.

You labour to betray me with your tears
 To a treason above his, gainst my own laws.

[*The Wife swoons*]

Look to the lady!

Enter Asall

As. Sir, the Chancellor! 120

King. Admit him.—Leave us all.

Exeunt [all but the King]

Enter Chancellor

How now, my lord?
 You have lost no time; and how thrive the proceedings?

Chan. 'Twas fit, my gracious Sovereign, Time should
 leave

His motion made in all affairs beside,
 And spend his wings only in speed¹⁶ of this. 125

King. You have show'd diligence; and what's become
 Of our most curious justicer, the Admiral?

Chan. Condemn'd, sir, utterly, and all hands set
To his conviction.

King. And for faults most foul ?

Chan. More than most impious : but the applausive
issue,

130

Struck by the concourse of your ravish'd subjects
For joy of your free justice, if there were
No other cause to assure the sentence just,
Were proof convincing.

King. Now then he sees clearly

That men perceive how vain his justice was,

135

And scorn him for the foolish net he wore

To hide his nakedness. Is't not a wonder

That men's ambitions should so blind their reason

To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride

Rather in seeming than in being just ?

140

Chan. Seeming has better fortune to attend it
Than being sound at heart, and virtuous.

King. Profess all, nothing do, like those that live

By looking to the lamps of holy temples,

Who still are busy taking off their snuffs,

145

But for their profit sake will add no oil !

So these will check and sentence every f[l]ame,

The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,

And in themselves leave the fume most offensive.

But he to do this, more deceives my judgment

150

Than all the rest whose nature I have sounded.

Chan. I know, sir, and have prov'd it.

King.

Well, my lord,

To omit circumstance, I highly thank you

For this late service you have done me here,

Which is so great and meritorious

155

That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you.

Chan. Your sole acceptance, my dread Sovereign,

I more rejoice in than in all the fortunes

That ever chanc'd me. But when may it please

Your Highness to order the execution ?

160

The haste thus far has spar'd no pinions.

King. No, my lord, your care

Hath therein much deserv'd.

Chan. But where proportion

Is kept to th' end in things at start so happy,

That end set on the crown.

King. I'll speed it therefore. 165

Chan. Your thoughts direct it ; they are wing'd. *Exit*

King. I joy

This boldness is condemn'd, that I may pardon,
And therein get some ground in his opinion,
By so much bounty as saves his life ;
And methinks that, weigh'd more, should sway the balance 170
'Twixt me and him, held by his own free justice ;
For I could never find him obstinate
In any mind he held, when once he saw
Th' error with which he laboured ; and since now
He needs must feel it, I admit no doubt 175
But that his alteration will beget
Another sense of things 'twixt him and me.
Who's there ?

Enter Asall

Go to the Captain of my guard, and will him
To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly. 180
As. I shall, sir.

Enter Treasurer and Secretary

King. My lords, you were spectators of our Admiral.

Treas. And hearers too of his most just conviction,
In which we witness'd over-weight enough
In your great bounties, as they there were weigh'd, 185
With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

King. Has felt a scorching trial ; and the test
That holds fire's utmost force we must give metals
That will not with the hammer and the melting
Confess their truth ; and this same sense of feeling 190
(Being ground to all the senses), hath one key
More than the rest to let in through them all
The mind's true apprehension, that thence takes
Her first convey'd intelligence. I long
To see this man of confidence again. 195
How think you, lords, will Chabot look on me,
Now spoil'd of the integrity he boasted ?

Sec. It were too much honour to vouchsafe your sight.

Treas. No doubt, my Liege, but he that hath offended
In such a height against your crown and person, 200
Will want no impudence to look upon you.

Enter Asall, Captain, Admiral

Cap. Sir, I had charge given me by this gentleman
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence.

King. You have done well ; and tell the Queen and our
Lord Constable we desire their presence ; bid 205
Our Admiral's lady, and her father too,
Attend us here : they are but new withdrawn.

As. I shall, sir.

Treas. Do you observe this confidence ?
He stands as all his trial were a dream.

Sec. He'll find the horror waking. The King's troubled : 210
Now for a thunder-clap. The Queen and Constable !

Enter Queen, Constable, Wife, and Father

Treas. I do not like their mixture.

King. My Lord Admiral,
You made it your desire to have this trial
That late hath pass'd upon you ;
And now you feel how vain is too much faith 215
And flattery of yourself, as if your breast
Were proof gainst all invasion ; 'tis so slight,
You see, it lets in death ; what's past hath been
To satisfy your insolence ; there remains
That now we serve our own free pleasure ; therefore, 220
By that most absolute power, with which all right
Puts in my hands these issues, turns, and changes,
I here, in ear of all these, pardon all
Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever censur'd,
Again advancing and establishing 225
Your person in all fulness of that state
That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainder.

Treas. Wonderful, pardon'd !

Wife. Heaven preserve the King !

Queen. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.

Mont. And live kings' best example.

Fath. Son, y'are pardon'd ; 230
Be sure you look hereafter well about you.

Chab. Vouchsafe, great sir, to assure me what you said ;
You nam'd my pardon.

King. And again declare it,
For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Chab. You cannot pardon me, sir.

King. How's that, Philip ? 235

Chab. It is a word carries too much relation
To an offence, of which I am not guilty.
And I must still be bold, where truth still arms,
In spite of all those frowns that would deject me,
To say I need no pardon.

King. Ha, how's this ? 240

Fath. He's mad with over joy and answers nonsense.

King. Why, tell me, Chabot, are not you condemn'd ?

Chab. Yes, and that justifies me much the more ;
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach 245
To prejudice my life, my goods, or honour,
As first, in firmness of my conscience,
I confidently told you ; not, alas !

Presuming on your slender thread of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldness, 250
But what my faith and justice bade me trust to ;
For none of all your learn'd assistant judges,
With all the malice of my crimes, could urge
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

King. Do any hear this but myself ? My lords, 255
This man still justifies his innocence.

What prodigies are these ? Have not our laws
Pass'd on his actions ; have not equal judges
Certified his arraignment and him guilty
Of capital treason ; and yet do I hear 260
Chabot accuse all these, and quit himself ?

Treas. It does appear distraction, sir.

King. Did we
Seem so indulgent to propose our free
And royal pardon, without suit or prayer,
To meet with his contempt ?

Sec. Unheard-of impudence ! 265

Chab. I were malicious to myself and desperate
To force untruths upon my soul, and, when
'Tis clear, to confess a shame to exercise
Your pardon, sir. Were I so foul and monstrous
As I am given to you, you would commit 270
A sin next mine by wronging your own mercy
To let me draw out impious breath : it will
Release your wonder if you give command
To see your process ; and if it prove other
Than I presume to inform, tear me in pieces. 275

King. Go for the process, and the Chancellor,
With the assistant Judges.

Exit Asall

I thank heaven
That with all these enforcements of distraction
My reason stays so clear to hear and answer
And to direct a message. This inversion 280
Of all the loyalties and true deserts
That I believ'd I govern'd with till now,
In my choice lawycrs and chief counsellors,
Is able to shake all my frame of reason.

Chab. I am much griev'd.

King. No more! [*Aside*] I do incline 285
To think I am abus'd, my laws betray'd
And wrested to the purpose of my judges.
This confidence in Chabot turns my judgment:
This was too wild a way to make his merits
Stoop and acknowledge my superior bounties, 290
That it doth raise and fix 'em past my art
To shadow; all the shame and forfeit's mine.

Enter Asall, Chancellor, Judges

As. The Chancellor and Judges, sir.

Treas. [aside]. I like not
This passion in the King; the Queen and Constable
Are of that side.

King. My lord, you dare appear, then? 295

Chan. Dare, sir? I hope—

King. Well done; hope still, and tell me,
Is not this man condemn'd?

Chan. Strange question, sir!
The process will declare it, sign'd with all
These my assistant brothers' reverend hands,
To his conviction in a public trial. 300

King. You said for foul and monstrous facts prov'd
by him?

Chan. The very words are there, sir.

King. But the deeds
I look for, sir; name me but one that's monstrous.

Chan. His foul comparisons and affronts of you
To me seem'd monstrous.

King. I told you them, sir; 305
Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
Being a man studied in him, could produce

And prove as clear as heaven ; you warranted
 To make appear such treasons in the Admiral,
 As never all law's volumes yet had sentenc'd, 310
 And France should look on having scap'd with wonder.
 What in this nature hath been clearly prov'd
 In his arraignment ?

1st Judge. Nothing that we heard

In splend' rest touch urg'd by your advocate.

King. Dare you affirm this too ?

2nd Judge. Most confidently. 315

King. No base corruptions charg'd upon him ?

1st Judge. None, sir !

Treas. [aside] This argues Chabot has corrupted him.

Sec. [aside] I do not like this.

1st Judge. The sum of all

Was urg'd to prove your Admiral corrupt,
 Was an exaction of his officers 320
 Of twenty sous taken from the fishermen
 For every boat that fish'd the Norman coast.

King. And was this all

The mountains and the marvels promis'd me,
 To be in clear proof made against the life 325
 Of our so hated Admiral ?

Judges. All, sir,

Upon our lives and consciences !

Chan. [aside] I am blasted.

King. How durst you then subscribe to his conviction ?

1st Judge. For threats by my Lord Chancellor on the
 bench,

Affirming that your Majesty would have it 330
 Made capital treason, or account us traitors.

2nd Judge. Yet, sir, we did put to our names with this
 Interposition of a note in secret

In these two letters, *V* and *I*, to show
 We were enforc'd to what we did, which then 335
 In law is nothing.

Fath. How do you feel, your lordship ?

Did you not find some stuffing in your head ?

Your brain should have been purg'd.

Chan. I fall to pieces.

Would they had rotted on the bench !

King. And so you sav'd the peace of that high court, 340
 Which otherwise his impious rage had broken ;

But thus am I by his malicious arts
 A par[t]y render'd, and most tyrannous spur
 To all the open course of his base envies,
 A forcer of my judges, and a thirst 345
 Of my nobility's blood, and all by one
 I trusted to make clear my love of justice.

Chan. I beseech your Majesty let all my zeal
 To serve your virtues, with a sacred value
 Made of your royal state to which each least 350
 But shade of violence in any subject
 Doth provoke certain death—

King. Death on thy name
 And memory for ever! One command
 Our Advocate attend us presently.

As. He waits here. 355

King. But single death shall not excuse thy skin
 Torn o'er thine ears, and what else can be inflicted,
 If thy life, with the same severity
 Dissected, cannot stand so many fires.

Sec. }
Treas. } Be merciful, great sir! [*Kneeling.*]

King. Yet more amaze! 360
 Is there a knee in all the world beside,
 That any human conscience can let bow
 For him. Y'are traitors all that pity him.

Treas. [*Aside*] This is no time to move.

King. Yet 'twas my fault
 To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud 365
 With forms of tongue and learning. What a prisoner
 Is pride of the whole flood of man! For as
 A human seed is said to be a mixture
 And fair contemperature extracted from
 All our best faculties, so the seed of all 370
 Man's sensual frailty may be said to abide,
 And have their confluence in only pride;
 It stupefies man's reason so, and dulls
 True sense of anything but what may fall
 In his own glory, quenches all the spirits 375
 That light a man to honour and true goodness.

As. Your advocate.

Enter Advocate

King. Come hither.

Ad. My most gracious Sovereign.

[*King talks with him aside*]

Chab. Madam, you infinitely oblige our duty.

Queen. I was too long ignorant of your worth, my lord, 380
And this sweet lady's virtue.

Wife. Both your servants.

Chab. I never had a fear of the King's justice,
And yet I know not what creeps o'er my heart,
And leaves an ice beneath it. My Lord Chancellor,
You have my forgiveness ; but implore Heaven's pardon 385
For wrongs to equal justice ; you shall want
No charity of mine to mediate
To the King for you.

Chan. Horror of my soul
Confounds my gratitude.

Mont. [*To Chabot*] To me now most welcome.

Ad. [*To the King*] It was my allegiance, sir ; I did 390
enforce
But by directions of your Chancellor ;
It was my office to advance your cause
Gainst all the world, which when I leave to execute,
Flay me, and turn me out a most raw advocate.

King. You see my Chancellor.

Ad. He has an ill look with him. 395

King. It shall be your province now, on our behalf,
To urge what can in justice be against him ;
His riot on our laws and corrupt actions
Will give you scope and field enough.

Ad. And I 400
Will play my law prize ; never fear it, sir.
He shall be guilty of what you please. I am studied
In him, sir ; I will squeeze his villanies,
And urge his acts so home into his bowels,
The force of it shall make him hang himself,
And save the laws a labour.

King. Judges, for all 405
The poisonous outrage that this viper spilt
On all my royal freedom and my empire,
As making all but servants to his malice,
I will have you revise the late arraignment ;
And for those worthy reasons that already 410
Affect you for my Admiral's acquittal,
Employ your justice on this Chancellor. Away with him !

Arrest him, Captain of my Guard, to answer
All that due course of law against him can
Charge both his acts and life.

Cap. I do arrest thee, 415
Poyet, Lord Chancellor, in his Highness' name,
To answer all that equal course of law
Can charge thy acts and life with.

Chan. I obey.

[*Exit Chancellor guarded*]

King. How false a heart corruption has ! How base,
Without true worth, are all these earth-bred glories ! 420
O, blessed justice, by which all things stand,
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sink
'Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
The object of men's hate, and heaven's bright love ; 425
And as in cloudy days we see the sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
All those left dark and slighted in his way,
And on the wretched plight of some poor shed,
Pours all the glories of his golden head : 430
So heavenly virtue on this envied lord
Points all his graces that I may distinguish
Him better from the world.

Treas. You do him right.

King. But away, Judges, and pursue the arraignment
Of this polluted Chancellor with that swiftness 435
His fury wing'd against my Admiral ;
And be you all that sate on him compurgators
Of me against this false judge.

Judges. We are so.

King. Be you two join'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning 440
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affairs now past : that whatsoever
Charge or commission judges have from us,
They ever make their aim ingenuous justice,
Not partial for reward or swelling favour ; 445
To which if your king steer you, spare to obey,
For when his troubled blood is clear and calm,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious law, and hold that judge
Unworthy of his place that lets his censure 450

Float in the waves of an imagin'd favour ;
 This shipwrecks in the haven, and but wounds
 Their consciences that soothe the soon-ebb'd humours
 Of their incensed king.

Mont. }
Treas. }

Royal and sacred !

King. Come, Philip, shine thy honour now for ever, 455
 For this short temporal eclipse it suffer'd
 By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,
 Nor let the thought of what is past afflict thee
 For my unkindness ; live still circled here,
 The bright intelligence of our royal sphere. 460

Exeunt

ACTUS QUINTUS

[SCENA I

A Room in the Court]

Enter Queen, Constable, Father

Queen. The Admiral sick ?

Fath.

With danger at the heart ;

I came to tell the King.

Mont.

He never had

More reason in his soul to entertain

All the delights of health.

Fath.

I fear, my lord,

Some apprehension of the King's unkindness, 5

By giving up his person and his offices

To the law's gripe and search, is ground of his

Sad change ; the greatest souls are thus oft wounded ;

If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken

His fast decaying spirits, and prevent 10

The hasty ebb of life.

Queen.

The King is now

Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation ;

The news so violent let into his ear,

May have some dangerous effect in him ;

I would not counsel, sir, to that.

Fath.

With greater reason 15

I may suspect they'll spread, my lord, and, as

A river, l[i]ft his curl'd and impetuous waves

Over the banks, by confluence of streams
 That fill and swell [their] channel ; for by this time
 He has the addition of Allegre's suffering, 20
 His honest servant, whom I met, though feeble
 And worn with torture, going to congratulate
 His master's safety.

Queen. It seems he much
 Affected that Allegre.

Mont. There will be
 But a sad interview and dialogue. 25

Queen. Does he keep his bed ?

Fath. In that alone
 He shows a fortitude ; he will move and walk,
 He says, while his own strength or others' can
 Support him, wishing he might stand and look
 His destiny in the face at the last summons, 30
 Not sluggishly exhale his soul in bed
 With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

Queen. Can he in this show spirit, and want force
 To wrestle with a thought ?

Fath. Oh, madam, madam !
 We may have proof against the sword and tyranny 35
 Of boisterous war that threatens us ; but when
 Kings frown, a cannon mounted in each eye,
 Shoot death to apprehension ere their fire
 And force approach us.

Enter King

Mont. Here's the King.

Queen. No words
 To interrupt his quiet.

Fath. I'll begone, then. 40

King. Our Admiral's father ? Call him back.

Queen. I wo' not stay to hear 'em. *Exit*

Mont. Sir, be prudent,
 And do not, for your son, fright the King's health. *Exit*

King. What, ha' they left us ?—How does my Admiral ?

Fath. I am forbid to tell you, sir.

King. By whom ? 45

Fath. The Queen and my Lord Constable.

King. Are there
 Remaining seeds of faction ? Have they souls
 Not yet convinc'd i' th' truth of Chabot's honour,

Clear as the crystal heaven, and 'bove the reach
Of imitation ?

Fath. 'Tis their care of you, 50
And no thought prejudicial to my son.

King. Their care of me ?
How can the knowledge of my Admiral's state
Concern their fears of me ? I see their envy
Of Chabot's happiness, whose joy to be
Render'd so pure and genuine to the world 55
Doth grate upon their conscience and affright 'em.
But let 'em vex, and bid my Chabot still
Exalt his heart, and triumph ; he shall have
The access of ours ; the kingdom shall put on
Such joys for him, as she would boast to celebrate 60
Her own escape from ruin.

Fath. [*aside.*] He is not
In state to hear my sad news, I perceive.

King. That countenance is not right, it does not answer
What I expect ; say, how is my Admiral ?
The truth, upon thy life !

Fath. To secure his, 65
I would you had.

King. Ha ! Who durst oppose him ?

Fath. One that hath power enough hath practis'd on him,
And made his great heart stoop.

King. I will revenge it
With crushing that rebellious power to nothing.
Name him.

Fath. He was his friend. 70

King. A friend to malice ; his own black imposthume
Burn his blood up ! What mischief hath engender'd
New storms ?

Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him ?

Fath. You dress'd his wounds, I must confess, but made 75
No cure ; they bleed afresh. Pardon me, sir ;
Although your conscience have clos'd too soon,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgery ;
Though he be right in fame and your opinion,
He thinks you were unkind.

King. Alas, poor Chabot ! 80
Doth that afflict him ?

Fath. So much, though he strive
 With most resolv'd and adamantine nerves,
 As ever human fire in flesh and blood
 Forg'd for example to bear all, so killing
 The arrows that you shot were (still your pardon), 85
 No centaur's blood could rankle so.

King. If this
 Be all, I'll cure him ; kings retain
 More balsam in their soul than hurt in anger.

Fath. Far short, sir ; with one breath they uncreate ;
 And kings, with only words, more wounds, can make 90
 Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal ;
 'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
 On numerous virtue, though it become princes
 To assure their adventures made in everything :
 Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and blood, 95
 Hath but a queasy and still sickly state ;
 A musical hand should only play on her,
 Fluent as air, yet every touch command.

King. No more !
 Cominend us to the Admiral, and say 100
 The King will visit him, and bring [him] health.

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
 Nimble with this command. *Exeunt*

[SCENA II

A Court of Justice]

*Enter Officers before ; Treasurer, Secretary, and Judges, attended
 by Petitioners, the Advocate also, with many papers in his
 hand. They take their places : the Chancellor, with a guard
 [is led in], and placed at the bar.*

Treas. [aside] Did you believe the Chancellor had been
 So foul ?

Sec. [aside] He's lost to th' people ; what contempts
 They throw upon him ! But we must be wise.

1st Judge. Were there no other guilt, his malice show'd
 Upon the Admiral in o'erbearing justice 5
 Would well deserve a sentence.

Treas. And a deep one !

2nd Judge. If please your lordships to remember, that

Was specially commended by the King,
As being most blemish to his royal person
And the free justice of his state.

Treas.

Already

10

He has confess'd upon his examinations
Enough for censure ; yet, to obey form—
Master Advocate, if you please—

Ad. I am ready for your lordships. It hath been said,
and will be said again, and may truly be justified, *omnia ex* 15
lite fieri. It was the position of philosophers, and now
proved by a more philosophical sect, the lawyers, that,
omnia ex lite fiant, we are all made by law—made, I say, and
worthily, if we be just ; if we be unjust, marred ; though in 20
marring some, there is necessity of making others, for if one
fall by the law, ten to one but another is exalted by the execu-
tion of the law, since the corruption of one must conclude the
generation of another, though not always in the same profes-
sion ; the corruption of an apothecary may be the generation
of a doctor of physic ; the corruption of a citizen may beget 25
a courtier, and a courtier may very well beget an alderman ;
the corruption of an alderman may be the generation of a
country justice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a
tumult ; a tumult may beget a captain, and the corruption
of a captain may beget a gentleman-usher, and a gentleman- 30
usher may beget a lord, whose wit may beget a poet, and a
poet may get a thousand pound a year, but nothing without
corruption.

Treas. Good Master Advocate, be pleased to leave all
digressions, and speak of the Chancellor.

35

Ad. Your lordship doth very seasonably premonish ;
and I shall not need to leave my subject, corruption, while
I discourse of him, who is the very fen and Stygian abyss of
it : five thousand and odd hundred foul and impious corrup-
tions, for I will be brief, have been found by several examina- 40
tions, and by oaths proved, against this odious and polluted
Chancellor ; a man of so tainted and contagious a life, that
it is a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrils that hath lived
within the scent of his offices. He was born with teeth in
his head, by an affidavit of his midwife, to note his devouring, 45
and hath one toe on his left foot crooked, and in the form of
an eagle's talon, to foretell his rapacity—what shall I say ?—
branded, marked, and designed in his birth for shame and
obloquy, which appeareth further, by a mole under his

right ear, with only three witch's hairs in't; strange and
ominous predictions of nature!

Treas. You have acquainted yourself but very lately
with this intelligence, for, as I remember, your tongue was
guilty of no such character when he sat judge upon the
Admiral: a pious, incorrupt man, a faithful and fortunate
servant to his king; and one of the greatest honours that ever
the Admiral received was, that he had so noble and just a
judge: this must imply a strange volubility in your tongue or
conscience. I speak not to discountenance any evidence for
the King, but to put you in mind, Master Advocate, that
you had then a better opinion of my Lord Chancellor.

Ad. Your lordship hath most aptly interposed, and with
a word I shall easily satisfy all your judgments. He was
then a judge, and *in cathedra*, in which he could not err—it
may be your lordships' cases. Out of the chair and seat of
justice he hath his frailties, is loosed and exposed to the
conditions of other human natures; so every judge, your
lordships are not ignorant, hath a kind of privilege while he
is in his state, office, and being; although he may, *quoad se*,
internally and privately be guilty of bribery of justice, yet,
quoad nos, and in public, he is an upright and innocent judge.
We are to take no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if we
should detect or stain him, for in that we disparage the office,
which is the King's, and may be our own; but once removed
from his place by just dishonour of the King, he is no more
a judge, but a common person whom the law takes hold on,
and we are then to forget what he hath been, and without
partiality to strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit
and corrupt judge: as, for example, he may, and ought to
flourish in his greatness, and break any man's neck with as
much facility as a jest; but the case being altered, and he
down, every subject shall be heard; a wolf may be apparelled
in a lamb skin; and if every man should be afraid to speak
truth nay, and more than truth, if the good of the subject,
which are clients, sometime require it, there would be no
remove of officers; if no remove, no motions; if no motion
in court, no heat, and, by consequence, but cold terms. Take
away this moving, this removing of judges, the law may
bury itself in buckram, and the kingdom suffer for want of a
due execution; and, now, I hope, your lordships are satisfied.

Treas. Most learnedly concluded to acquit yourself.

1st Judge. Master Advocate, please you to urge, for

satisfaction of the world and clearing the King's honour, how unjustly he proceeded against the Admiral.

Ad. I shall obey your lordship.—So vast, so infinite hath 95
 been the impudence of this Chancellor, not only toward the
 subject, but even the sacred person of the King, that I
 tremble, as with a palsy, to remember it. This man, or
 rather this monster, having power and commission trusted
 for the examination of the Lord Admiral, a man perfect in 100
 all honour and justice, indeed, the very ornament and second
 flower of France—for the flower-de-lis is sacred, and above
 all flowers, and indeed the best flower in our garden—having
 used all ways to circumvent his innocence, by suborning and
 promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by 105
 the cruelty of tortures, as namely Monsieur Allegre, a most
 honest and faithful servant to his lord, tearing and extending
 his sinews upon the rack to force a confession to his purpose ;
 and finding nothing prevail upon the invincible virtue of the
 Admiral— 110

Sec. [*aside*] How he would flatter him !

Ad. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraign him ; to be
 short, against all colour of justice condemned him of high
 treasons. Oh, think what the life of man is, that can never
 be recompensed, but the life of a just man, a man that is 115
 the vigour and glory of our life and nation, to be torn to death,
 and sacrificed beyond the malice of common persecution !
 What tiger of Hyrcanian breed could have been so cruel ?
 But this is not all ! He was not guilty only of murder—guilty,
 I may say, *in foro conscientiaë*, though our good Admiral was 120
 miraculously preserved—but unto this he added a most pro-
 digious and fearful rape, a rape even upon Justice itself, the
 very soul of our state ; for the rest of the judges upon the
 Bench, venerable images of [*Astræa*,] he most tyrannously
 compelled to set their hands to his most unjust sentence. 125
 Did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice ?
 What forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfy this
 transcendent offence ? And yet, my good lords, this is but
 venial to the sacrilege which now follows, and by him com-
 mitted : not content with this sentence, not satisfied with 130
 horrid violence upon the sacred tribunal, but he proceeds
 and blasphemes the very name and honour of the King him-
 self,—observe that,—making him the author and impulsive
 cause of all these rapines, justifying that he moved only by
 his special command to the death, nay, the murder, of his 135

most faithful subject, translating all his own black and damnable guilt upon the King. Here's a traitor to his country ! First, he conspires the death of one whom the King loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and then makes it no conscience to proclaim it the King's act, and, 140 by consequence, declares him a murderer of his own and of his best subjects.

[*Voices*] *within*. An advocate ! An advocate !

Tear him in pieces ! Tear the Chancellor in pieces !

Treas. The people have deep sense of the Chancellor's injustice. 145

Sec. We must be careful to prevent their mutiny.

1st Judge. It will become our wisdoms to secure

The court and prisoner.

Treas. Captain of the Guard !

2nd Judge. What can you say for yourself, Lord Chancellor ?

Chan. Again, I confess all, and humbly fly to 150

The royal mercy of the King.

Treas. And this

Submission is the way to purchase it.

Chan. Hear me, great judges : if you have not lost

For my sake all your charities, I beesech you

Let the King know my heart is full of penitence ; 155

Calm his high-going sea, or in that tempest

I ruin to eternity. Oh, my lords,

Consider your own places, and the helms

You sit at ; while with all your providence

You steer, look forth and see devouring quicksands ! 160

My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride

Of state and greatness falling into nothing.

I, that had never time, through vast employments,

To think of Heaven, feel his revengeful wrath

Boiling my blood, and scorching up my entrails. 165

There doomsday is my conscience, black and horrid

For my abuse of justice ; but no stings

Prick with that terror as the wounds I made

Upon the pious Admiral. Some good man

Bear my repentance thither ; he is merciful, 170

And may incline the King to stay his lightning,

Which threatens my confusion. That my free

Resign of title, office, and what else

My pride look'd at, would buy my poor life's safety !

For ever banish me the court, and let 175
Me waste my life far off, in some village.

Ad. How ! Did your lordships note his request to you ?
He would direct your sentence, to punish him with confining
him to live in the country ; like the mouse in the fable, that
having offended to deserve death, begged he might be banished 180
into a Parmesan. I hope your lordships will be more just to
the nature of his offences.

Sec. I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground
For his good parts.

Treas. My lord, this is your sentence :
For you[r] high misdemeanours against his Majesty's judges, 185
for your unjust sentence of the most equal Lord Admiral, for
many and foul corruptions and abuse of your office, and that
infinite stain of the King's person and honour, we, in his
Majesty's name, deprive you of your estate of Chancellor, and
declare you incapable of any judicial office ; and besides, con- 190
demn you in the sum of two hundred thousand crowns : whereof,
one hundred thousand to the King, and one hundred thousand to
the Lord Admiral ; and what remaineth of your estate, to go to
the restitution of those you have injured ; and to suffer per-
petual imprisonment in the castle. 195

So, take him to your custody.

Your lordships have been merciful in his sentence.

Exit

[*Chan.*] They have spar'd my life then ! That some cure
may bring ;

I ['ll] spend it in my prayers for the King. *Exeunt*

[SCENA III

A Room in Chabot's House]

Enter Admiral in his gown and cap, his Wife

Chab. Allegre ! I am glad he hath so much strength ;
I prithee let me see him.

Wife. It will but

Enlarge a passion. My lord, he'll come
Another time, and tender you his service.

Chab. Nay, then—

Wife. Although I like it not, I must obey. 5

Exit

Enter Allegre, supported

Chab. Welcome, my injur'd servant, what a misery
Ha' they made on thee !

Al. Though some change appear
Upon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
My h[ea]rt is still the same in faith to you 10
Not broken with their rage.

Chab. Alas, poor man !
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten all.
Though in thy absence I had suffering, 15
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief than all my imagination 20
Could let before into me. Did'st not curse me
Upon the torture ?

Al. Good my lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory ; they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear 25
For you and justice : but there's something in
Your looks presents more fear than all the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul with :
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, and one 30
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach. I was not rack'd till now :
There's more death in that falling eye than all 35
Rage ever yet brought forth. What accident, sir, can blast,
Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
Your noble brow ? Misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued 40
By the great arm of Providence ; nor can
Those garlands that now grow about your forehead,
With all the poison of the world be blasted.

Chab. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon thee
 In wide and spacious characters ; but in 45
 The volume of my sadness, thou dost want
 An eye to read ; an open force hath torn
 Thy manly sinews, which some time may cure ;
 The engine is not seen that wounds thy master
 Past all the remedy of art or time, 50
 The flatteries of court, of fame, or honours :
 Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,
 Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
 And blooming pride upon her, makes a show
 Of Spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossom ; 55
 But not the sun, with all her amorous smiles,
 The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
 Can root her fibres in the earth again,
 Or make her bosom kind to growth and bearing ;
 But the tree withers ; and those very beams 60
 That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
 Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
 The bark and rind, till she becomes a burthen
 To that which gave her life ; so Chabot, Chabot—
Al. Wonder in apprehension ! I must 65
 Suspect your health indeed.

Chab. No, no, thou sha' not
 Be troubled ; I but stirr'd thee with a moral,
 That's empty, contains nothing. I am well ;
 See, I can walk ; poor man, thou hast not strength yet !
 [Exit] 70
Al. What accident is ground of this distraction ?

Enter Admiral

Chab. Thou hast not heard yet what's become o' th'
 Chancellor ?
Al. Not yet, my lord.
Chab. Poor gentleman ! When I think
 Upon the King, I've balm enough to cure
 A thousand wounds ; have I not, Allegre ?
 Was ever bounteous mercy read in story 75
 Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice
 By law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlooked for,
 And unpetitioned ? But his justice then,
 That would not spare whom his own love made great,
 But give me up to the most cruel test 80

Of judges, for some boldness in defence
Of my own merits and my honest faith to him,
Was rare, past example.

Enter Father

Fath. Sir, the King
Is coming hither.

Al. It will
Become my duty, sir, to leave you now. 85

Chab. Stay, by all means, Allegre, 't shall concern you.
I'm infinitely honour'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queen, Constable, and Wife

King. Madam, be comforted ; I'll be his physician.

Wife. Pray heaven you may !

[*Chabot kneels. The King raises him*]

King. No ceremonial knees ;
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest Chabot ; 90

And yet in vain I challenge that ; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life ; [no] violence
Shall ravish it from my possession ;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood 95
And spirits shall betray it to a fear.

When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then, 100
And in my heart the world shall read thee living,
And by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrefy,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Chab. You too much honour your poor servant, sir ; 105
My heart despairs so rich a monument ;
But when it dies—

King. I wo' not hear a sound
Of anything that trenche[th] upon death ;
He speaks the funeral of my crown that prophesies
So unkind a fate. We'll live and die together ; 110
And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee
Preserve thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Chab.

I have found

A glorious harvest in your favour, sir ; 115
 And by this overflow of royal grace,
 All my deserts are shadows, and fly from me.
 I have not in the wealth of my desires
 Enough to pay you now ; yet you encourage me
 To make one suit.

King.

So soon as nam'd, possess it. 120

Chab. You would be pleas'd take notice of this gentleman,

A secretary of mine.

Mont.

Monsieur Allegre ;

He that was rack'd, sir, for your Admiral.

Chab. His limbs want strength to tender their full duty,
 An honest man, that suffers for my sake. 125

King. He shall be dear to us. [*To Allegre*] For what has
 pass'd, sir,

By the unjustice of our Chancellor's power,
 We'll study to recompense ; i' th' meantime, that office
 You exercis'd for Chabot, we translate
 To ourself ; you shall be our secretary.

Al.

This is 130

An honour above my weak desert, and shall
 Oblige the service of my life to satisfy it.

Chab. You are gracious, and in this act have put
 All our complaints to silence.

*Enter Treasurer and Secretary, [and give the King the sen-
 tence of the Chancellor]*

You, Allegre,

Cherish your health and feeble limbs, which cannot, 135
 Without much prejudice, be thus employ'd :
 All my best wishes with thee.

Al.

All my prayers

Are duties to your lordship.

*Exit**King.*

'Tis too little !

Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting
 Imprisonment, purge his offences to 140
 Our honest Admiral ? had our person been
 Exempted from his malice, he did persecute
 The life of Chabot with an equal wrath ;
 You should have pour'd death on his treacherous head.
 I revoke all your sentences, and make 145

Him that was wrong'd full master of his destiny.

[*Turning to Chabot*]

Be thou his judge.

Chab. Oh, far be such injustice !

I know his doom is heavy ; and I beg,

Where mercy may be let into his sentence,

For my sake, you would soften it ; I have

150

Glory enough to be set right in your's

And my dear country's thought, and by an act

With such apparent notice to the world.

King. Express it in some joy then.

Chab. I will strive

To show that pious gratitude to you, but—

155

King. But what ?

Chab. My frame hath lately, sir, been ta'en a-pieces,

And but now put together ; the least force

Of mirth will shake and unjoint all my reason.

Your patience, royal sir.

King. I'll have no patience,

160

If thou forget the courage of a man.

Chab. My strength would flatter me.

King. Physicians !

Now I begin to fear his apprehension.

Why, how is Chabot's spirit fall'n !

Queen. 'Twere best

He were convey'd to his bed.

Wife. How soon turn'd widow ! 165

Chab. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodness ?
Stand from me [*to those supporting him*], you betray me
with your fears ;

The plummets may fall off that hang upon

My heart ; they were but thoughts at first : or if

They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes

170

Close with another object than the King ;

Let him be last I look on.

King. I would not have him lost for my whole kingdom.

Mont. He may recover, sir.

King. I see it fall ;

For justice being the prop of every kingdom,

175

And mine broke, violating him that was

The knot and contract of it all in him ;

It [*is*] already falling in my ear.

Pompey could hear it thunder, when the Senate

And Capitol were deaf [t]o heaven's loud chiding. 180
 I'll have another sentence for my Chancellor,
 Unless my Chabot live. In a prince
 What a swift executioner is a frown !
 Especially of great and noble souls.—
 How is it with my Philip ?

Chab. I must beg 185
 One other boon.

King. Upon condition
 My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
 And be himself again, he shall divide
 My kingdom with me.

Fath. Sweet King !

Chab. I observe 190
 A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in you ;
 For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
 Forgive your Chancellor ; let not the story
 Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw
 A tear from any family. I beseech
 Your royal mercy on his life and free 195
 Remission of all seizure upon his state ;
 I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour but
 Thy own health, and pronounce general pardon
 To all through France.

Chab. Sir, I must kneel to thank you,
 It is not seal'd else [*kneels*] ; your blest hand ; live happy. 200
 May all you trust have no less faith than Chabot !
 Oh ! [*Dies*]

Wife. His heart is broken.

Fath. And kneeling, sir,
 As his ambition were in death to show
 The truth of his obedience.

Mont. I fear'd this issue.

Treas. He's past hope. 205

King. He has a victory in's death ; this world
 Deserv'd him not. How soon he was translated
 To glorious eternity ! 'Tis too late
 To fright the air with words ; my tears embalm him !

Wife. What can become of me ! 210

[*King.*] I'll be your husband, madam, and with care
 Supply your children's father ; to your father
 I'll be a son ; in what our love or power

Can serve his friends, Chabot shall ne'er be wanting.
The greatest loss is mine, past scale or recompence. 215
We will proceed no further gainst the Chancellor.
To the charity of our Admiral he owes
His life, which, ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject,
New fears of his injustice ; for his fortunes, 220
Great and acquir'd corruptly, 'tis our will
They make just restitution for all wrongs,
That shall within a year be prov'd aganst him.
Oh, Chabot, that shall boast as many monuments,
As there be hearts in France, which, as they grow, 225
Shall with more love enshrine thee ! Kings, they say,
Die not, or starve succession : Oh, why
Should that stand firm, and kings themselves despair
To find their subject still in the next heir ? *Exeunt*

FINIS



CÆSAR AND POMPEY

A ROMAN TRAGEDY

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HIS EXCEEDING GOOD
LORD,

THE EARL OF MIDDLESEX, &c.

THOUGH, my good lord, this martial history suffer the division of acts and scenes, both for the more perspicuity and height of the celebration, yet never touched it at the stage ; or if it had (though some may perhaps causelessly impair it) yet would it, I hope, fall under no exception in your lordship's better-judging estimation, since scenical representation is so far from giving just cause of any least diminution, that the personal and exact life it gives to any history, or other such delineation of human actions, adds to them lustre, spirit, and apprehension : which the only section of acts and scenes makes me stand upon thus much, since that only in some precisianisms will require a little prevention, and the hasty prose the style avoids, obtain to the more temperate and staid numerous elocution some assistance to the acceptance and grace of it. Though ingenuously my gratitude confesseth, my lord, it is not such as hereafter I vow to your honour, being written so long since, and had not the timely ripeness of that age that, I thank God, I yet find no fault withal for any such defects.

Good my lord, vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit some slight glances at this, till some work of more novelty and fashion may confer this the more liking of your honour's more worthy deservings ; to which his bounden affection vows all services.

Ever your lordship's

GEO. CHAPMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Julius Cæsar	Drusus, <i>servant of Cornelia</i>
Mark Antony	Fronto, <i>a ruined knave</i>
Pompey	Ophioneus, <i>a devil</i>
Sextus, <i>Pompey's son</i>	
Marcus Cato	
Portius, <i>his son</i>	
Athenodorus, <i>a philosopher</i>	
Statilius, <i>a disciple of Cato</i>	
Cleanthes, <i>the Physician of Cato</i>	
Marcus Brutus	
Minutius, } <i>tribunes</i>	
Metellus, }	
Marcellus, }	
Gabinius, }	
Vibius, }	
Demetrius, }	
The two Lentuli, }	
Crassinius, } <i>soldiers of Cæsar</i>	
Acilius, }	
Achillas, }	
Septimius, }	
Salvius, }	
Marcilius, } <i>servants of Cato</i>	
Butas, }	

THE ARGUMENT

Pompey and Cæsar bring their armies so near Rome, that the Senate except against them. Cæsar unduly and ambitiously commanding his forces ; Pompey more for fear of Cæsar's violence to the State, than moved with any affectation of his own greatness. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made ; which yet not conducing to their ends, war ends them. In which at first Cæsar is forced to fly, whom Pompey not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding conqueror, his victory was prevented, and he unhappily dishonoured. Whose ill fortune his most loving and learned wife Cornelia travailed after, with pains solemn and careful enough ; whom the two Lentuli and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murdered.

Both the Consuls and Cato are slaughtered with their own invincible hands, and Cæsar (in spite of all his fortune) without his victory victor.

ONLY A JUST MAN IS A FREE MAN

ACT I, SCENE I

[*A Room in Cato's House*]

Cato, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius

Cato. Now will the two suns of our Roman heaven,
Pompey and Cæsar, in their tropic burning,
With their contention all the clouds assemble
That threaten tempests to our peace and empire,
Which we shall shortly see pour down in blood,
Civil and natural wild and barbarous turning.

5

Ath. From whence presage you this ?

Cato. From both their armies,
Now gather'd near our Italy, contending

To enter severally : Pompey's brought so near
 By Rome's consent for fear of tyrannous Cæsar ; 10
 Which Cæsar, fearing to be done in favour
 Of Pompey and his passage to the empire,
 Hath brought on his for intervention.
 And such a flock of puttocks follow Cæsar,
 For fall[ings] of his ill-disposed purse 15
 (That never yet spar'd cross to aquiline virtue),
 As well may make all civil spirits suspicious.
 Look how, against great rains, a standing pool
 Of paddocks, toads, and water-snakes put up
 Their speckled throats above the venomous lake, 20
 Croaking and gasping for some fresh-fall'n drops,
 To quench their poison'd thirst, being near to stifle
 With clotted purgings of their own foul bane :
 So still where Cæsar goes there thrust up head
 Impostors, flatterers, favourites, and bawds, 25
 Buffoons, intelligencers, select wits,
 Close murderers, mountebanks, and decay'd thieves,
 To gain their baneful lives' reliefs from him,
 From Britain, Belgia, France, and Germany,
 The scum of either country (choos'd by him, 30
 To be his black guard and red agents here)
 Swarming about him.

Por. And all these are said
 To be suborn'd, in chief, against yourself ;
 Since Cæsar chiefly fears that you will sit
 This day his opposite, in the cause for which 35
 Both you were sent for home, and he hath stol'n
 Access so soon here ; Pompey's whole rest rais'd
 To his encounter, and, on both sides, Rome
 In general uproar.

Stat. [To Athenodorus] Which, sir, if you saw,
 And knew, how for the danger all suspect 40
 To this your worthiest friend (for that known freedom
 His spirit will use this day gainst both the rivals)
 His wife and family mourn, no food, no comfort
 Allow'd them for his danger, you would use
 Your utmost powers to stay him from the Senate 45
 All this day's session.

Cato. He's too wise, Statilius ;
 For all is nothing.

Stat. Nothing, sir ? I saw

Castor and Pollux Temple thrust up full
 With all the damn'd crew you have lately nam'd,
 The market-place and suburbs swarming with them ; 50
 And where the Senate sit, are ruffians pointed
 To keep from entering the degrees that go
 Up to the Bench all other but the Consuls,
 Cæsar and Pompey and the Senators ;
 And all for no cause but to keep out Cato 55
 With any violence, any villany.

And is this nothing, sir ? Is his one life,
 On whom all good lives and their goods depend
 In Rome's whole Empire, all the justice there
 That's free and simple, all such virtues too, 60
 And all such knowledge, nothing, nothing, all ?

Cato. Away, Statilius ; how long shall thy love
 Exceed thy knowledge of me and the gods
 Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right ? Have not I
 Their powers to guard me in a cause of theirs ? 65
 Their justice and integrity included,

In what I stand for ? He that fears the gods
 For guard of any goodness, all things fears,
 Earth, seas, and air, heaven, darkness, broad daylight,
 Rumour and silence and his very shade ; 70
 And what an aspen soul hath such a creature !
 How dangerous to his soul is such a fear !

In whose cold fits is all heaven's justice shaken
 To his faint thoughts, and all the goodness there,
 Due to all good men by the gods' own vows, 75
 Nay, by the firmness of their endless being ;

All which shall fail as soon as any one
 Good to a good man in them, for his goodness
 Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
 O never more, Statilius, may this fear 80
 Taint thy bold bosom for thyself or friend,
 More than the gods are fearful to defend.

Ath. Come, let him go, Statilius, and your fright ;
 This man hath inward guard past your young sight.

Exeunt [Portius, Athenodorus and Statilius]

Enter Minutius, *manet* Cato

Cato. Welcome ; come stand by me in what is fit 85
 For our poor city's safety, nor respect
 Her proudest foe's corruption, or our danger

Of what seen face soever.

Min.

I am yours.

But what, alas, sir, can the weakness do,

Against our whole state, of us only two ?

90

You know our statists' spirits are so corrupt

And servile to the greatest, that what crosseth

Them or their own particular wealth or honour

They will not enterprise to save the Empire.

Cato. I know it, yet let us do like ourselves. *Exeunt* 95

[SCENE II

The Forum, before the Temple of Castor and Pollux]

Enter some bearing axes, bundles of rods, bare, before two Consuls ; Cæsar and Metellus, Antony and Marcellus, in couples ; Senators, People, Soldiers, etc., following. The Consuls enter the degrees with Antony and Marcellus, Cæsar staying awhile without with Metellus, who hath a paper in his hand.

Cæs. [*aside to Metellus*]. Move you for ent'ring only

Pompey's army ;

Which if you gain for him, for me all justice

Will join with my request of ent'ring mine.

Met. [*aside to Cæsar*]. 'Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.

Cæs. But might we not win Cato to our friendship 5

By honouring speeches nor persuasive gifts ?

Met. Not possible !

Cæs. Nor by enforcive usage ?

Met. Not all the violence that can be us'd

Of power or set authority can stir him,

Much less fair words win or rewards corrupt him ; 10

And therefore all means we must use to keep him

From off the Bench.

Cæs. Give you the course for that ;

And if he offer entry, I have fellows

Will serve your will on him at my given signal.

They ascend

Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, with papers. Enter the lists, ascend and sit. After whom enter Cato, Minutius, Athenodorus, Statilius, Portius.

Cato. He is the man that sits so close to Cæsar, 15
And holds the law there, whispering ; see the coward

Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked :
I'll part their whispering virtue.

1[*st Cit.*] Hold, keep out !

2[*nd Cit.*] What, honoured Cato ? Enter, choose thy place.

Cato [*To his friends.*] Come in.

He draws him in and sits betwixt Cæsar and Metellus

Away, unworthy grooms.

3[*rd Cit.*] No more ! 20

Cæs. What should one say to him ?

Met. He will be stoical.

Cato. Where fit place is not given, it must be taken.

4[*th Cit.*] Do, take it, Cato ; fear no greatest of them !

Thou seek'st the people's good, and these their own.

5[*th Cit.*] Brave Cato ! What a countenance he puts on ! 25

Let's give his noble will our utmost power.

6[*th Cit.*] Be bold in all thy will ; for being just,

Thou mayst defy the gods.

Cato. Said like a god.

Met. We must endure these people.

Cæs. Do ; begin.

Met. [*rising*]. Consuls, and reverend Fathers, and ye
people, 30

Whose voices are the voices of the gods,

I here have drawn a law, by good consent,

For ent'ring into Italy the army

Of Rome's great Pompey, that, his forces here

As well as he, great Rome may rest secure 35

From danger of the yet still smoking fire

Of Catiline's abhorr'd conspiracy :

Of which the very chief are left alive,

Only chastis'd but with a gentle prison.

Cato. Put them to death, then, and strike dead our fear, 40

That well you urge, by their unfit survival

Rather than keep it quick, and two lives give it

By entertaining Pompey's army too,

That gives as great cause of our fear as they.

For their conspiracy only was to make 45

One tyrant over all the state of Rome ;

And Pompey's army, suffer'd to be enter'd,

Is to make him, or give him means to be so.

Met. It follows not.

Cato. In purpose clearly, sir,

Which I'll illustrate with a clear example. 50
 If it be day, the sun's above the earth ;
 Which follows not (you'll answer) for 'tis day
 When first the morning breaks, and yet is then
 The body of the sun beneath the earth ;
 But he is virtually above it too, 55
 Because his beams are there ; and who then knows not
 His golden body will soon after mount.
 So Pompey's army enter'd Italy,
 Yet Pompey's not in Rome ; but Pompey's beams
 Who sees not there ? And consequently he 60
 Is in all means enthron'd in th' empery.

Met. Examples prove not ; we will have the army
 Of Pompey enter'd.

Cato. We ? Which 'we' intend you ?
 Have you already bought the people's voices ?
 Or bear our Consuls or our Senate here 65
 So small love to their country, that their wills
 Beyond their country's right are so perverse
 To give a tyrant here entire command ?
 Which I have prov'd as clear as day they do,
 If either the conspirators surviving 70
 Be let to live, or Pompey's army enter'd ;
 Both which beat one sole path and threat one danger.

Cæs. Consuls, and honour'd Fathers, the sole entry
 Of Pompey's army I'll not yet examine ;
 But for the great conspirators yet living, 75
 (Which Cato will conclude as one self danger
 To our dear country, and deter all, therefore,
 That love their country from their lives' defence)
 I see no reason why such danger hangs
 On their sav'd lives, being still safe kept in prison ; 80
 And since close prison to a Roman freedom
 Tenfold torments more than directest death,
 Who can be thought to love the less his country,
 That seeks to save their lives ? And lest myself
 (Thus speaking for them) be unjustly touch'd 85
 With any less doubt of my country's love,
 Why, reverend Fathers, may it be esteem'd
 Self-praise in me to prove myself a chief,
 Both in my love of her and in desert
 Of her like love in me ? For he that does 90
 Most honour to his mistress well may boast,

Without least question, that he loves her most.
 And though things long since done were long since known,
 And so may seem superfluous to repeat,
 Yet being forgotten, as things never done, 95
 Their repetition needful is, in justice,
 T'inflame the shame of that oblivion :
 For, hoping it will seem no less impair
 To others' acts to truly tell mine own,
 Put all together, I have pass'd them all 100
 That by their acts can boast themselves to be
 Their country's lovers : first, in those wild kingdoms
 Subdu'd to Rome by my unwearied toils,
 Which I dissavag'd and made nobly civil ;
 Next, in the multitude of those rude realms 105
 That so I fashion'd, and to Rome's young Empire
 Of old have added ; then the battles number'd
 This hand hath fought and won for her, with all
 Those infinites of dreadful enemies
 I slew in them—twice fifteen hundred thousand 110
 (All able soldiers) I have driven at once
 Before my forces, and in sundry onsets
 A thousand thousand of them put to sword—
 Besides, I took in less than ten years' time
 By strong assault above eight hundred cities, 115
 Three hundred several nations in that space
 Subduing to my country ; all which service,
 I trust, may interest me in her love,
 Public, and general enough, to acquit me
 Of any self-love, past her common good, 120
 For any motion of particular justice
 (By which her general empire is maintain'd)
 That I can make for those accused prisoners,
 Which is but by the way ; that so the reason
 Metellus makes for ent'ring Pompey's army, 125
 May not more weighty seem than to agree
 With those imprison'd nobles' vital safeties ;
 Which granted, or but yielded fit to be,
 May well extenuate the necessity
 Of ent'ring Pompey's army.

Cato. All that need 130
 I took away before, and reasons gave
 For a necessity to keep it out,
 Whose entry, I think, he himself affects not,

Since, I as well think, he affects not th' Empire,
 And both those thoughts hold ; since he loves his country, 135
 In my great hopes of him, too well to seek
 His sole rule of her, when so many souls
 So hard a task approve it ; nor my hopes
 Of his sincere love to his country build
 On sandier grounds than Cæsar's ; since he can 140
 As good cards show for it as Cæsar did,
 And quit therein the close aspersion
 Of his ambition, seeking to employ
 His army in the breast of Italy.

Pom. Let me not thus (imperial Bench and Senate) 145
 Feel myself beat about the ears, and toss'd
 With others' breaths to any coast they please ;
 And not put some stay to my errors in them.
 The gods can witness that not my ambition
 Hath brought to question th' entry of my army, 150
 And therefore not suspected the effect
 Of which that entry is suppos'd the cause,
 Which is a will in me to give my power
 The rule of Rome's sole Empire ; that most strangely
 Would put my will in others' powers, and powers 155
 (Unforfeited by my fault) in others' wills.
 My self-love, out of which all this must rise,
 I will not wrong the known proofs of my love
 To this my native city's public good
 To quit or think of ; nor repeat those proofs, 160
 Confirm'd in those three triumphs I have made
 For conquest of the whole inhabited world,
 First Afric, Europe, and then Asia,
 Which never Consul but myself could boast.
 Nor can blind Fortune vaunt her partial hand 165
 In any part of all my services—
 Though some have said she was the page of Cæsar,
 Both sailing, marching, fighting, and preparing
 His fights in very order of his battles ;
 The parts she play'd for him inverting nature, 170
 As giving calmness to th' enraged sea,
 Imposing summer's weather on stern winter,
 Winging the slowest foot he did command,
 And his most coward making fierce of hand ;
 And all this ever when the force of man 175
 Was quite exceeded in it all, and she

In th' instant adding her clear deity—
 Yet her for me I both disclaim and scorn,
 And where all fortune is renounc'd, no reason
 Will think one man transferr'd with affectation 180
 Of all Rome's empire, for he must have fortune,
 That goes beyond a man; and where so many
 Their handfals find with it, the one is mad
 That undergoes it; and where that is clear'd,
 Th' imputed means to it, which is my suit 185
 For entry of mine army, I confute.

Cato. What rests then, this of all parts being disclaim'd?

Met. My part, sir, rests, that, let great Pompey bear
 What spirit he lists, 'tis needful yet for Rome
 That this law be establish'd for his army. 190

Cæs. 'Tis then as needful to admit in mine;
 Or else let both lay down our arms, for else
 To take my charge off, and leave Pompey his,
 You wrongfully accuse me to intend
 A tyranny amongst ye, and shall give 195
 Pompey full means to be himself a tyrant.

Ant. Can this be answer'd?

1st Con. Is it then your wills
 That Pompey shall cease arms?

Ant. What else?

Omnès. No, no!

2nd Con. Shall Cæsar cease his arms?

Omnès. Ay, ay!

Ant. For shame!

Then yield to this clear equity, that both 200
 May leave their arms.

Omnès. We indifferent stand.

Met. Read but this law, and you shall see a difference
 'Twixt equity and your indifferency,
 All men's objections answer'd; read it, notary.

Cato. He shall not read it.

Met. I will read it then. 205

Min. Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vain,
 Pretending cause for Pompey's army's entry,
 That only by thy complices and thee
 'Tis forg'd to set the Senate in an uproar.

[*He snatches the bill*]

Met. I have it, sir, in memory, and will speak it. 210

Cato. Thou shalt be dumb as soon.

Cæs. Pull down this Cato,
Author of factions, and to prison with him. *He draws,*
[*Senate.*] Come down, sir! *and all draw*

Pom. Hence, ye mercenary ruffians!

1st Con. What outrage show you? Sheathe your insolent
swords,

Or be proclaim'd your country's foes and traitors. 215

Pom. How insolent a part was this in you,
To offer the imprisonment of Cato,
When there is right in him (were form so answer'd
With terms and place) to send us both to prison,
If of our own ambitions we should offer 220
Th' entry of our armies? For who knows
That, of us both, the best friend to his country
And freest from his own particular ends
(Being in his power), would not assume the Empire,
And having it, could rule the State so well 225
As now 'tis govern'd for the common good?

Cæs. Accuse yourself, sir (if your conscience urge it),
Or of ambition, or corruption,
Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,
And sound not me with your lead. 230

Pom. Lead? 'Tis gold,
And spirit of gold too, to the politic dross
With which false Cæsar sounds men, and for which
His praise and honour crowns them; who sounds not
The inmost sand of Cæsar, for but sand
Is all the rope of your great parts affected? 235
You speak well, and are learn'd; and golden speech
Did Nature never give man but to gild
A copper soul in him; and all that learning
That heartily is spent in painting speech,
Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge. 240
But y'ave another praise for temperance,
Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate,
For so you must be, at least in your meals,
Since y'ave a malady that ties you to it
For fear of daily falls in your aspirings; 245
And your disease the gods ne'er gave to man
But such a one as had a spirit too great
For all his body's passages to serve it;
Which notes th' excess of your ambition,
The malady chancing where the pores and passages 250

Through which the spirit of a man is borne
 So narrow are, and strait, that oftentimes
 They intercept it quite, and choke it up ;
 And yet because the greatness of it notes
 A heat mere fleshly, and of blood's rank fire, 255
 Goats are of all beasts subject'st to it most.

Cæs. Yourself might have it, then, if those faults cause it ;
 But deals this man ingenuously to tax
 Men with a frailty that the gods inflict ?

Pom. The gods inflict on men diseases never, 260
 Or other outward maims, but to decipher,
 Correct, and order some rude vice within them :
 And why decipher they it, but to make
 Men note, and shun, and tax it to th' extreme ?
 Nor will I see my country's hopes abus'd 265
 In any man commanding in her Empire,
 If my more trial of him makes me see more
 Into his intricacies, and my freedom
 Hath spirit to speak more than observers servile.

Cæs. Be free, sir, of your insight and your speech, 270
 And speak and see more than the world besides ;
 I must remember I have heard of one,
 That fame gave out could see through oak and stone,
 And of another set in Sicily
 That could discern the Carthaginian navy, 275
 And number them distinctly, leaving harbour,
 Though full a day and night's sail distant thence.
 But these things, reverend Fathers, I conceive
 Hardly appear to you worth grave belief :
 And therefore since such strange things have been seen 280
 In my so deep and foul detractions,
 By only lyncean Pompey (who was most
 Lov'd and believ'd of Rome's most famous whore,
 Infamous Flora), by so fine a man
 As Galba, or Sarmentus, any jester 285
 Or flatterer, may draw through a lady's ring,
 By one that all his soldiers call in scorn
 Great Agamemnon or the king of men,
 I rest unmov'd with him ; and yield to you
 To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow. 290

Cato. My lords, ye make all Rome amaz'd to hear.

Pom. Away, I'll hear no more ; I hear it thunder.
 My lords, all you that love the good of Rome,

I charge ye, follow me ; all such as stay
Are friends to Cæsar and their country's foes. 295

Cæs. Th' event will fall out contrary, my lords.

1st Con. [*to Cæsar*]. Go, thou art a thief to Rome ;
discharge thine army,

Or be proclaim'd forthwith her open foe.

2nd Con. Pompey, I charge thee, help thy injur'd country
With what powers thou hast arm'd, and levy more. 300

The Ruffians. War, war, O Cæsar !

Senate and People. Peace, peace, worthy Pompey !

ACT II, SCENE I

[*Before the Walls of Rome*]

*Enter Fronto, all ragged, in an overgrown red beard, black head,
with a halter in his hand, looking about*

Fron. Wars, wars, and presses fly in fire about ;
No more can I lurk in my lazy corners
Nor shifting courses, and with honest means
To rack my miserable life out more—
The rack is not so fearful ; when dishonest 5
And villainous fashions fail me, can I hope
To live with virtuous, or to raise my fortunes
By creeping up in soldierly degrees ?
Since villainy, varied thorough all his figures,
Will put no better case on me than this, 10
Despair, come seize me ! I had able means,
And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections,
Plung'd in all riot and the rage of blood,
In full assurance that being knave enough,
Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough, 15
I needs must have enough, while this world lasted ;
Yet, since I am a poor and ragged knave,
My rags disgrace my knavery so that none
Will think I am [a] knave ; as if good clothes
Were knacks to know a knave, when all men know 20
He has no living ; which knacks since my knavery
Can show no more, and only show is all
That this world cares for, I'll step out of all
The cares 'tis steep'd in. *He offers to hang himself*

Thunder, and the gulf opens, flames issuing, and Ophioneus ascending, with the face, wings, and tail of a dragon ; a skin coat all speckled on the throat

Oph. Hold, rascal, hang thyself in these days ? The only 25
time that ever was for a rascal to live in !

Fron. How chance I cannot live then ?

Oph. Either th'art not rascal nor villain enough ; or
else thou dost not pretend honesty and piety enough to
disguise it.

Fron. That's certain, for every ass does that. What art
thou ?

Oph. A villain worse than thou.

Fron. And dost breathe ?

Oph. I speak, thou hear'st ; I move, my pulse beats fast 35
as thine.

Fron. And wherefore liv'st thou ?

Oph. The world's out of frame, a thousand rulers wresting
it this way and that, with as many religions ; when, as
heaven's upper sphere is moved only by one, so should the 40
sphere of earth be, and I'll have it so.

Fron. How canst thou ? What art thou ?

Oph. My shape may tell thee.

Fron. No man ?

Oph. Man ! No, spawn of a clot ! None of that cursed 45
crew, damned in the mass itself, plagued in his birth, confined
to creep below, and wrestle with the elements, teach himself
tortures, kill himself, hang himself ; no such galley-slave,
but at war with heaven, spurning the power of the gods,
command[ing] the elements. 50

Fron. What may'st thou be, then ?

Oph. An endless friend of thine, an immortal devil.

Fron. Heaven bless us !

Oph. Nay, then, forth, go, hang thyself, and thou talk'st
of heaven once ! 55

Fron. I have done : what devil art thou ?

Oph. Read the old stoic Pherecides that tells thee me
truly, and says that I, Ophioneus (for so is my name)—

Fron. Ophioneus ? What's that ?

Oph. Devilish serpent by interpretation—was general 60
captain of that rebellious host of spirits that waged war
with heaven.

Fron. And so were hurled down to hell.

Oph. We were so, and yet have the rule of earth ; and
cares any man for the worst of hell, then ? 65

Fron. Why should he ?

Oph. Well said ! What's thy name now ?

Fron. My name is Fronto.

Oph. Fronto ? A good one ; and has Fronto lived
thus long in Rome, lost his state at dice, murdered his 70
brother for his means, spent all, run thorough worse offices
since, been a promoter, a purveyor, a pander, a sumner, a
sergeant, an intelligencer, and at last hang thyself ?

Fron. [*aside*] How the devil knows he all this ?

Oph. Why, thou art a most green plover in policy, I per- 75
ceive ; and mayst drink colts-foot, for all thy horse-mane
beard : 'sight, what need hast thou to hang thyself, as if
there were a dearth of hangmen in the land ? Thou liv'st
in a good cheap state ; a man may be hanged here for a little
or nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation ? 80

Fron. My idle, dissolute life is thrust out of all his corners
by this searching tumult now on foot in Rome.

* * * Cæsar now and Pompey
Are both for battle : Pompey (in his fear
Of Cæsar's greater force) is sending hence 85
His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

*Enter Pompey running over the stage with his wife and children,
Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius, Pages ; other Senators, the
Consuls and all following.*

See, all are on their wings, and all the city
In such an uproar, as if fire and sword
Were ransacking and ruining their houses ;
No idle person now can lurk near Rome, 90
All must to arms, or shake their heels beneath
Her martial halters, whose officious pride
I'll shun, and use mine own swinge : I be forc'd
To help my country, when it forceth me
To this past-helping pickle ! 95

Oph. Go to, thou shalt serve me ; choose thy profession,
and what cloth thou wouldst wish to have thy coat cut out on.

Fron. I can name none.

Oph. Shall I be thy learned counsel ? 100

Fron. None better.

Oph. Be an archflamen, then, to one of the gods.

Fron. Archflamen ! What's that ?

Oph. A priest.

Fron. A priest, that ne'er was clerk ?

Oph. No clerk ! what then ? 105

The greatest clerks are not the wisest men.

Nor skills it for degrees in a knave or a fool's preferment ; thou shalt rise by fortune : let desert rise leisurely enough, and by degrees ; fortune prefers headlong, and comes like riches to a man ; huge riches being got with little pains, and little 110 with huge pains. And for discharge of the priesthood, what thou want'st in learning thou shalt take out in good-fellowship ; thou shalt equivocate with the sophister, prate with the lawyer, scrape with the usurer, drink with the Dutchman, swear with the Frenchman, cheat with the 115 Englishman, brag with the Scot, and turn all this to religion :
Hoc est regnum Deorum gentibus.

Fron. All this I can do to a hair.

Oph. Very good ; wilt thou show thyself deeply learned too, and to live licentious here, care for nothing hereafter ? 120

Fron. Not for hell ?

Oph. For hell ? Soft, sir ; hop'st thou to purchase hell with only dicing or whoring away thy living, murdering thy brother, and so forth ? No, there remain works of a higher hand and deeper brain to obtain hell. Think'st thou earth's 125 great potentates have gotten their places there with any single act of murder, poisoning, adultery, and the rest ? No ; 'tis a purchase for all manner of villainy, especially that may be privileged by authority, coloured with holiness, and enjoyed with pleasure. 130

Fron. O this were most honourable and admirable !

Oph. Why such an admirable, honourable villain shalt thou be.

Fron. Is't possible ?

Oph. Make no doubt on't ; I'll inspire thee. 135

Fron. Sacred and puissant ! *He kneels*

Oph. Away ! Companion and friend, give me thy hand ; say, dost not love me, art not enamoured of my acquaintance ?

Fron. Protest I am ! 140

Oph. Well said ; protest, and 'tis enough. And know for infallible, I have promotion for thee, both here and hereafter, which not one great one amongst millions shall ever aspire to. Alexander nor great Cyrus retain those titles in hell that they did on earth. 145

Fron. No?

Oph. No! He that sold sea-coal here shall be a baron there; he that was a cheating rogue here shall be a justice of peace there; a knave here, a knight there. In the mean space learn what it is to live, and thou shalt have chopines 150 at commandment to any height of life thou canst wish.

Fron. I fear my fall is too low.

Oph. Too low, fool? Hast thou not heard of Vulcan's falling out of heaven? Light o' thy legs, and no matter though thou halt'st with thy best friend ever after; 'tis the more comely and fashionable. Better go lame in the fashion with Pompey, than never so upright, quite out of the fashion, with Cato. 155

Fron. Yet you cannot change the old fashion, they say, and hide your cloven feet. 160

Oph. No? I can wear roses that shall spread quite over them.

Fron. For love of the fashion, do, then.

Oph. Go to! I will hereafter.

Fron. But, for the priesthood you offer me, I affect it not. 165

Oph. No? What say'st thou to a rich office, then?

Fron. The only second means to raise a rascal in the earth.

Oph. Go to; I'll help thee to the best i' th' earth, then, and that's in Sicilia, the very storehouse of the Romans, where the Lord Chief Censor there lies now a-dying, whose 170 soul I will have, and thou shalt have his office.

Fron. Excellent! Was ever great office better supplied?

Exeunt

[SCENE II]

Enter Nuntius]

Nuntius. Now is the mighty Empress of the earth,
Great Rome, fast lock'd up in her fancied strength,
All broke in uproars, fearing the just gods
In plagues will drown her so abused blessings;
In which fear, all without her walls, fly in, 5
By both their jarring champions rushing out;
And those that were within as fast fly forth;
The Consuls both are fled, without one rite
Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,
As ever heretofore their custom was 10
When they began the bloody frights of war:

In which our two great soldiers now encount'ring,
 Since both left Rome, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,
 Pompey (not willing yet to hazard battle,
 By Cato's counsel urging good cause) fled ; 15
 Which firing Cæsar's spirit, he pursu'd
 So home and fiercely, that great Pompey, scorning
 The heart he took by his advised flight,
 Despis'd advice as much as his pursuit.
 And as in Lybia an aged lion, 20
 Urg'd from his peaceful covert, fears the light,
 With his unready and diseas'd appearance,
 Gives way to chase awhile and coldly hunts,
 Till with the youthful hunter's wanton heat
 He all his cool wrath frets into a flame ; 25
 And then his sides he swings with his stern
 To lash his strength up, lets down all his brows
 About his burning eyes, erects his mane,
 Breaks all his throat in thunders, and to wreak
 His hunter's insolence his heart even barking, 30
 He frees his fury, turns, and rushes back
 With such a ghastly horror that in heaps
 His proud foes fly, and he that station keeps :
 So Pompey's cool spirits put to all their heat
 By Cæsar's hard pursuit, he turn'd fresh head, 35
 And flew upon his foe with such a rapture
 As took up into furies all friends' fears ;
 Who, fir'd with his first turning, all turn'd head,
 And gave so fierce a charge their followers fled ;
 Whose instant issue on their both sides, see, 40
 And after, set out such a tragedy
 As all the princes of the earth may come
 To take their patterns by the spirits of Rome.

[Exit Nuntius]

[SCENE III

A Battlefield near Dyrrhachium]

Alarm, after which enter Cæsar, following Crassinius calling to the Soldiers

Cras. Stay, foolish coward[s] ! Fly ye Cæsar's fortunes ?

Cæs. Forbear, Crassinius ; we contend in vain
 To stay these vapours, and must raise our camp.

Cras. How shall we rise, my lord, but all in uproars,
Being still pursu'd?

Enter Acilius

[*Acil.*] The pursuit stays, my lord ; 5
Pompey hath sounded a retreat, resigning
His time to you, to use in instant raising
Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where Fortune
May good amends make for her fault to-day.

Cæs. It was not Fortune's fault, but mine, Acilius,
To give my foe charge, being so near the sea,
Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,
And should have driven th' encounter further off,
Bearing before me such a goodly country,
So plentiful and rich, in all things fit
To have supplied my army's want with victuals,
And th' able cities, too, to strengthen it,
Of Macedon and Thessaly, where now
I rather was besieg'd for want of food,
Than did assault with fighting force of arms.

Enter Antony, Vibius, with others

Ant. See, sir, here's one friend of your foes recover'd.

Cæs. Vibius? In happy hour!

Vib. For me, unhappy!

Cæs. What, brought against your will?

Vib. Else had not come.

Ant. Sir, he's your prisoner, but had made you his
Had all the rest pursu'd the chase like him ; 25
He drave on like a fury, past all friends
But we, that took him quick in his engagement.

Cæs. O Vibius, you deserve to pay a ransom
Of infinite rate; for had your general join'd
In your addression, or known how to conquer, 30
This day had prov'd him the supreme of Cæsar.

Vib. Known how to conquer? His five hundred conquests
Achiev'd ere this day make that doubt unfit
For him that flies him; for, of issues doubtful,
Who can at all times put on for the best? 35
If I were mad, must he his army venture
In my engagement? Nor are generals ever
Their powers' disposers by their proper angels

But trust against them, oftentimes, their councils,
Wherein, I doubt not, Cæsar's self hath err'd 40
Sometimes, as well as Pompey.

Cæs. Or done worse,
In disobeying my council, Vibius ;
Of which this day's abused light is witness,
By which I might have seen a course secure
Of this discomfiture.

Ant. Amends sits ever 45
Above repentance ; what's done, wish not undone ;
But that prepared patience that, you know,
Best fits a soldier charg'd with hardest fortunes,
Asks still your use, since powers, still temperate kept,
Ope still the clearer eyes by one fault's sight 50
To place the next act in the surer right.

Cæs. You prompt me nobly, sir, repairing in me
Mine own stay's practice, out of whose repose
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc'd me
Thus far beyond my temper : but, good Vibius, 55
Be ransom'd with my love, and haste to Pompey,
Entreating him from me that we may meet,
And for that reason, which I know this day
Was given by Cato for his pursuit's stay,
(Which was prevention of our Roman blood) 60
Propose my offer of our hearty peace ;
That being reconcil'd, and mutual faith
Given on our either part, not three days' light
May further show us foes, but (both our armies
Dispers'd in garrisons) we may return 65
Within that time to Italy, such friends
As in our country's love contain our spleens.

Vib. 'Tis offer'd, sir, above the rate of Cæsar
In other men, but, in what I approve,
Beneath his merits ; which I will not fail 70
T'enforce at full to Pompey, nor forget
In any time the gratitude of my service.

Vibius salutes Antony and the other and exit

Cæs. Your love, sir, and your friendship!

Ant. This prepares
A good induction to the change of Fortune
In this day's issue, if the pride it kindles 75
In Pompey's veins makes him deny a peace
So gently offer'd ; for her alter'd hand

Works never surer from her ill to good
 On his side she hath hurt, and on the other
 With other changes, than when means are us'd 80
 To keep her constant, yet retire refus'd.

Cæs. I try no such conclusion, but desire
 Directly peace. In mean space, I'll prepare
 For other issue in my utmost means ;
 Whose hopes now resting at Brundisium, 85
 In that part of my army with Sabinus,
 I wonder he so long delays to bring me,
 And must in person haste him, if this even
 I hear not from him.

Cras. That, I hope, flies far
 Your full intent, my lord, since Pompey's navy, 90
 You know, lies hovering all amongst those seas
 In too much danger, for what aid soever
 You can procure, to pass your person safe.

Acil. Which doubt may prove the cause that stays
 Sabinus ;
 And, if with shipping fit to pass your army, 95
 He yet strains time to venture, I presume
 You will not pass your person with such convoy
 Of those poor vessels as may serve you here.

Cæs. How shall I help it ? Shall I suffer this
 Torment of his delay, and rack suspicions 100
 Worse than assur'd destructions through my thoughts ?

Ant. Past doubt he will be here : I left all order'd,
 And full agreement made with him to make
 All utmost haste, no least let once suspected.

Cæs. Suspected ? What suspect should fear a friend 105
 In such assur'd straits from his friend's enlargement ?
 If 'twere his soldiers' safeties he so tenders,
 Were it not better they should sink by sea,
 Than wrack their number, king, and cause, ashore ?
 Their stay is worth their ruin (should we live), 110
 If they in fault were ; if their leader, he
 Should die the deaths of all. In mean space, I,
 That should not, bear all. Fly the sight in shame.
 Thou eye of Nature, and abortive Night
 Fall dead amongst us ! With defects, defects 115
 Must serve proportion ; justice never can
 Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV

The Camp of Pompey]

Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athenodorus, Portius,
Statilius.

Pom. This charge of our fierce foe the friendly gods
Have in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back
With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd
Of two and thirty ensigns forc'd from him,
Two thousand soldiers slain.

Cato. O boast not that ; 5
Their loss is yours, my lord.

Pom. I boast it not,
But only name the number.

Gab. Which right well
You might have rais'd so high, that on their tops
Your throne was offer'd, ever t'overlook
Subverted Cæsar, had you been so blest 10
To give such honour to your captains' counsels
As their alacrities did long to merit
With proof-ful action.

Dem. O, 'twas ill neglected.

Stat. It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet
Th' event so clear is to confute.

Pom. If 'twere, 15
Our likeliest then was not to hazard battle,
Th' adventure being so casual ; if compar'd
With our more certain means to his subversion ;
For finding now our army amply stor'd
With all things fit to tarry surer time, 20
Reason thought better to extend to length
The war betwixt us, that his little strength
May by degrees prove none ; which urged now
(Consisting of his best and ablest soldiers)
We should have found, at one direct set battle, 25
Of matchless valours, their defects of victual
Not tiring yet enough on their tough nerves ;
Where, on the other part, to put them still
In motion, and remotion, here and there,
Enforcing them to fortifying still 30
Wherever they set down, to siege a wall,
Keep watch all night in armour—their most part

Can never bear it, by their years' oppression,
Spent heretofore too much in those steel toils.

Cato. I so advis'd, and yet repent it not, 35
But much rejoice in so much saved blood
As had been pour'd out in the stroke of battle,
Whose fury thus prevented, comprehends
Your country's good and Empire's ; in whose care
Let me beseech you that in all this war 40
You sack no city subject to our rule,
Nor put to sword one citizen of Rome,
But when the needful fury of the sword
Can make no fit distinction in main battle ;
That you will please still to prolong the stroke 45
Of absolute decision to these jars,
Considering you shall strike it with a man
Of much skill and experience, and one
That will his conquest sell at infinite rate,
If that must end your difference ; but I doubt 50
There will come humble offer on his part
Of honour'd peace to you, for whose sweet name
So cried out to you in our late-met Senate,
Los[e] no fit offer of that wished treaty.
Take pity on your country's blood as much 55
As possible may stand without the danger
Of hindering her justice on her foes,
Which all the gods to your full wish dispose. [going]

Pom. Why will you leave us ? Whither will you go
To keep your worthiest person in more safety 60
Than in my army, so devoted to you ?

Cato. My person is the least, my lord, I value ;
I am commanded by our powerful Senate
To view the cities and the kingdoms situate
About your either army, that, which side 65
Soever conquer, no disorder'd stragglers,
Puff'd with the conquest, or by need impell'd,
May take their swinge more than the care of one
May curb and order in these neighbour confines ;
My chief pass yet resolves for Utica. 70

Pom. Your pass, my truest friend and worthy father,
May all good powers make safe, and always answer
Your infinite merits with their like protection ;
In which I make no doubt but we shall meet
With mutual greetings, or for absolute conquest, 75

Or peace preventing that our bloody stroke ;
 Nor let our parting be dishonour'd so
 As not to take into our noblest notice
 Yourself, [*to Athenodorus*] most learned and admired father,
 Whose merits, if I live, shall lack no honour. 80
 Portius, Statilius, though your spirits with mine
 Would highly cheer me, yet ye shall bestow them
 In much more worthy conduct ; but love me,
 And wish me conquest for your country's sake.

Stat. Our lives shall seal our loves, sir, with worst deaths 85
 Adventur'd in your service.

Pom. Y'are my friends.

Exeunt Cato, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius
 These friends thus gone, 'tis more than time we minded
 Our lost friend Vibius.

Gab. You can want no friends ;
 See, our two Consuls, sir, betwixt them bringing
 The worthy Brutus.

Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them

1st Con. We attend, my lord, 90
 With no mean friend, to spirit your next encounter,
 Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths
 Brought in his conduct.

2nd Con. And though never yet
 He hath saluted you with any word
 Or look of slenderest love in his whole life, 95
 Since that long time since of his father's death
 By your hand author'd ; yet, see, at your need
 He comes to serve you freely for his country.

Pom. His friendly presence, making up a third
 With both your persons, I as gladly welcome 100
 As if Jove's triple flame had gilt this field,
 And lighten'd on my right hand from his shield.

Brut. I well assure myself, sir, that no thought
 In your ingenuous construction touches
 At the aspersion that my tender'd service 105
 Proceeds from my despair of elsewhere safety ;
 But that my country's safety, owning justly
 My whole abilities of life and fortunes,
 And you the ablest fautor of her safety,
 Her love, and (for your love of her) your own 110
 Only makes sacred to your use my offering.

Pom. Far fly all other thought from my construction

And due acceptance of the liberal honour
 Your love hath done me, which the gods are witness
 I take as stirr'd up in you by their favours, 115
 Nor less esteem it than an offering holy ;
 Since, as of all things man is said the measure,
 So your full merits measure forth a man.

1st Con. See yet, my lord, more friends.

2nd Con. Five kings, your servants.

Enter five Kings

Iber. Conquest and all grace crown the gracious Pompey, 120
 To serve whom in the sacred Roman safety
 Myself, Iberia's king, present my forces.

Thes. And I that hold the tributary throne
 Of Grecian Thessaly submit my homage
 To Rome and Pompey.

Cic. So Cilicia too. 125

Ep. And so Epirus.

Thrace. Lastly, I from Thrace
 Present the duties of my power and service.

Pom. Your royal aids deserve of Rome and Pompey
 Our utmost honours. O, may now our Fortune
 Not balance her broad breast 'twixt two light wings, 130
 Nor on a slippery globe sustain her steps ;
 But as the Spartans say the Paphian queen
 (The flood Eurotas passing) laid aside

Her glass, her ceston, and her amorous graces,
 And in Lycurgus' favour arm'd her beauties 135

With shield and javelin ; so may Fortune now,
 The flood of all our enemy's forces passing
 With her fair ensigns, and arriv'd at ours,
 Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shoes,
 Her faithless and still-rolling stone spurn from her, 140
 And enter our powers, as she may remain

Our firm assistant ; that the general aids,
 Favours, and honours you perform to Rome,
 May make her build with you her endless home.

Omnes. The gods vouchsafe it, and our cause's right. 145

Dem. What sudden shade is this ? Observe, my lords,
 The night, methinks, comes on before her hour.

Thunder and lightning

Gab. Nor trust me if my thoughts conceive not so.

Brut. What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest shafts
Along air's middle region !

1st Con. They presage 150
Unusual tempests.

2nd Con. And 'tis their repair
That timeless darken thus the gloomy air.

Pom. Let's force no omen from it, but avoid
The vapours' furies now by Jove employ'd.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE V

The Bank of the River Anius]

Thunder continued, and Cæsar enters disguised

[*Cæs.*] The wrathful tempest of the angry night,
Where hell flies muffled up in clouds of pitch,
Mingled with sulphur, and those dreadful bolts
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery,
Hath rous'd the Furies, arm'd in all their horrors, 5
Up to the envious seas, in spite of Cæsar.
O night, O jealous night of all the noblest
Beauties and glories, where the gods have stroke
Their four digestions from thy ghastly chaos,
Blush thus to drown them all in this hour, sign'd 10
By the necessity of fate for Cæsar.
I, that have ransack'd all the world for worth
To form in man the image of the gods,
Must like them have the power to check the worst
Of all things under their celestial empire, 15
Stoop it, and burst it, or break through it all
With use and safety ; till the crown be set
On all my actions, that the hand of Nature,
In all her worst works aiming at an end,
May in a master-piece of hers be serv'd 20
With tops and state fit for his virtuous crown ;
Not lift arts thus far up in glorious frame
To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.
This river Anius (in whose mouth now lies
A pinnace I would pass in to fetch on 25
My army's dull rest from Brundusium)
That is at all times else exceeding calm
By reason of a purling wind that flies

Off from the shore each morning, driving up
 The billows far to sea, in this night yet 30
 Bears such a terrible gale, put off from sea,
 As beats the land-wind back, and thrusts the flood
 Up in such uproar that no boat dare stir.
 And on it is dispers'd all Pompey's navy
 To make my peril yet more envious. 35
 Shall I yet shrink for all? Were all yet more,
 There is a certain need that I must give
 Way to my pass; none known that I must live.

Enter Master of a ship with Sailors

Mast. What battle is there fought now in the air
 That threatens the wrack of nature?

Cæs. Master, come! 40
 Shall we thrust through it all?

Mast. What lost man
 Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make
 So desperate a motion?

Cæs. Launch, man, and all thy fears' freight disavow;
 Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes now. [*Exeunt*] 45

ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Camp of Pompey*]

Pompey, *two* Consuls, *five* Kings, Brutus, Gabinius, Demetrius

[*Pom.*] Now to Pharsalia, where the smarting strokes
 Of our resolv'd contention must resound.
 My lords and friends of Rome, I give you all
 Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,
 Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crown) 5
 Can crown your favours with, and serve the hopes
 Of my dear country to her utmost wish:
 I can but set up all my being to give
 So good an end to my forerunning acts,
 The powers in me that form'd them having lost 10
 No least time since in gathering skill to better,
 But, like so many bees, have brought me home
 The sweet of whatsoever flowers have grown
 In all the meads and gardens of the world.
 All which hath grown still, as the time increas'[d] 15

In which 'twas gather'd, and with which it stemm'd,
 That what decay soever blood inferr'd,
 Might with my mind's store be supplied and cheer'd :
 All which, in one fire of this instant fight,
 I'll burn and sacrifice to every cinder 20
 In sacred offering to my country's love ;
 And, therefore, what event soever sort,
 As I no praise will look for, but the good
 Freely bestow on all (if good succeed)
 So if adverse fate fall, I wish no blame, 25
 But th' ill befall'n me made my fortune's shame,
 Not mine, nor my fault.

1st Con. We too well love Pompey
 To do him that injustice.

Brut. Who more thirsts
 The conquest than resolves to bear the foil ?

Pom. Said Brutus-like ! Give several witness all, 30
 That you acquit me whatsoever fall.

2nd Con. Particular men particular fates must bear :
 Who feels his own wounds less to wound another ?

Thes. Leave him the worst whose best is left undone,
 He only conquers whose mind still is one. 35

Ep. Free minds, like dice, fall square whate'er the cast.

Iber. Who on himself sole stands, stands solely fast.

Thrace. He's never down whose mind fights still aloft.

Cil. Who cares for up or down, when all's but thought ?

Gab. To things' events doth no man's power extend. 40

Dem. Since gods rule all, who anything would mend ?

Pom. Ye sweetly ease my charge, yourselves unburthen-
 ing.

Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know
 Of Vibius' certain state ?

Gab. Not yet, my lord.

Pom. Too long protract we all means to recover 45
 His person quick or dead ; for I still think
 His loss serv'd fate before we blew retreat,
 Though some affirm him seen soon after fighting.

Dem. Not after, sir, I heard, but ere it ended.

Gab. He bore a great mind to extend our pursuit 50
 Much further than it was ; and serv'd that day
 (When you had, like the true head of a battle,
 Led all the body in that glorious turn)
 Upon a far-off squadron that stood fast

In conduct of the great Mark Antony 55
 When all the rest were fled, so past a man
 That in their tough receipt of him I saw him
 Thrice break through all with ease, and pass as fair
 As he had all been fire, and they but air.

Pom. He stuck at last, yet, in their midst it seem'd. 60

Gab. So have I seen a fire-drake glide at midnight
 Before a dying man to point his grave,
 And in it stick and hide.

Dem. He comes yet safe.

A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius, with others

Pom. O Vibius, welcome ; what, a prisoner
 With mighty Cæsar, and so quickly ransom'd ? 65

Vib. Ay, sir ; my ransom needed little time
 Either to gain agreement for the value,
 Or the disbursement, since in Cæsar's grace
 We both concluded.

Pom. Was his grace so free ?

Vib. For your respect, sir.

Pom. Nay, sir, for his glory ; 70
 That the main conquest he so surely builds on
 (Which ever is forerun with petty fortunes)
 Take not effect by taking any friend
 From all the most my poor defence can make,
 But must be complete by his perfect own. 75

Vib. I know, sir, you more nobly rate the freedom
 He freely gave your friend than to pervert it
 So past his wisdom, that knows much too well
 Th' uncertain state of conquest, to raise frames
 Of such presumption on her fickle wings, 80
 And chiefly in a loss so late and grievous ;
 Besides, your forces far exceeding his,
 His whole powers being but two and twenty thousand,
 And yours full four and forty thousand strong :
 For all which yet he stood as far from fear 85
 In my enlargement, as the confident glory
 You please to put on him, and had this end
 In my so kind dismissal, that as kindly
 I might solicit a sure peace betwixt you.

Pom. A peace ! Is't possible ?

Vib. Come, do not show 90
 This wanton incredulity too much.

Pom. Believe me I was far from such a thought
In his high stomach : Cato prophesied then.
What think my lords our Consuls, and friend Brutus ?

[*Both Consuls*] An offer happy !

Brut. Were it plain and hearty. 95

Pom. Ay, there's the true inspection to his prospect.

Brut. This strait of his perhaps may need a sleight
Of some hid stratagem to bring him off.

Pom. Devices of a new forge to entrap me !
I rest in Cæsar's shades, walk his strow'd paths, 100
Sleep in his quiet waves ? I'll sooner trust
Hibernian bogs and quicksands, and Hell mouth
Take for my sanctuary : in bad parts,
That no extremes will better, Nature's finger
Hath mark'd him to me to take heed of him. 105
What thinks my Brutus ?

Brut. 'Tis your best and safest.

Pom. This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare
To make our war the bloodier, whose fit fear
Makes me I dare not now, in thoughts maturer
Than late inclin'd me, put in use the counsel 110
Your noble father Cato, parting, gave me,
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood
This battle hazards now, that must cost more.

1st Con. It does, and therefore now no more defer it.

Pom. Say all men so ?

Omnes. We do !

Pom. I grieve ye do. 115
Because I rather wish to err with Cato
Than with the truth go of the world besides ;
But since it shall abide this other stroke,
Ye gods, that our great Roman Genius
Have made not give us one day's conquest only, 120
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,
As did the Genius of the Macedons,
Nor be by land great only, like Laconians',
Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' Athenians',
Nor slowly stirr'd up, like the Persian angel, 125
Nor rock'd asleep soon, like the Ionian spirit ;
But made our Roman Genius fiery, watchful,
And even from Rome's prime join'd his youth with hers,
Grow as she grew, and firm as earth abide
By her increasing pomp at sea and shore, 130

In peace, in battle, against Greece as well
 As our barbarian foes ; command yet further,
 Ye firm and just gods, our assistful angel
 For Rome and Pompey, who now fights for Rome,
 That all these royal laws to us, and justice 135
 Of common safety, may the self-love drown
 Of tyrannous Cæsar, and my care for all
 Your altars crown with endless festival.

Exeunt

[SCENE II]

The Camp of Cæsar

Cæsar, Antony, a Soothsayer, Crassinius, Acilius, *with others*

Cæs. Say, sacred Soothsayer, and inform the truth,
 What liking hast thou of our sacrifice ?

Sooth. Imperial Cæsar, at your sacred charge
 I drew a milk-white ox into the temple,
 And turning there his face into the east 5
 (Fearfully shaking at the shining light)
 Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
 When I began to greet him with the stroke
 That should prepare him for the holy rites,
 With hideous roars he laid out such a throat 10
 As made the secret lurkings of the god
 To answer, echo-like, in threat'ning sounds :
 I stroke again at him, and then he slept,
 His life-blood boiling out at every wound
 In streams as clear as any liquid ruby. 15
 And there began to alter my presage
 The other ill signs showing th' other fortune
 Of your last skirmish, which, far opposite now,
 Proves ill beginnings good events foreshow.
 For now, the beast cut up and laid on th' altar, 20
 His limbs were all lick'd up with instant flames,
 Not like the elemental fire that burns
 In household uses, lamely struggling up,
 This way and that way winding as it rises,
 But, right and upright, reach'd his proper sphere 25
 Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.

Cæs. And what may that presage ?

Sooth. That even the spirit

Of heaven's pure flame flew down and ravish'd up
 Your offering's blaze in that religious instant,
 Which shows th' alacrity and cheerful virtue 30
 Of heaven's free bounty, doing good in time,
 And with what swiftness true devotions climb.

Omnes. The gods be honour'd !

Sooth. O behold with wonder !

The sacred blaze is like a torch enlighten'd,
 Directly burning just above your camp ! 35

Omnes. Miraculous !

Sooth. Believe it, with all thanks :

The Roman Genius is alter'd now,
 And arms for Cæsar.

Cæs. Soothsayer, be for ever
 Reverenc'd of Cæsar. O Marc Antony,
 I thought to raise my camp, and all my tents 40
 Took down for swift remotion to Scotussa.
 Shall now our purpose hold ?

Ant. Against the gods ?
 They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we
 Must add our parts, and be in th' use as free.

Cras. See, sir, the scouts return.

Enter two scouts

Cæs. What news, my friends ? 45

1st Scout. Arm, arm, my lord, the vaward of the foe
 Is rang'd already !

2nd Scout. Answer them, and arm !
 You cannot set your rest of battle up
 In happier hour ; for I this night beheld
 A strange confusion in your enemy's camp, 50
 The soldiers taking arms in all dismay,
 And hurling them again as fast to earth,
 Every way routing, as th' alarm were then
 Given to their army. A most causeless fear
 Dispers'd quite through them.

Cæs. Then 'twas Jove himself 55
 That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.

Cras. Other presages of success, my lord,
 Have strangely happen'd in the adjacent cities
 To this your army ; for in Tralleis,
 Within a temple built to Victory, 60
 There stands a statue with your form and name,

Near whose firm base, even from the marble pavement,
 There sprang a palm-tree up in this last night
 That seems to crown your statue with his boughs,
 Spread in wrapt shadows round about your brows. 65

Cæs. The sign, Crassinius, is most strange and graceful.
 Nor could get issue but by power divine ;
 Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides
 Of never such kind promise of success
 Perform it without tough acts of our own ; 70
 No care, no nerve the less to be employ'd,
 No offering to the gods, no vows, no prayers :
 Secure and idle spirits never thrive
 When most the gods for their advancements strive.
 And therefore tell me what abodes thou build'st on 75
 In an[y] spirit to act inflam'd in thee,
 Or in our soldiers' seen resolv'd addresses.

Cras. Great and fiery virtue ! And this day
 Be sure, great Cæsar, of effects as great
 In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd 80
 Enforcements resolute from this arm'd hand,
 Which thou shalt praise me for, alive or dead.

Cæs. Alive, ye gods, vouchsafe ; and my true vows
 For life in him—great heaven, for all my foes,
 Being natural Romans !—so far jointly hear 85
 As may not hurt our conquest ; as with fear,
 Which thou already strangely hast diffus'd
 Through all their army, which extend to flight
 Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.

Ant. 'Tis time, my lord, you put in form your battle. 90

Cæs. Since we must fight, then, and no offer'd peace
 Will take with Pompey, I rejoice to see
 This long-time-look'd-for and most happy day,
 In which we now shall fight, with men, not hunger,
 With toils, not sweats of blood through years extended, 95
 This one day serving to decide all jars
 'Twixt me and Pompey. Hang out of my tent
 My crimson coat-of-arms to give my soldiers
 That ever-sure sign of resolv'd-for fight.

Cras. These hands shall give that sign to all their longings. 100

Exit Crassinius

Cæs. [To Antony.] My lord, my army, I think best to
 order
 In three full squadrons ; of which let me pray

Yourself would take on you the left wing's charge ;
 Myself will lead the right wing, and my place
 Of fight elect in my tenth legion ; 105
 My battle by Domitius Calvinus
 Shall take direction.

*The coat-of-arms is hung out, and the soldiers
shout within*

Ant. Hark, your soldiers shout
 For joy to see your bloody coat-of-arms
 Assure their fight this morning.

Cæs. A blest even 110
 Bring on them worthy comforts ! And, ye gods,
 Perform your good presages in events
 Of fit crown for our discipline and deeds
 Wrought up by conquest, that my use of it
 May wipe the hateful and unworthy stain
 Of tyrant from my temples, and exchange it 115
 For fautor of my country : ye have given
 That title to those poor and fearful fowls,
 That every sound puts up in frights and cries,
 Even then, when all Rome's powers were weak and heartless.
 When traitorous fires and fierce barbarian swords, 120
 Rapines, and soul-expiring slaughters fill'd
 Her houses, temples, all her air and earth.
 To me, then, (whom your bounties have inform'd
 With such a spirit as despiseth fear,
 Commands in either fortune, knows, and arms 125
 Against the worst of fate, and therefore can
 Dispose blest means, encourag'd to the best)
 Much more vouchsafe that honour ; chiefly now,
 When Rome wants only this day's conquest given me
 To make her happy, to confirm the brightness 130
 That yet she shines in over all the world,
 In empire, riches, strife of all the arts,
 In gifts of cities and of kingdoms sent her,
 In crowns laid at her feet, in every grace
 That shores, and seas, floods, islands, continents, 135
 Groves, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce :
 All which I, victor, will increase, I vow,
 By all my good, acknowledg'd given by you.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*The Camp of Pompey*]Pompey, *in haste*, Brutus, Gabinius, Vibius *following*

[*Pom.*] The poison, steep'd in every vein of empire
 In all the world, meet now in only me,
 Thunder and lighten me to death, and make
 My senses feed the flame, my soul the crack.
 Was ever sovereign captain of so many 5
 Armies and nations so oppress'd as I
 With one host's headstrong outrage; urging fight,
 Yet fly about my camp in panic terrors,
 No reason under heaven suggesting cause?
 And what is this but even the gods deterring 10
 My judgment from enforcing fight this morn?
 The new-fled night made day with meteors,
 Fir'd over Cæsar's camp, and fall'n in mine,
 As pointing out the terrible events
 Yet in suspense; but where they threat their fall, 15
 Speak not these prodigies with fiery tongues
 And eloquence that should not move, but ravish
 All sound minds from thus tempting the just gods,
 And spitting out their fair premonishing flames
 With brackish rheums of ruder and brainsick number? 20
 What's infinitely more—thus wild, thus mad,
 For one poor fortune of a beaten few
 To half so many staid and dreadful soldiers,
 Long train'd, long foughten, able, nimble, perfect
 To turn and wind advantage every way, 25
 Increase with little, and enforce with none,
 Made bold as lions, gaunt as famish'd wolves,
 With still-serv'd slaughters and continual toils.

Brut. You should not, sir, forsake your own wise counsel,
 Your own experienc'd discipline, own practice, 30
 Own god-inspired insight to all changes
 Of Protean fortune, and her zany, war,
 For hosts and hells of such; what man will think
 The best of them not mad, to see them range
 So up and down your camp, already suing 35
 For offices fall'n, by Cæsar's built-on fall,
 Before one stroke be struck? Domitius, Spinther,
 Your father Scipio, now preparing friends

For Cæsar's place of universal bishop ?
 Are you th'observed rule and vouch'd example, 40
 Who ever would commend physicians
 That would not follow the diseas'd desires
 Of their sick patients ; yet incur yourself
 The faults that you so much abhor in others ?

Pom. I cannot, sir, abide men's open mouths, 45
 Nor be ill spoken of ; nor have my counsels
 And circumspections turn'd on me for fears
 With mocks and scandals that would make a man
 Of lead a lightning in the desperat'st onset
 That ever trampled under death his life. 50

I bear the touch of fear for all their safeties,
 Or for mine own ! Enlarge with twice as many
 Self-lives, self-fortunes, they shall sink beneath
 Their own credulities, before I cross them.
 Come, haste, dispose our battle ! 55

Vib. Good my lord,
 Against your Genius war not for the world.

Pom. By all worlds he that moves me next to bear
 Their scoffs and imputations of my fear
 For any cause, shall bear this sword to hell.
 Away, to battle ! Good my lord, lead you 60
 The whole six thousand of our young Patricians,
 Plac'd in the left wing to environ Cæsar.
 My father Scipio shall lead the battle ;
 Domitius the left wing ; I the right
 Against Mark Antony. Take now your fills, 65
 Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II

The Battlefield of Pharsalia]

*Alarm, excursions of all : the five Kings driven over the stage,
 Crassinius chiefly pursuing. At the door enter again the
 five Kings. The battle continued within.*

Ep. Fly, fly, the day was lost before 'twas fought.

Thes. The Romans fear'd their shadows.

Cic. Were there ever
 Such monstrous confidences, as last night
 Their cups and music show'd, before the morning
 Made such amazes ere one stroke was struck ? 5

Iber. It made great Pompey mad ; which who could mend ?
The gods had hand in it.

Thrace. It made the Consuls
Run on their swords to see't. The brave Patricians
Fled with their spoiled faces, arrows sticking
As shot from heaven at them.

Thes. 'Twas the charge 10
That Cæsar gave against them.

Ep. Come, away
Leave all, and wonder at this fatal day.

Exeunt

*The fight nearer ; and enter Crassinius, a sword as thrust through
his face ; he falls. To him Pompey and Cæsar fighting :
Pompey gives way, Cæsar follows, and enters at another door*

Cæs. Pursue, pursue ; the gods foreshow'd their powers,
Which we gave issue, and the day is ours.
Crassinius ? O look up. He does, and shows 15
Death in his broken eyes, which Cæsar's hands
Shall do the honour of eternal closure.
Too well thou kept'st thy word, that thou this day
Wouldst do me service to our victory,
Which in thy life or death I should behold, 20
And praise thee for ; I do, and must admire
Thy matchless valour ; ever, ever rest
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tomb,
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,
I'll curiously preserve with balms and spices, 25
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,
Inscrib'd with this true [scroll] of funeral :

EPITAPH

*Crassinius fought for fame and died for Rome,
Whose public weal springs from this private tomb.*

Enter some taking him off, whom Cæsar helps

[SCENE III

Another Part of the Battlefield]

*Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their hands, broad
hats, etc.*

Pom. Thus have the gods their justice, men their wills,

And I, by men's wills rul'd, myself renouncing,
Am by my Angel and the gods abhorr'd,
Who drew me like a vapour up to heaven,
To dash me like a tempest gainst the earth. 5

O, the deserved terrors that attend
On human confidence ! Had ever men
Such outrage of presumption to be victors
Before they arm'd ? To send to Rome before
For houses near the market-place ; their tents 10

Strow'd all with flowers and nosegays, tables cover'd
With cups and banquets, bays and myrtle garlands,
As ready to do sacrifice for conquest
Rather than arm them for fit fight t' enforce it !
Which, when I saw, I knew as well th' event 15
As now I feel it, and because I rag'd

In that presage (my Genius showing me clearly
As in a mirror all this cursed issue),
And therefore urg'd all means to put it off
For this day, or from these fields, to some other, 20

Or from this ominous confidence, till I saw
Their spirits settled in some graver knowledge
Of what belong'd to such a dear decision,
They spotted me with fear, with love of glory
To keep in my command so many kings, 25

So great an army—all the hellish blastings
That could be breath'd on me to strike me blind,
Of honour, spirit, and soul. And should I then
Save them that would in spite of heaven be ruin'd,
And in their safeties ruin me and mine 30
In everlasting rage of their detraction ?

Dem. Your safety and own honour did deserve
Respect past all their values. O, my lord,
Would you—

Pom. Upbraid me not ; go to, go on !

Dem. No ; I'll not rub the wound. The misery is 35
The gods for any error in a man
(Which they might rectify, and should, because
That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong
To be thus insolent, thus grac'd, thus blest.

Pom. O, the strange carriage of their acts, by which 40
Men order theirs and their devotions in them,
Much rather striving to entangle men
In pathless error than with regular right

Confirm their reason's and their piety's light.

For now, sir, whatsoever was foreshown

45

By heaven, or prodigy—ten parts more for us,

Forewarning us, deterring us and all

Our blind and brainless frenzies, than for Cæsar—

All yet will be ascrib'd to his regard

Given by the gods for his good parts, preferring

50

Their gloss (being stark impostures) to the justice,

Love, honour, piety of our laws and country ;

Though I think these are arguments enow

For my acquittal that for all these fought.

Dem. Y'are clear, my lord,

Pom.

Gods help me, as I am.

55

Whatever my untouch'd command of millions

Through all my eight and fifty years hath won,

This one day, in the world's esteem, hath lost.

So vile is praise and dispraise by event ;

For I am still myself in every worth

60

The world could grace me with, had this day's even

In one blaze join'd with all my other conquests.

And shall my comforts in my well-known self

Fail me for their false fires, Demetrius ?

Dem. O no, my lord !

Pom.

Take grief for them, as if

65

The rotten-hearted world could steep my soul

In filthy putrefaction of their own,

Since their applauses fail me, that are hisses

To every sound acceptance ? I confess

That till th' affair was past my passions flam'd ;

70

But now 'tis helpless, and no cause in me,

Rest in these embers my unmoved soul

With any outward change, this distich minding ;

'No man should more allow his own loss woes,

(Being past his fault) than any stranger does.'

75

And for the world's false loves and airy honours,

What soul that ever lov'd them most in life

(Once sever'd from this breathing sepulchre)

Again came and appear'd in any kind

Their kind admirer still, or did the state

80

Of any best man here associate ?

And every true soul should be here so sever'd

From love of such men as here drown their souls

As all the world does, Cato sole [excepted] ;

To whom I'll fly now, and my wife in way 85
 (Poor lady and poor children, worse than fatherless)
 Visit and comfort. Come, Demetrius,

They disguise themselves

We now must suit our habits to our fortunes,
 And since these changes ever chance to greatest
 * * * * * nor desire to be 90
 (Do Fortune to exceed it what she can)
 A Pompey, or a Cæsar, but a man. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV

Another Part of the Field]

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Acilius, with soldiers

Cæs. Oh, we have slain, not conquer'd ! Roman blood
 Perverts th' event, and desperate blood let out
 With their own swords. Did ever men before
 Envy their own lives since another liv'd
 Whom they would wilfully conceive their foe, 5
 And forge a tyrant merely in their fears
 To justify their slaughters ? Consuls ? Furies !

Ant. Be, sir, their faults their griefs ! The greater
 number

Were only slaves that left their bloods to ruth,
 And altogether but six thousand slain. 10

Cæs. However many, gods and men can witness
 Themselves enforc'd it, much against the most
 I could enforce on Pompey for our peace.
 Of all slain yet, if Brutus only liv'd
 I should be comforted, for his life sav'd 15
 Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.
 But much I fear his death, because, the battle
 Full stricken now, he yet abides unfound.

Acil. I saw him fighting near the battle's end,
 But suddenly give off, as bent to fly. 20

Enter Brutus

Ant. He comes here ; sec, sir.

Brut. I submit to Cæsar
 My life and fortunes.

Cæs. A more welcome fortune
Is Brutus than my conquest.

Brut. Sir, I fought
Against your conquest and yourself, and merit
(I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome. 25

Cæs. You fought with me, sir, for I know your arms
Were taken for your country, not for Pompey.
And for my country I fought, nothing less
Than he, or both the mighty-stomach'd Consuls ;
Both whom, I hear, have slain themselves before 30
They would enjoy life in the good of Cæsar.
But I am nothing worse, how ill soever
They and the great authority of Rome
Would fain enforce me by their mere suspicions.
Lov'd they their country better than her Brutus ? 35
Or knew what fitted noblesse and a Roman
With freer souls than Brutus ? Those that live
Shall see in Cæsar's justice, and whatever
Might make me worthy both their lives and loves,
That I have lost the one without my merit, 40
And they the other with no Roman spirit.
Are you impair'd to live and joy my love ?
Only requite me, Brutus ; love but Cæsar,
And be in all the powers of Cæsar, Cæsar.
In which free wish I join your father Cato ; 45
For whom I'll haste to Utica, and pray
His love may strengthen my success to-day. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V

A Room in Cato's House in Utica]

*Portius in haste, Marcilius, bare, following. Portius discovers
a bed and a sword hanging by it, which he takes down*

Mar. To what use take you that, my lord ?

Por. Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any servant
Besides yourself, of all my father's nearest,
Serve any mood he serves with any knowledge
Of this or any other. Cæsar comes 5
And gives his army wings to reach this town,
Not for the town's sake, but to save my father,

Whom justly he suspects to be resolv'd
 Of any violence to his life, before
 He will preserve it by a tyrant's favour. 10
 For Pompey hath miscarried and is fled.
 Be true to me and to my father's life,
 And do not tell him, nor his fury serve
 With any other.

Mar. I will die, my lord,
 Ere I observe it.

Por. O, my lord and father ! 15

[*Enter*] Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius. *Cato with a book in his hand*

Cato. What fears fly here on all sides ? What wild looks
 Are squinted at me from men's mere suspicions
 That I am wild myself, and would enforce
 What will be taken from me by the tyrant ?

Ath. No. Would you only ask life, he would think 20
 His own life given more strength in giving yours.

Cato. I ask my life of him !

Stat. Ask what's his own
 Of him he scorns should have the least drop in it
 At his disposure !

Cato. No, Statilius. 25
 Men that have forfeit lives by breaking laws,

Or have been overcome, may beg their lives ;
 But I have ever been in every justice
 Better than Cæsar, and was never conquer'd,
 Or made to fly for life, as Cæsar was.

But have been victor ever to my wish, 30
 Gainst whomsoever ever hath oppos'd ;
 Where Cæsar now is conquer'd in his conquest,
 In the ambition he till now denied,

Taking upon him to give life, when death
 Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous self ; 35

No right, no power given him to raise an army
 Which in despite of Rome he leads about,
 Slaughtering her loyal subjects like an outlaw ;
 Nor is he better. Tongue, show, falsehood are

To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd, 40
 Vainglory, villainy, and, at best you can,

Fed with the parings of a worthy man.
 My fame affirm my life receiv'd from him !

I'll rather make a beast my second father.

Stat. The gods avert from every Roman mind 45
 The name of slave to any tyrant's power!
 Why was man ever just but to be free
 Gainst all injustice, and to bear about him
 As well all means to freedom every hour,
 As every hour he should be arm'd for death, 50
 Which only is his freedom?

Ath. But, Statilius,
 Death is not free for any man's election,
 Till nature or the law impose it on him.

Cato. Must a man go to law, then, when he may 55
 Enjoy his own in peace? If I can use
 Mine own myself, must I, of force, reserve it
 To serve a tyrant with it? All just men
 Not only may enlarge their lives, but must,
 From all rule tyrannous, or live unjust.

Ath. By death must they enlarge their lives? 60

Cato. By death.

Ath. A man's not bound to that.

Cato. I'll prove he is.
 Are not the lives of all men bound to justice?

Ath. They are.

Cato. And therefore not to serve injustice:
 Justice itself ought ever to be free,
 And therefore every just man being a part 65
 Of that free justice, should be free as it.

Ath. Then wherefore is there law for death?

Cato. That all
 That know not what law is, nor freely can
 Perform the fitting justice of a man
 In kingdoms' common good, may be enforce'd. 70
 But is not every just man to himself
 The perfect'st law?

Ath. Suppose!

Cato. Then to himself
 Is every just man's life subordinate.
 Again, sir, is not our free soul infus'd
 To every body in her absolute end 75
 To rule that body? In which absolute rule
 Is she not absolutely empress of it?
 And being empress, may she not dispose
 It, and the life in it, at her just pleasure?

Ath. Not to destroy it!

Cato. No, she not destroys it 80
 When she dislives it, that their freedoms may
 Go firm together, like their powers and organs,
 Rather than let it live a rebel to her,
 Profaning that divine conjunction
 'Twixt her and it; nay, a disjunction making 85
 Betwixt them worse than death, in killing quick
 That which in just death lives: being dead to her,
 If to her rule dead; and to her alive,
 If dying in her just rule.

Ath. The body lives not
 When death hath reft it.

Cato. Yet 'tis free, and kept 90
 Fit for rejunction in man's second life,
 Which dying rebel to the soul, is far
 Unfit to join with her in perfect life.

Ath. It shall not join with her again.

Cato. It shall.

Ath. In reason shall it?

Cato. In apparent reason. 95
 Which I'll prove clearly.

Stat. Hear, and judge it, sir!

Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
 So in th' appropriate honour of that end
 All things precedent have their natural frame;
 And therefore is there a proportion 100
 Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes;
 For else there could not be in their creation,
 Always, or for the most part, that firm form
 In their still like existence, that we see
 In each full creature. What proportion then 105
 Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
 And therefore the mortality to which
 A man is subject rather is a sleep
 Than bestial death, since Sleep and Death are call'd
 The twins of Nature. For if absolute death 110
 And bestial seize the body of a man,
 Then is there no proportion in his parts,
 His soul being free from death, which otherwise
 Retains divine proportion. For as sleep
 No disproportion holds with human souls, 115
 But aptly quickens the proportion
 'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter

To give up forms to souls, which is their end :
 So death (twin-born of sleep), resolving all
 Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature 120
 Makes a reunion with the spritely soul,
 When, in a second life their beings given,
 Holds their proportion firm in highest heaven.

Ath. Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
 Our souls again to heaven ?

Cato. Past doubt, though others 125
 Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
 Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings :
 ' Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
 Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas.'
 And what's that golden chain but our pure souls ? 130
 A golden beam of him, let down by him,
 That govern'd with his grace, and drawn by him,
 Can hoist this earthy body up to him,
 The sea and air, and all the elements
 Compress'd in it ; not while 'tis thus concrete, 135
 But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.

Ath. Your happy exposition of that place
 (Whose sacred depth I never heard so sounded)
 Evicts glad grant from me you hold a truth.

Stat. Is't not a manly truth, and mere divine ? 140

Cato. 'Tis a good cheerful doctrine for good men.
 But, son and servants, this is only argu'd
 To spend our dear time well, and no life urgeth
 To any violence further than his owner
 And graver men hold fit. Let's talk of Cæsar ; 145
 He's the great subject of all talk, and he
 Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready ?

Mar. It is, my lord.

Cato. Why then, let's in and eat,
 Our cool submission will quench Cæsar's heat.

Stat. Submission ? Here's for him.

Cato. Statilius, 150
 My reasons must not strengthen you in error,
 Nor learn'd Athenodorus' gentle yielding.
 Talk with some other deep philosophers,
 Or some divine priest of the knowing gods,
 And hear their reasons : in meantime come sup. 155

Exeunt. Cato going out arm-in-arm betwixt Atheno-
 dorus and Statilius

ACT V, SCENE I

[*The Island of Lesbos, near the shore*]

*Enter Ushers with the two Lentuli, and [Sextus] before Cornelia ;
Cyris, Telesilla, Lælia, Drusus, with others following. Cornelia,
[Sextus], and the two Lentuli reading letters*

Cor. So may my comforts for this good news thrive,
As I am thankful for them to the gods.
Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they come,
When earth's still moonlike confidence in joy 5
Is at her full, true joy descending far
From past her sphere, and from that highest heaven
That moves and is not mov'd. How far was I
From hope of these events, when fearful dreams
Of harpies tearing out my heart, of armies 10
Terribly joining, cities, kingdoms falling,
And all on me, prov'd sleep not twin to death,
But, to me, death itself? Yet waking then,
These letters, full of as much cheerful life,
I found clos'd in my hand. O gods, how justly 15
Ye laugh at all things earthly, at all fears
That rise not from your judgments, at all joys
Not drawn directly from yourselves and in ye!
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him, ruin.
Why write great learned men, men merely rapt 20
With sacred rage, of confidence, belief,
Undaunted spirits, inexorable fate
And all fear treading on, 'tis all but air;
If any comfort be, 'tis in despair.

1st Len. You learned ladies may hold anything. 25

2nd Len. Now, madam, is your walk from coach come near
The promontory, where you late commanded
A sentinel should stand to see from thence
If either with a navy, brought by sea,
Or train by land, great Pompey comes to greet you 30
As in your letters, he near this time promis'd.

Cor. O may this isle of Lesbos, compass'd in
With the Ægean sea, that doth divide
Europe from Asia (the sweet literate world
From the barbarian), from my barbarous dreams 35
Divide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2nd Len. He's busied now with ordering offices.
By this time, madam, sits your honour'd father

He looks in his letter

In Cæsar's chair of universal bishop.
Domitius Ænobarbus is made Consul,
Spinther his consort ; and Phaonius
Tribune, or Prætor.

40

[*Sextus comes forward*] *with a letter*

Se[x]. These were only sought
Before the battle, not obtain'd ; nor moving
My father but in shadows.

Cor. Why should men
Tempt fate with such firm confidence, seeking places
Before the power that should dispose could grant them ?
For then the stroke of battle was not struck.

45

1st Len. Nay, that was sure enough. Physicians know
When sick men's eyes are broken they must die.

Your letters telling you his victory
[*Left*] in the skirmish, which I know hath broken
Both the eyes and heart of Cæsar : for as men
Healthful through all their lives to grey-hair'd age,
When sickness takes them once, they seldom 'scape :
So Cæsar, victor in his general fights
Till this late skirmish, could no adverse blow
Sustain without his utter overthrow.

50

55

[*Enter a Sentinel*]

2nd Len. See, madam, now, your sentinel ; inquire.

Cor. Seest thou no fleet yet, sentinel, nor train
That may be thought great Pompey's ?

Sent. Not yet, madam. 60

1st Len. Seest thou no travellers address'd this way,
In any number on this Lesbian shore ?

Sent. I see some not worth note, a couple coming
This way on foot that are not, now, far hence.

2nd Len. Come they apace, like messengers with news ? 6

Sent. No, nothing like, my lord ; nor are their habits
Of any such men's fashions, being long mantles,
And sable-hued, their heads all hid in hats
Of parching Thessaly, broad-brimm'd, high-crown'd.

Cor. These serve not our hopes.

Sent. Now I see a ship,
A kenning hence, that strikes into the haven. 7

Cor. One only ship ?

Sent. One only, madam, yet.

Cor. That should not be my lord.

1st Len. Your lord ? No, madam.

Sent. She now lets out arm'd men upon the land.

2nd Len. Arm'd men ? With drum and colours ?

Sent. No, my lord ;

But bright in arms, [that] bear half-pikes or bead-hooks. 75

1st Len. These can be no plumes in the train of Pompey.

Cor. I'll see him in his letter once again.

Sent. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

Enter Pompey and Demetrius [disguised]

Dem. See your princess, sir, come thus far from the city in 80
her coach, to encounter your promis'd coming about this
time in your last letters.

Pom. The world is alter'd since, Demetrius,

[They] offer to go by

1st Len. See, madam, two Thessalian augurs, it seems by
their habits. Call, and inquire if either by their skills or travels 85
they know no news of your husband.

Cor. My friends, a word !

Dem. With us, madam ?

Cor. Yes. Are you of Thessaly ?

Dem. Ay, madam, and all the world besides. 90

Cor. Your country is great.

Dem. And our portions little.

Cor. Are you augurs ?

Dem. Augurs, madam ? Yes, a kind of augurs, alias wizards,
that go up and down the world teaching how to turn ill to 95
good.

Cor. Can you do that ?

Dem. Ay, madam ; you have no work for us, have you ?
No ill to turn good, I mean ?

Cor. Yes, the absence of my husband. 100

Dem. What's he ?

Cor. Pompey the Great.

Dem. Wherein is he great ?

Cor. In his command of the world.

Dem. Then he's great in others. Take him without his 105
addition, 'Great', what is he then ?

Cor. Pompey.

Dem. Not your husband then ?

Cor. Nothing the less for his greatness.

Dem. Not in his right ; but in your comforts he is. 110

Cor. His right is my comfort.

Dem. What's his wrong ?

Cor. My sorrow.

Dem. And that's ill.

Cor. Yes. 115

Dem. Y'are come to the use of our profession, madam : would you have that ill turn'd good, that sorrow turn'd comfort ?

Cor. Why, is my lord wrong'd ?

Dem. We possess not that knowledge, madam : suppose 120 he were.

Cor. Not I !

Dem. You'll suppose him good ?

Cor. He is so.

Dem. Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd ; for all 125 goodness is wrong'd in this world.

Cor. What call you wrong ?

Dem. Ill fortune, affliction.

Cor. Think you my lord afflicted ?

Dem. If I think him good, madam, I must. Unless he be 130 worldly good, and then either he is ill or has ill ; since, as no sugar is without poison, so is no worldly good without ill, even naturally nourish'd in it, like a household thief, which is the worst of all thieves.

Cor. Then he is not worldly, but truly good. 135

Dem. He's too great to be truly good ; for worldly greatness is the chief worldly goodness ; and all worldly goodness (I proved before) has ill in it, which true good has not.

Cor. If he rule well with his greatness, wherein is he ill ?

Dem. But great rulers are like carpenters that wear their 140 rules at their backs still ; and therefore to make good your true good in him, y'ad better suppose him little or mean ; for in the mean only is the true good.

Pom. But every great lady must have her husband great still, or her love will be little. 145

Cor. I am none of those great ladies.

1st Len. She's a philosophress, augur, and can turn ill to good as well as you.

Pom. I would then not honour, but adore her. Could you submit yourself cheerfully to your husband, supposing 150 him fallen ?

Cor. If he submit himself cheerfully to his fortune.

Pom. 'Tis the greatest greatness in the world you undertake.

Cor. I would be so great, if he were. 155

Pom. In supposition.

Cor. In fact.

Pom. Be no woman, but a goddess, then, and make good thy greatness. [*Revealing himself.*] I am cheerfully fallen ; be cheerful. 160

Cor. I am, and welcome, as the world were clos'd
In these embraces.

Pom. Is it possible.

A woman, losing greatness, still as good
As at her greatest ? O gods was I ever
Great till this minute !

Ambo Len. Pompey ?

Pom. View me better ! 165

Ambo Len. Conquer'd by Cæsar ?

Pom. Not I, but mine army.

No fault in me in it ; no conquest of me ;
I tread this low earth as I trod on Cæsar.
Must I not hold myself, though lose the world ?
(Nor lose I less : a world lost at one clap ;
'Tis more than Jove ever thunder'd with.) 170

What glory is it to have my hand hurl
So vast a volley through the groaning air ?
And is't not great to turn griefs thus to joys,
That break the hearts of others ? 175

Ambo Len. O, tis Jove-like !

Pom. It is to imitate Jove, that from the wounds
Of softest clouds beats up the terriblest sounds.
I now am good, for good men still have least,
That 'twixt themselves and God might rise their rest.

Cor. O, Pompey, Pompey, never 'Great' till now ! 180

Pom. O, my Cornelia, let us still be good,
And we shall still be great ; and greater far
In every solid grace than when the tumour
And bile of rotten observation swell'd us.
Griefs for wants outward are without our cure, 185
Greatness, not of itself, is never sure.

Before we went upon heaven, rather treading
The virtues of it underfoot in making
The vicious world our heaven, than walking there

Even here, as knowing that our home, contemning 190
 All forg'd heavens here rais'd, setting hills on hills.
 Vulcan from heaven fell, yet on's feet did light,
 And stood no less a god than at his height.
 At lowest, things lie fast ; we now are like
 The two poles propping heaven, on which heaven moves, 195
 And they are fix'd and quiet ; being above
 All motion far, we rest above the heavens.

Cor. Oh, I more joy t'embrace my lord, thus fix'd,
 Than he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.

1st. Len. Miraculous standing in a fall so great ! 200
 Would Cæsar knew, sir, how you conquer'd him
 In your conviction !

Pom. 'Tis enough for me
 That Pompey knows it. I will stand no more
 On others' legs, nor build one joy without me.
 If ever I be worth a house again 205
 I'll build all inward ; not a light shall ope
 The common outway ; no expense, no art,
 No ornament, no door will I use there,
 But raise all plain and rudely, like a rampier
 Against the false society of men 210
 That still batters
 All reason piecemeal, and, for earthy greatness,
 All heavenly comforts rarefies to air.
 I'll therefore live in dark, and all my light,
 Like ancient temples, let in at my top. 215
 This were to turn one's back to all the world,
 And only look at heaven. Empedocles
 Recur'd a mortal plague through all his country
 With stopping up the yawning of a hill,
 From whence the hollow and unwholesome south 220
 Exhal'd his venom'd vapour. And what else
 Is any king, given over to his lusts,
 But even the poison'd cleft of that crack'd mountain,
 That all his kingdom plagues with his example ?
 Which I have stopp'd now, and so cur'd my country 225
 Of such a sensual pestilence :
 When therefore our diseas'd affections,
 Harmful to human freedom, and, storm-like,
 Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
 Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in 230
 The light of reason, and a purer spirit

Take in another way ; like rooms that fight
With windows gainst the wind, yet let in light.

Ambo Len. My lord, we serv'd before, but now adore you.

Sent. My lord, the arm'd men I discover'd lately 235
Unshipp'd and landed, now are trooping near.

Pom. What arm'd men are they ?

1st Len. Some, my lord, that lately
The sentinel discover'd, but not knew.

Sent. Now all the sea, my lords, is hid with ships :
Another promontory flanking this, 240
Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,
That easily may see hither, it seems looking
What these so near intend : take heed, they come.

Enter Achilles, Septi[mi]us, Salvius, with soldiers

Ach. Hail to Rome's great commander ; to whom Ægypt
(Not long since seated in his kingdom by thee, 245
And sent to by thee in thy passage by)
Sends us with answer ; which withdraw and hear.

Pom. I'll kiss my children first.

Se[x]. Bless me, my lord !

Pom. I will, and Cyris, my poor daughter too.
Even that high hand that hurl'd me down thus low, 250
Keep you from rising high ! I hear ; now tell me.
I think, my friend, you once serv'd under me.

Septi[mi]us only nods with his head
Nod only, not a word deign ? What are these ?
Cornelia, I am now not worth men's words.

Ach. Please you receive your aid, sir ?

Pom. Ay, I come. 255

Exit Pompey. They draw and follow

Cor. Why draw they ? See, my lords ; attend them,
ushers !

*[Exeunt the two Lentuli, and Demetrius with
the Ushers]*

Se[x]. O they have slain great Pompey !

Cor. O my husband !

Se[x]. }
Cyr. } Mother, take comfort !

Enter Pompey bleeding

O, my lord, and father !

Pom. See, heavens, your sufferings ! Is my country's love,

The justice of an empire, piety, 260
 Worth this end in their leader? Last yet, life,
 And bring the gods off fairer: after this
 Who will adore or serve the deities?

He hides his face with his robe

Enter the Murderers

Ach. Help hale him off, and take his head for Cæsar.

Se[x]. Mother, O save us! Pompey, O my father! 265

[Exeunt Murderers with Pompey]

*Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding, and kneel about
 Cornelia*

1st Len. Yet falls not heaven? Madam, O make good
 Your late great spirits! All the world will say
 You know not how to bear adverse events,
 If now you languish.

Omnes.

Take her to her coach.

They bear her out

[SCENE II

A Room in Cato's House in Utica]

Cato with a book in his hand

[Cato.] O beastly apprehenders of things manly
 And merely heavenly! They, with all the reasons
 I us'd for just men's liberties to bear
 Their lives and deaths up in their own free hands,
 Fear still my resolution; though I seem 5
 To give it off like them, and now am won
 To think my life in law's rule, not mine own,
 When once it comes to death, as if the law,
 Made for a sort of outlaws, must bound me
 In their subjection; as if I could 10
 Be rack'd out of my veins to live in others,
 As so I must, if others rule my life,
 And public power keep all the right of death;
 As if men needs must serve the place of justice,
 The form and idol, and renounce itself, 15
 Ourselves, and all our rights in God and goodness,
 Our whole contents and freedoms, to dispose
 All in the joys and ways of arrant rogues!

No stay but their wild errors to sustain us !
 No forges but their throats to vent our breaths, 20
 To form our lives in, and repose our deaths !
 See, they have got my sword. Who's there ?

Enter Marcilius bare

Mar. My lord !

Cato. Who took my sword hence ? Dumb ? I do not ask
 For any use or care of it, but hope
 I may be answer'd. Go, sir, let me have it. *Exit Marcilius* 25
 Poor slaves, how terrible this death is to them !
 If men would sleep they would be wroth with all
 That interrupt them, physic take, to take
 The golden rest it brings, both pay and pray
 For good and soundest naps, all friends consenting 30
 In those kind invocations, praying all
 ' Good rest the gods vouchsafe you', but when Death,
 Sleep's natural brother, comes (that's nothing worse,
 But better, being more rich, and keeps the store ;
 Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor), 35
 O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
 His stern approaches ; all their comforts taken
 In faith and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
 That watch their wakings in an endless life,
 Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their sense 40
 Sustain'd but for an hour ! Be all the earth
 Rapt with this error, I'll pursue my reason,
 And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,
 Th' eternal law of heaven and earth no firmer.
 But while I seek to conquer conquering Cæsar, 45
 My soft-spleen'd servants overrule and curb me.

He knocks, and [Butas] enters

Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword
 Where late I left it ? Dumb, too ? Come another !

Enter Cleanthes

Where's my sword hung here ?

Cle. My lord, I know not.

Cato. The rest come in there ! *Enter Marcilius* 50

Where's the sword I charg'd you

To give his place again ? I'll break your lips ope.

Spite of my freedom, all my servants, friends,

My son and all, will needs betray me naked

To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce
 And bear-like, mankind of the blood of virtue. 55
 O gods, who ever saw me thus contemn'd ?
 Go, call my son in, tell him that the less
 He shows himself my son, the less I'll care
 To live his father.

Enter Athenodorus, Portius ; Portius kneeling ; [Butas],

Cleanthes, and Marcilius by him

Por. I beseech you, sir,
 Rest patient of my duty, and my love ; 60
 Your other children think on, our poor mother,
 Your family, your country.

Cato. If the gods
 Give over all, I'll fly the world with them.
 Athenodorus, I admire the changes
 I note in heavenly providence. When Pompey 65
 Did all things out of course, past right, past reason,
 He stood invincible against the world :
 Yet now his cares grew pious, and his powers
 Set all up for his country, he is conquered.

Ath. The gods' wills secret are, nor must we measure 70
 Their chaste-reserved deeps by our dry shallows.
 Sufficeth us, we are entirely such
 As 'twixt them and our consciences we know
 Their graces, in our virtues, shall present
 Unspotted with the earth, to th' high throne 75
 That overlooks us ; for this giant world,
 Let's not contend with it, when heaven itself
 Fails to reform it : why should we affect
 The least hand over it in that ambition ?
 A heap 'tis of digested villany ; 80
 Virtue in labour with eternal chaos
 Press'd to a living death, and rack'd beneath it,
 Her throes unpitied, every worthy man
 Limb by limb sawn out of her virgin womb,
 To live here piecemeal tortur'd ; fly life then ! 85
 Your life and death made precedents for men. *Exit*

Cato. Ye hear, my masters, what a life this is,
 And use much reason to respect it so.
 But mine shall serve ye. Yet restore my sword,
 Lest too much ye presume, and I conceive 90
 Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's Statilius ?

Por. I think, sir, gone, with the three hundred Romans
In Lucius Cæsar's charge, to serve the victor.

Cato. And would not take his leave of his poor friend ?
Then the philosophers have stoop'd his spirit, 95
Which I admire in one so free and knowing,
And such a fiery hater of base life,
Besides being such a vow'd and noted foe
To our great conqueror. But I advis'd him
To spare his youth and live.

Por. My brother Brutus 100
Is gone to Cæsar.

Cato. Brutus ? Of mine honour
(Although he be my son-in-law) I must say
There went as worthy and as learn'd a precedent
As lives in Rome's whole rule for all life's actions ;
And yet your sister Portia (his wife) 105
Would scarce have done this. But, for you, my son,
However Cæsar deals with me, be counsell'd
By your experienc'd father not to touch
At any action of the public weal,
Nor any rule bear near her politic stern : 110
For, to be upright and sincere therein
Like Cato's son, the time's corruption
Will never bear it ; and, to soothe the time,
You shall do basely, and unworthy your life,
Which to the gods I wish may outweigh mine 115
In every virtue, howsoever ill
You thrive in honour.

Por. I, my lord, shall gladly
Obey that counsel.

Cato. And what needed you
Urge my kind care of any charge that nature
Imposes on me ? Have I ever shown 120
Love's least defect to you, or any dues,
The most indulgent father, being discreet,
Could do his dearest blood ? Do you me right
In judgment and in honour, and dispense
With passionate nature : go, neglect me not, 125
But send my sword in. Go, 'tis I that charge you.

Por. O, my lord and father ! [*To the others*] Come, advise
me. *Exeunt*

Cato. What have I now to think on in this world ?
No one thought of the world : I go each minute

Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedom. 130
 The next world and my soul, then, let me serve
 With her last utterance, that my body may
 With sweetness of the passage drown the sour
 That death will mix with it : the Consuls' souls,
 That slew themselves so nobly, scorning life 135
 Led under tyrants' sceptres, mine would see.
 For we shall know each other, and past death
 Retain those forms of knowledge learn'd in life ;
 Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose,
 Our immortality were not life, but time. 140
 And that our souls in reason are immortal
 Their natural and proper objects prove ;
 Which immortality and knowledge are.
 For to that object ever is referr'd
 The nature of the soul, in which the acts 145
 Of her high faculties are still employ'd.
 And that true object must her powers obtain
 To which they are in nature's aim directed,
 Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object
 Which possibly she never can aspire. 150

Enter a Page with his sword, taken out before

Page. Your sword, my lord.

Cato. O, is it found ? Lay down
 Upon the bed, my boy. (*Exit Page*) Poor men ! a boy
 Must be presenter ; manhood at no hand
 Must serve so foul a fact ; for so are call'd,
 In common mouths, men's fairest acts of all. 155
 Unsheathe ! Is't sharp ? 'Tis sweet ! Now I am safe ;
 Come Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
 Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her, heaven.
 The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
 The joys and horrors of their peace and wars, 160
 And now will see the gods' state, and the stars.

*He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius at
 another side of the stage with his sword
 drawn ; Portius, [Butas], Cleanthes, and
 Marcilius holding his hands.*

Stat. Cato ? My lord ?

Por. I swear, Statilius,
 He's forth, and gone to seek you, charging me
 To seek elsewhere, lest you had slain yourself ;

And by his love entreated you would live. 165

Stat. I swear by all the gods, I'll run his fortunes.

Por. You may, you may ; but shun the victor now,
Who near is, and will make us all his slaves.

Stat. He shall himself be mine first, and my slaves'. *Exit*

Por. Look, look in to my father ! O I fear 170
He is no sight for me to bear and live. *Exit*

Omnes 3. O ruthless spectacle !

Cle. He hath ripp'd his entrails.

[*But*]. Search, search ; they may be found.

Cle. They may, and are.
Give leave, my lord, that I may sew them up,
Being yet unperish'd.

Cato. Stand off ; now they are not. 175

He thrusts him back and plucks out his entrails

Have he my curse that my life's least part saves ;

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves. [*Dies*]

[*But*]. Mirror of men !

Mar. The gods envied his goodness.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Brutus, Acilius, *with* Lords and Citizens
of Utica

Cæs. Too late, too late, with all our haste ! O Cato,
All my late conquest, and my life's whole acts, 180
Most crown'd, most beautified, are b[l]asted all
With thy grave life's expiring in their scorn.
Thy life was rule to all lives ; and thy death
(Thus forcibly despising life) the quench
Of all lives' glories.

Ant. Unreclaimed man ! 185
How censures Brutus his stern father's fact ?

Brut. 'Twas not well done.

Cæs. O censure not his acts ;
Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

Enter Achillas, Septimius, Salvius, *with* Pompey's head

All [*three*] *kneeling.* Your enemy's head, great Cæsar !

Cæs. Cursed monsters,
Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp 190
Let any dare to view it ; far as noblesse
The den of barbarism flies, and bliss
The bitterest curse of vex'd and tyranniz'd nature,
Transfer it from me. Born the plagues of virtue,

How durst ye poison thus my thoughts ? To torture 195
[With] them with instant rapture.

Omnes 3.

Sacred Cæsar !

Cæs. Away with them ; I vow by all my comforts
Who slack seems, or not fiery in my charge,
Shall suffer with them.

All the soldiers.

Oot, base murtherers ;

200

Tortures, tortures for them !

Omnes [3.]

Cruel Cæsar !

Cæs. Too mild with any torture.

Hale them out

Brut.

Let me crave

The ease of my hate on their one curs'd life.

Cæs. Good Brutus, take it ; O you cool the poison

These villains flaming pour'd upon my spleen

To suffer with my loathings. If the blood

205

Of every common Roman touch'd so near,

Shall I confirm the false brand of my tyranny

With being found a fautor of his murther

Whom my dear country choos'd to fight for her ?

Ant. Your patience, sir ; their tortures well will quit you. 210

Brut. Let my slaves' use, sir, be your precedent.

Cæs. It shall, I swear ; you do me infinite honour.

O Cato, I envy thy death, since thou

Envied'st my glory to preserve thy life.

Why fled his son, and friend Statilius ?

215

So far I fly their hurt, that all my good

Shall fly to their desires. And, for himself,

My lords and citizens of Utica,

His much renown of you quit with your most ;

And by the sea, upon some eminent rock,

220

Erect his sumptuous tomb, on which advance

With all fit state his statue, whose right hand

Let hold his sword, where may to all times rest

His bones as honour'd as his soul is blest.

FINIS

THE TRAGEDY OF ALPHONSUS
EMPEROR OF GERMANY



Alphonsus Emperor of Germany

TO THE READER

I SHALL not need to bespeak thee courteous, if thou hast seen this piece presented with all the elegance of life and action on the Blackfriars' stage ; but if it be a stranger to thee, give me leave to prepare thy acceptation by telling thee it was received with general applause, and thy judgment (I doubt not) will be satisfied in the reading.

I will not raise thy expectation further, nor delay thy entertainment by a tedious preface. The design is high, the contrivement subtle, and will deserve thy grave attention in the perusal. Farewell.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Alphonsus, <i>Emperor of Germany</i>		Lorenzo de Cyprus, <i>Secretary to the Emperor</i>
King of Bohemia,	} <i>The Seven Electors of the German Empire</i>	Alexander, <i>his Son, the Emperor's Page</i>
Bishop of Mentz,		Isabella, <i>the Empress</i>
Bishop of Collen,		Hedewick, <i>Daughter to the Duke of Saxon</i>
Bishop of Trier,		Captain of the Guard
Palatine of the Rhein,		Soldiers
Duke of Saxon,		Jailor
Marquess of Brandenburg,		Hans, } <i>Two Boors</i>
Prince Edward of England		Jerick, }
Richard, <i>Duke of Cornwall</i>		

[ACT I, SCENE I

A Room in the Court]

Enter Alphonsus the Emperor in his nightgown and his shirt, and a torch in his hand; Alexander de Cyprus, his Page, following him

Alp. Boy, give me the master-key of all the doors;
 To bed again, and leave me to myself! *Exit Alexander*
 Is Richard come? Have four Electors sworn
 To make him Kaiser in despite of me?
 Why then, Alphonsus, it is time to wake! 5
 No, Englishman, thou art too hot at hand,
 Too shallow-brain'd to undermine my throne;
 The Spanish sun hath purified my wit,
 And dried up all gross humours in my head,
 That I am sighted as the king of birds, 10
 And can discern thy deepest stratagems.
 I am the lawful German Emperor,
 Chosen, install'd, by general consent;
 And they may term me tyrant as they please,
 I will be king and tyrant if I please, 15
 For what is empire, but a tyranny?
 And none but children use it otherwise.
 Of seven Electors four are fall'n away,
 The other three I dare not greatly trust;
 My wife is sister to mine enemy, 20
 And, therefore, wisely to be dealt withal.
 But why do I except in special,
 When this position must be general,
 That no man living must be credited
 Further than tends unto thy proper good. 25
 But to the purpose of my silent walk!
 Within this chamber lies my secretary,
 Lorenzo de Cyprus, in whose learned brain
 Is all the compass of the world contain'd;

And as the ignorant and simple age 30
 Of our forefathers, blinded in their zeal,
 Receiv'd dark answers from Apollo's shrine,
 And honour'd him as patron of their bliss,
 So I, not muffled in simplicity,
 Zealous indeed of nothing but my good, 35
 Haste to the augur of my happiness,
 To lay the ground of my ensuing wars.
 He learns his wisdom not by flight of birds,
 By prying into sacrificed beasts,
 By hares that cross the way, by howling wolves, 40
 By gazing on the starry element,
 Or vain imaginary calculations ;
 But from a settled wisdom in itself,
 Which teacheth to be void of passion ;
 To be religious as the ravenous wolf 45
 Who loves the lamb for hunger and for prey ;
 To threaten our inferiors with our looks ;
 To flatter our superiors at our need ;
 To be an outward saint, an inward devil ;
 These are the lectures that my master reads. 50
 This key commands all chambers in the court ;
 Now on a sudden will I try his wit,
 I know my coming is unlook'd for.

He opens the door and finds Lorenzo asleep aloft

Nay, sleep, Lorenzo, I will walk awhile.
 As Nature, in the framing of the world, 55
 Ordain'd there should be *nihil vacuum*,
 Even so, methinks, his wisdom should contrive
 That all his study should be full of wit,
 And every corner stuff'd with sentences.
 What's this ? Plato ? Aristotle ? Tush ! 60
 These are ordinary ;
 It seems this is a note but newly written.

He reads a note which he finds among his books

' Una arbusta non alit duos erithacos ; which being granted,
 the Roman Empire will not suffice Alphonsus, King of Castile,
 and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, his competitor. Thy wisdom 65
 teacheth thee to cleave to the strongest ; Alphonsus is in posses-
 sion and therefore the strongest, but he is in hatred with the Elec-
 tors, and men rather honour the sun rising than the sun going
 down.'

Ay marry, this is argued like himself ; 70

And now, methinks, he wakes.

*Lorenzo riseth and snatches at his sword, which
hung by his bedside*

Lor. What, are there thieves within the Emperor's
Court ?

Villain, thou diest ! What mak'st thou in my chamber ?

Alp. How now, Lorenzo, wilt thou slay thy lord ?

Lor. I do beseech your sacred Majesty
To pardon me, I did not know your Grace. 75

Alp. Lie down, Lorenzo, I will sit by thee.

The air is sharp and piercing ; tremble not !

Had it been any other but ourself,

He must have been a villain and a thief. 80

Lor. Alas, my lord, what means your Excellence
To walk by night in these so dangerous times ?

Alp. Have I not reason now to walk and watch,
When I am compass'd with so many foes ?
They ward, they watch, they cast, and they conspire 85
To win confederate princes to their aid,
And batter down the eagle from my crest.

Oh, my Lorenzo, if thou help me not,

Th' imperial crown is shaken from my head,

And giv'n from me unto an English earl. 90

Thou knowest how all things stand as well as we,

Who are our enemies and who our friends,

Who must be threat'ned and who dallied with,

Who won by words and who by force of arms.

For all the honour I have done to thee 95

Now speak, and speak to purpose in the cause ;

Nay, rest thy body, labour with thy brain,

And of thy words myself will be the scribe.

Lor. Why then, my lord, take paper, pen, and ink,
Write first this maxim, it shall do you good : 100

1. *A prince must be of the nature of the lion and the fox, but
not the one without the other.*

Alp. The fox is subtle, but he wanteth force ;
The lion strong, but scorneth policy ;

I'll imitate Lysander in this point, 105

And where the lion's hide is thin and scant,

I'll firmly patch it with the fox's fell.

Let it suffice, I can be both in one.

Lor. 2. *A prince above all things must seem devout ; but there is nothing so dangerous to his state, as to regard his promise 110 or his oath.*

Alp. Tush, fear not me, my promises are sound,
But he that trusts them shall be sure to fail !

Lor. Nay, my good lord, but that I know your Majesty
To be a ready [and] quick-witted scholar, 115
I would bestow a comment on the text.

3. *Trust not a reconciled friend, for good turns cannot blot out old grudges.*

Alp. Then must I watch the Palatine of the Rhein ;
I caus'd his father to be put to death. 120

Lor. Your Highness hath as little cause to trust
The dangerous, mighty duke of Saxony ;
You know you sought to banish him the land ;
And as for Collen, was not he the first
That sent for Richard into Germany ? 125

Alp. What's thy opinion of the other four ?

[*Lor.*] That Bohemia neither cares for one nor other,
But hopes this deadly strife between you twain
Will cast th' imperial crown upon his head.
For Trier and Brandenburg, I think of them 130
As simple men that wish the common good ;
And as for Mentz, I need not censure him,
Richard hath chain'd him in a golden bond,
And sav'd his life from ignominious death.

Alp. Let it suffice, Lorenzo, that I know, 135
When Churfurst Mentz was taken prisoner
By young victorious Otho, Duke of Braunschweig,
That Richard, Earl of Cornwall, did disburse
The ransom of a king, a million,
To save his life, and rid him out of bands, 140
That sum of gold did fill the Braunschweig bags ;
But since myself have rain'd a golden shower
Of bright Hungarian ducats and crusadoes
Into the private coffers of the bishop,
The English angels took their wings and fled ; 145
My crosses bless his coffers, and plead for me ;
His voice is mine, bought with ten ton of gold,
And at the meeting of the seven Electors
His princely double-dealing Holiness
Will spoil the English Emperor of hope. 150
But I refer these matters to the sequel ;

Proceed, Lorenzo, forward to the next.

Lor. I'm glad your Grace hath dealt so cunningly
With that [vainglorious] fickle-minded prelate,
For in election his voice is first ; 155
But to the next :

4. *'Tis more safety for a prince to be feared than loved.*

Alp. Love is an humour pleaseth him that loves ;
Let me be hated, so I please myself.
Love is an humour mild and changeable, 160
But fear engraves a reverence in the heart.

Lor. 5. *To keep an usurped crown, a prince must swear,
forswear, poison, murder, and commit all kind of villainies,
provided it be cunningly kept from the eye of the world.*

Alp. But, my Lorenzo, that's the hardest point ; 165
It is not for a prince to execute,
Physicians and apothecaries must know,
And servile fear or counsel-breaking bribes
Will from a peasant in an hour extort
Enough to overthrow a monarchy. 170

Lor. Therefore, my lord, set down this sixt and last
article :

6. *Be always jealous of him that knows your secrets.*
And therefore it behoves you credit few,
And when you grow into the least suspect, 175
With silent cunning must you cut them off.
As for example, Julius Lentulus,

A most renowned Neapolitan,
Gave me this box of poison ; 'twas not long
But therewithal I sent him to his grave. 180

Alp. And what's the special virtue of the same ?

Lor. That it is twenty days before it works.

Alp. But what is this ?

Lor. This an infection that kills suddenly ;
This but a toy to cast a man asleep. 185

Alp. How ? Being drunk ?

Lor. No, being smelt unto.

Alp. Then smell, Lorenzo ; I did break thy sleep,
And, for this time, this lecture shall suffice.

Lor. What have you done, my lord ? Y'ave made me
safe

For stirring hence these four-and-twenty hours. 190

[*He sleeps*]

Alp. I see, this charms his senses suddenly.

How now, Lorenzo, half asleep already ?
 Æneas' pilot by the God of dreams
 Was never lull'd into a sounder trance.
 And now, Alphonsus, over-read thy notes ! *He reads* 195
 These are already at my fingers' ends,
 And lest the world should find this little schedule,
 Thus will I rend the text, and after this
 On my behaviour set so fine a gloss
 That men shall take me for a convertite. 200
 But some may think I should forget my part
 And have been over-rash in rending it ;
 To put them out of doubt I study sure,
 I'll make a backward repetition
 In being jealous of my counsel-keepers. 205
 This is the poison that kills suddenly :
 So didst thou unto Julius Lentulus,
 And blood with blood must be requited thus.

[Poisons him]

Now am I safe, and no man knows my counsels.
 Churfurst of Mentz, if now thou play thy part, 210
 Earning thy gold with cunning workmanship
 Upon the Bemish king's ambition,
 Richard shall shamefully fail of his hope,
 And I with triumph keep my empery. *Exit*

[SCENE II

The Hall of Electors at Frankfort]

Enter the King of Bohemia, the Bishops of Mentz, Collen, Trier, the Palatine of the Rhein, the Duke of Saxon, and the Marquess of Brandenburg.

Boh. Churfursts and Princes of the election,
 Since by the adverse fortune of our age
 The sacred and imperial majesty
 Hath been usurp'd by open tyranny,
 We, the seven pillars of the German Empire, 5
 To whom successively it doth belong
 To make election of our Emperors,
 Are here assembled to unite anew
 Unto her former strength and glorious type
 Our half-declining Roman monarchy ; 10
 And in that hope I, Henry, King of Bohem,

Churfurst and Sewer to the Emperor,
Do take my seat next to the sacred throne.

Men. Next seat belongs to Julius Florius,
Archbishop of Mentz, Chancellor of Germany, 15
By birth the Duke of fruitful Pomerland.

Pal. The next place in election longs to me,
George Casimirus, Palsgrave of the Rhein,
His Highness' Taster, and upon my knee
I vow a pure, sincere, innated zeal 20
Unto my country, and no wrested hate
Or private love shall blind my intellect.

Col. Brave Duke of Saxon, Dutchland's greatest hope,
Stir now or never; let the Spanish tyrant
That hath dishonour'd us, murder'd our friends, 25
And stain'd this seat with blood of innocents,
At last be chastis'd with the Saxon sword;
And may Albertus, Archbishop of Collen,
Chancellor of Gallia, and the fourth Elector,
Be thought unworthy of his place and birth, 30
But he assist thee to his utmost power.

Sax. Wisdom, not words, must be the sovereign salve
To search and heal these grievous fester'd wounds;
And in that hope Augustus, Duke of Saxon,
Arch-Marshal to the Emperor, take my place. 35

Tri. The like doth Frederick, Archbishop of Trier,
Duke of Lorrain, Chancellor of Italy.

Bran. The seventh and last is Joachim Carolus,
Marquess of Brandenburg, overworn with age,
Whose office is to be the Treasurer; 40
But wars have made the coffers like the chair;
Peace bringeth plenty, wars bring poverty;
Grant Heavens this meeting may be to effect,
Establish peace, and cut off tyranny.

Enter the Empress Isabella, King John's daughter

Emp. Pardon my bold intrusion, mighty Churfursts, 45
And let my words pierce deeply in your hearts.
O, I beseech you on my bended knees,
I, the poor miserable Empress,
A stranger in this land, unus'd to broils,
Wife to the one and sister to the other 50
That are competitors for sovereignty,

All that I pray is, make a quiet end,
 Make peace between my husband and my brother.
 O think how grief doth stand on either side,
 If either party chance to be amiss. 55
 My husband is my husband, but my brother—
 My heart doth melt to think he should miscarry!
 My brother is my brother, but my husband—
 O how my joints do shake fearing his wrong!
 If both should die in these uncertain broils, 60
 O me, why do I live to think upon 't!
 Bear with my interrupted speeches, lords,
 Tears stop my voice—your wisdoms know my meaning.
 Alas! I know my brother Richard's heart
 Affects not empire, he would rather choose 65
 To make return again to Palestine
 And be a scourge unto the infidels.
 As for my lord, he is impatient;
 The more my grief, the lesser is my hope.
 Yet, Princes, thus he sends you word by me, 70
 He will submit himself to your award,
 And labour to amend what is amiss.
 All I have said, or can devise to say,
 Is few words of great worth: Make unity!

Boh. Madam, that we have suffer'd you to kneel so long, 75
 Agrees not with your dignity nor ours;
 Thus we excuse it: when we once are set
 In solemn council of election,
 We may not rise till somewhat be concluded.
 So much for that: touching your earnest suit, 80
 Your Majesty doth know how it concerns us.
 Comfort yourself, as we do hope the best!
 But tell us, madam, where's your husband now?

Emp. I left him at his prayers, good my lord.

Sax. At prayers? Madam, that's a miracle. 85

Pal. Undoubtedly your Highness did mistake,
 'Twas sure some book of conjuration;
 I think he never said pray'r in his life.

Emp. Ah me, my fear, I fear, will take effect!
 Your hate to him and love unto my brother 90
 Will break my heart and spoil th' imperial peace.

Men. My Lord of Saxon, and Prince Palatine,
 This hard opinion yet is more than needs;
 But, gracious madam, leave us to ourselves.

That some great prince of wisdom and of power,
Whose countenance may overbear his pride,
Be join'd in equal government with Alphonsus.

Boh. Your Holiness hath soundly in few words
Set down a mean to quiet all these broils. 140

Tri. So may we hope for peace, if he amend ;
But shall Prince Richard then be join'd with him ?

Pal. Why should your Highness ask that question,
As if a prince of so high kingly birth
Would live in couples with so base a cur ? 145

Boh. Prince Palatine, such words do ill become thee.

Sax. He said but right, and call'd a dog a dog.

Boh. His birth is princely.

Sax. His manners villainous,
And virtuous Richard scorns so base a yoke.

Boh. My Lord of Saxon, give me leave to tell you, 150
Ambition blinds your judgment in this case ;
You hope, if by your means Richard be emperor,
He, in requital of so great advancement,
Will make the long-desired marriage up
Between the Prince of England and your [daughter] ; 155
And to that end Edward, the Prince of Wales,
Hath borne his uncle company to Germany.

Sax. Why, King of Bohem, is't unknown to thee
How oft the Saxon's sons have married queens,
And daughters kings, yea, mightiest emperors ? 160
If Edward like her beauty and behaviour
He'll make no question of her princely birth ;
But let that pass ; I say, as erst I said,
That virtuous Richard scorns so base a yoke.

Men. If Richard scorn, some one upon this bench, 165
Whose power may overbear Alphonsus' pride,
Is to be named. What think you, my lords ?

Sax. I think it was a mighty mass of gold
That made your Grace of this opinion.

Men. My Lord of Saxony, you wrong me much, 170
And know I highly scorn to take a bribe.

Pal. I think you scorn indeed to have it known.
But to the purpose : if it must be so,
Who is the fittest man to join with him ?

Col. First with an ox to plough will I be yoked. 175

Men. [To Bohemia]. The fittest is your Grace, in mine
opinion.

Boh. I am content, to stay these mutinies,
To take upon me what you do impose.

Sax. Why, here's a tempest quickly overblown.
God give you joy, my lord, of half the Empire ; 180
For me, I will not meddle in the matter,
But warn your Majesty to have a care
And vigilant respect unto your person.
I'll hie me home to fortify my towns,
Not to offend, but to defend myself. 185

Pal. Ha' with you, cousin, and adieu, my lords ;
I am afraid this sudden knitted peace
Will turn unto a tedious, lasting war ;
Only thus much we do request you all,
Deal honourably with the Earl of Cornwall ; 190
And so adieu ! *Exeunt Saxon and Palsgrave*

Bran. I like not this strange farewell of the Duke's.

Boh. In all elections some are malcontent.
It doth concern us now with speed to know
How the competitors will like of this ; 195
And therefore you, my Lord Archbishop of Trier,
Impart this order of arbitrament
Unto the Emperor ; bid him be content
To stand content with half, or lose the whole.
My Lord of Mentz, go you unto Prince Richard, 200
And tell him flatly here's no crown nor empire
For English islanders ; tell him 'twere his best
To hie him home to help the King his brother,
Against the Earl of Leicester and the barons.

Col. My Lord of Mentz, sweet words will qualify, 205
When bitter terms will add unto his rage.
'Tis no small hope that hath deceiv'd the Duke ;
Therefore be mild : I know an Englishman,
Being flattered, is a lamb ; threat'ned, a lion ;
Tell him his charges, whatsoe'er they are, 210
Shall be repaid with treble vantages ;
Do this : we will expect their resolutions.

Men. Brother of Collen, I entreat your Grace,
To take this charge upon you in my stead ;
For why, I shame to look him in the face. 215

Col. Your Holiness shall pardon me in this ;
Had I the profit I would take the pains :
With shame enough your Grace may bring the message,

Men. Thus am I wrong'd, God knows, unguiltily.

Bran. Then arm your countenance with innocency, 220
And boldly do the message to the Prince ;
For no man else will be the messenger.

Men. Why then I must, since there's no remedy.

Exit Mentz

Bran. If Heav'n, that guides the hearts of mighty men,
Do calm the minds of these great potentates, 225
And make them like of this arbitrament,
Sweet Peace will triumph thorough Christendom,
And Germany shall bless this happy day.

Enter Alexander de Toledo, the Page

Alex. O me most miserable ! O my dear father !

Boh. What means this passionate accent ? What art
thou 230

That sounds these exclamations in our ears ?

Alex. Pardon me, Princes, I have lost a father.

O me, the name of father kills my heart !

O, I shall never see my father more,

H'as ta'en his leave of me for age and age ! 235

Col. What was thy father ?

Alex. Ah me ! What was a not ?

Noble, rich, valiant, well-belov'd of all,

The glory and the wisdom of his age,

Chief secretary to the Emperor.

Col. Lorenzo de Toledo ! Is he dead ? 240

Alex. Dead, ay me, dead ! Ay me, my life is dead !

Strangely this night bereft of breath and sense,

And I, poor I, am comforted in nothing,

But that the Emperor laments with me ;

As I exclaim, so he ; he wrings his hands, 245

And makes me mad to see his Majesty

Excruciate himself with endless sorrow.

Col. The happiest news that ever I did hear !

Thy father was a villain murderer,

Witty, not wise, lov'd like a scorpion, 250

Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,

The chiefest cause of all these mutinies,

And Cæsar's tutor to all villany.

Alex. None but an open liar terms him so.

Col. What, boy, so malapert ? 255

Boh. Good Collen, bear with him, it was his father ;

Dutchland is blessed in Lorenzo's death.

Bran. Did never live a viler-minded man.

Exeunt [the Electors]. Manet Alexander

Alex. Nor king, nor Churfurst should be privileg'd
To call me boy, and rail upon my father, 260
Were I wehrhaftig ; but in Germany
A man must be a boy at forty years,
And dares not draw his weapon at a dog,
Till, being soundly box'd about the ears,
His lord and master gird him with a sword. 265
The time will come I shall be made a man ;
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire revenge,
And live in hell until I take revenge.

ACT II

[SCENE I

The Hall of Electors]

*Enter Alphonsus, Richard Earl of Cornwall, Mentz, Trier,
Prince Edward, Bohemia, Collen, Brandenburg, Attendants,
and Pages with a sword.*

Boh. Behold, here come the Princes hand in hand,
Pleas'd highly with the sentence, as it seems.

Alp. Princes and pillars of the monarchy,
We do admire your wisdoms in this cause,
And do accept the King of Bohemia 5
As worthy partner in the government.
Alas, my lords, I flatly now confess
I was alone too weak to underprop
So great a burden as the Roman Empire,
And hope to make you all admire the course 10
That we intend in this conjunction !

Rich. That I was call'd from England with consent
Of all the seven Electors to this place
Yourselves best know, who wrote for me to come.
'Twas no ambition mov'd me to the journey, 15
But pity of your half-declining State ;
Which being likely now to be repair'd,
By the united force of these two kings,
I rest content to see you satisfied.

Men. Brave Earl, wonder of princely patience, 20
I hope your Grace will not misthink of me,
Who for your good, and for the Empire's best,
Bethought this means to set the world at peace.

Ed. No doubt this means might have been thought upon,
Although your Holiness had died in prison. 25

Men. Peace, peace, young Prince, you want experience !
Your uncle knows what cares accompany
And wait upon the crowns of mightiest kings,
And glad he is, that he hath shak'd it off.

Ed. Hark in your ear, my lord, hear me one word, 30
Although it were more than a million,
Which these two kings bestow'd upon your Grace,
Mine uncle Richard's million sav'd your life.

Men. You were best to say your uncle brib'd me then.

Ed. I do but say mine uncle sav'd your life ; 35
You know, Count Mansfield, your fellow-prisoner,
Was by the Duke of Braunschweig put to death.

Men. You are a child, my lord, your words are wind.

Ed. You are a fox, my lord, and past a child.

Boh. My Lord of Cornwall, your great forwardness. 40
Crossing the seas with aid of Englishmen,
Is more than we can any way requite ;
But this your admirable patience,
In being pleased with our election,
Deserves far more than thanks can satisfy : 45
In anything command the Emperors,
Who live to honour Richard, Earl of Cornwall.

Alp. Our deeds shall make our protestations good ;
Meanwhile, brave Princes, let us leave this place,
And solace us with joy of this accord. 50

[*Exeunt omnes*]

[SCENE II

A Room in The Court]

Enter Isabella, the Empress ; Hedewick, the Duke of Saxon's daughter, appavelled like Fortune, drawn on a globe, with a cup in her hand, wherein are bay-leaves, whereupon are written the lots. A train of ladies following with music. [The Princes.]

Emp. To gratulate this unexpected peace,
This glorious league confirm'd against all hope,
Joyful Isabella doth present this show
Of Fortune's triumph, as the custom is
At coronation of our Emperors. 5

If therefore every party be well-pleas'd,
And stand content with this arbitrament,
Then deign to do as your progenitors,
And draw in sequence lots for offices.

Alp. This is an order here in Germany 10
For princes to disport themselves withal,
In sign their hearts so firmly are conjoin'd
That they will bear all fortunes equally;
And that the world may know I scorn no state
Or course of life to do the Empire good, 15
I take my chance: [*Draws a lot*]
My fortune is to be the Forester.

Emp. If we want ven'son, either red or fallow,
Wild boar or bear, you must be fin'd, my lord.

Boh. [*drawing a lot*] The Emperor's Taster I! 20

Emp. Your Majesty hath been tasted to so oft
That you have need of small instructions.

Rich. [*drawing a lot*] I am the Boor; sister, what is
my charge?

Emp. Tir'd like a carter and a clownish boor,
To bring a load of wood into the kitchen. 25
Now for myself [*drawing*]: 'faith, I am Chambermaid!
I know my charge; proceed unto the next.

Alp. Prince Edward standeth melancholy still;
Please it your Grace, my lord, to draw your lot.

Emp. Nephew, you must be solemn with the sad, 30
And given to mirth in sportful company.

The German princes, when they will be lusty,
Shake off all cares, and clowns and they are fellows,
Ed. Sweet aunt, I do not know the country guise,
Yet would be glad to learn all fashions: 35
Since I am next, good fortune be my guide. [*He draws*]

Bran. A most ingenuous countenance hath this Prince,
Worthy to be the King of England's heir.

Ed. Be it no disparagement to you, my lords,
I am your Emperor! 40

Alp. Sound trumpets; God save the Emperor!

Col. [*drawing*] The world could never worse have fitted
me!

I am not old enough to be the Cook.

Emp. If you be cook, there is no remedy,
But you must dress one mess of meat yourself, 45

Bran. [*drawing*] I am Physician.

Tri. [*drawing*]

I am Secretary.

Men. [*drawing*] I am the Jester.

Ed. O excellent! Is your Holiness the Vice?
 Fortune hath fitted you, i' faith, my lord;
 You'll play the Ambidexter cunningly.

50

Men. Your Highness is too bitter in your jests.

Alp. Come hither, Alexander, to comfort thee
 After the death of thy beloved father,
 Whose life was dear unto his Emperor,
 Thou shalt make one in this solemnity;
 Yet ere thou draw, myself will honour thee,
 And as the custom is, make thee a man.

55

Stand stiff, sir boy, now com'st thou to thy trial!
 Take this, and that, and therewithal this sword.

He gives Alexander a box on the ear or two

If, while thou live, thou ever take the like
 Of me, or any man, I here pronounce
 Thou art a schelm, otherwise a man.
 Now draw thy lot, and fortune be thy speed.

60

Ed. Uncle, I pray, why did he box the fellow?
 Foul lubber as he is to take such blows.

65

Rich. Thus do the princes make their pages men.

Ed. But that is strange to make a man with blows.
 We say in England that he is a man
 That like a man dare meet his enemy,
 And in my judgment 'tis the sounder trial.

70

Alex. [*drawing*] Fortune hath made me Marshal of the
 triumphs.

Alp. Now what remains?

Emp. That Fortune draw her lot.
[Hedewick draws,] opens it and gives it to the
Empress to read

Emp. Sound trumpets; Fortune is your Emperess.

Alp. This happens right, for Fortune will be queen.
 Now, Emperor, you must unmask her face,
 And tell us how you like your Emperess;
 In my opinion England breeds no fairer.

75

[Edward unmaskes her]

Boh. Fair Hedewick, the Duke of Saxon's daughter!
 Young Prince of England, you are bravely match'd.

Ed. Tell me, sweet aunt, is that this Saxon Princess,
 Whose beauty's fame made Edward cross the seas?

80

Emp. Nephew, it is; hath fame been prodigal,

Or oversparing in the Princess' praise ?

Ed. Fame, I accuse thee, thou didst niggardize
And faintly sound my love's perfections. 85
Great lady Fortune and fair Emperess,
Whom chance this day hath thrown into my arms,
More welcome than the Roman Emperess.

Edward kisses her

Hed. *Sieh doch, das ist hier kein gebrauch !*
Mein Gott, ist das die Englisch manier ? 90
Dass dich !

Ed. What meaneth this ? Why chafes my Emperess ?

Alp. Now by my troth, I did expect this jest ;
Prince Edward us'd his country fashion.

Ed. I am an Englishman, why should I not ? 95

Emp. Fie nephew Edward, here in Germany
To kiss a maid ! a fault intolerable.

Ed. Why should not German maids be kissed as well
as others ?

Ric. Nephew, because you did not know the fashion,
And want the language to excuse yourself, 100
I'll be your spokesman to your Emperess.

Ed. Excuse it thus : I like the first so well
That, tell her, she shall chide me twice as much
For such another : nay, tell her more than so,
I'll double kiss on kiss and give her leave 105
To chide and brawl and cry ten thousand *Dass dich !*
And make her weary of her fretting humour
Ere I be weary of my kissing vein.

Dass dich ! A jungfrau angry for a kiss !

Emp. Nephew, she thinks you mock her in [your] mirth. 110

Ed. I think the Princes make a scorn of me ;
If any do, I'll prove it with my sword
That English courtship leaves it from the world.

Boh. The pleasant'st accident that I have seen.

Bran. Methinks the Prince is chaf'd as well as she. 115

Rich. *Gnädiges Fräulein.*

Hed. *Dass dich ! mus[s] ich arme kind zu schanden ge-
macht werden ?*

Ed. *Dass dich !* I have kiss'd as good as you ;
Pray, uncle, tell her, if she mislike the kiss 120
I'll take it off again with such another.

Rich. *Ei, liebes Fräulein, nim es all für güte ; es ist die
Englisch manier und gebrauch.*

Hed. *Euer Gnaden weiss [e]s wohl, es ist mir ein grosse schande.*

Ed. Good aunt, teach me so much Dutch to ask her pardon.

125

Emp. Say so : *Gnädiges Fräulein, vergebet mir's; ich will's nimmermehr thun* ; then kiss your hand three times upsy Dutch.

Ed. *Ich will's nimmermehr thun* : if I understand it right,

That's as much to say as I'll do so no more.

130

Emp. True, nephew !

Ed. Nay, aunt, pardon me, I pray ;

I hope to kiss her many thousand times,

And shall I go to her like a great boy,

And say, I will do so no more ?

Emp. I pray, cousin, say as I tell you.

135

Ed. *Gnädiges Fräulein, vergebet mir's; ich will's nimmermehr thun.*

Alp. *Fürwahr, kein schand.*

Hed. *Gnädiger hochgeborner Fürst und Herr, wenn ich könnte so viel Englisch sprechen, ich wollt' Euer Gnaden fürwahr ein filz geben ; ich hoffe aber, ich soll einmal so viel lernen, dass sie mich verstehen soll.*

140

Ed. What says she ?

Alp. O excellent ! Young Prince, look to yourself !

She swears she'll learn some English for your sake,

145

To make you understand her when she chides.

Ed. I'll teach her English, she shall teach me Dutch ; *Gnädiges Fräulein, etc.*

Boh. It is great pity that the Duke of Saxon

Is absent at this joyful accident ;

150

I see no reason, if his Grace were here,

But that the marriage might be solemniz'd ;

I think the Prince of Wales were well content.

Ed. I left sweet England to none other end,

And though the Prince, her father, be not here,

155

This royal presence knows his mind in this.

Emp. Since you do come so roundly to the purpose, 'Tis time for me to speak ; the maid is mine, Giv'n freely by her father unto me ;

And to the end these broils may have an end,

160

I give the father's interest and mine own

Unto my nephew, Edward, Prince of Wales.

Ed. A jewel of incomparable price

Your Majesty hath here bestowed on me ;

How shall I ask her if she be content ? 165

Emp. Say thus : *Ist Euer Gnaden wohl hiemit zufrieden ?*

Ed. *Ist Euer Gnaden wohl hiemit zufrieden ?*

Hed. *Was Ihre Durchlauchtigkeit will, das will mein Vater, und was mein Vater will, damit muss ich zufrieden sein.* 170

Alp. It is enough, she doth confirm the match ;

We will despatch a post unto her father.

On Sunday shall the revels and the wedding

Be both solemnized with mutual joy.

Sound trumpets, each one look unto his charge 175

For preparation of the festivals.

Exeunt. *Manent* Alphonsus and Alexander

Come hither, Alexander, thy father's joy.

If tears, and sighs, and deep-fetch'd deadly groans

Could serve t'evert inexorable fate,

Divine Lorenzo, whom in life my heart, 180

In death my soul and better art adores,

Had to thy comfort and his prince's honour

Surviv'd, and drawn this day this breath of life.

Alex. Dread Cæsar, prostrate on my bended knee,

I thank your Majesty for all favours shown 185

To my deceased father and myself.

I must confess, I spend but bootless tears,

Yet cannot bridle nature : I must weep,

Or heart will break with burden of my thoughts ;

Nor am I yet so young or fond withal 190

Causeless to spend my gall and fret my heart ;

'Tis not that he is dead, for all must die,

But that I live to hear his life's reproach.

O sacred Emperor, these ears have heard

What no son's ears can unrevenged hear ; 195

The Princes, all of them, but specially

The Prince Elector, Archbishop of Collen.

Revil'd him by the names of murderer,

Arch-villain, robber of the Empire's fame,

And Cæsar's tutor in all wickedness, 200

And with a general voice applaus'd his death

As for a special good to Christendom.

Alp. Have they not reason to applaud the deed

Which they themselves have plotted ? Ah, my boy,

Thou art too young to dive into their drifts. 205

Alex. Yet old enough, I hope, to be reveng'd.

Alp. What wilt thou do, or whither wilt thou run ?

Alex. Headlong to bring them death, then die myself.

Alp. First hear the reason why I do mistrust them.

Alex. They had no reason for my father's death, 210
And I scorn reason till they all be dead.

Alp. Thou wilt not scorn my counsel in revenge ?

Alex. My rage admits no counsel but revenge.

Alp. First let me tell thee whom I do mistrust.

Alex. Your Highness said you did mistrust them all. 215

Alp. Yea, Alexander, all of them, and more than all
My most especial, nearest, dearest friends.

Alex. All's one to me, for know thou, Emperor,
Were it thy father, brother, or thine Empress,
Yea, were't thyself that didst conspire his death, 220
This fatal hand should take away thy life.

Alp. Spoke like a son, worthy so dear a father ;
Be still and hearken, I will tell thee all.

The Duke of Saxon—

Alex. O, I thought no less !

Alp. Suppress thy choler, hearken to the rest. 225

Saxon, I say, so wrought with flattering Mentz,
Mentz with Bohemia, Trier, and Brandenburg
(For Collen and the Palsgrave of the Rhein
Were principals with Saxon in the plot),
That, in a general meeting to that purpose, 230
The seven selected Emperor's Electors
Most heinously concluded of the murder.

The reason why they doom'd him unto death
Was his deep wisdom and sound policy,
Knowing, while he did live, my state was firm, 235
He being dead, my hope must die with him.

Now, Alexander, will we be reveng'd
Upon this wicked whore of Babylon,
This hideous monster with the seven-fold head ;
We must with cunning level at the heart, 240
[Which] pierc'd and perish'd all the body dies,
Or strike we off her heads by one and one ;

Behooveth us to use dexterity,
Lest she do trample us under her feet
And triumph in our honour's overthrow. 245

Alex. Mad and amaz'd to hear this tragic doom
I do subscribe unto your sound advice.

Alp. Then hear the rest ; these seven gave but the sentence,

A nearer hand put it in execution,
And, but I lov'd Lorenzo as my life, 250
I never would betray my dearest wife.

Alex. What, what ? The Empress accessory too ?

Alp. What cannot kindred do ? Her brother Richard,
Hoping thereby to be an Emperor,
Gave her a dram that sent him to his grave. 255

Alex. O my poor father, wert thou such an eye-sore
That nine the greatest princes of the earth
Must be confederate in thy tragedy ?
But why do I respect their mightiness,
Who did not once respect my father's life ? 260

Your Majesty may take it as you please,
I'll be reveng'd upon your Emperess,
On English Richard, Saxon, and the Palsgrave,
On Bohem, Collen, Mentz, Trier, and Brandenburg.
If that the Pope of Rome himself were one 265

In this confederacy, undaunted I
Amidst the college of his cardinals
Would press and stab him in St. Peter's chair,
Though clad in all his pontificalibus.

Alp. Why, Alexander, dost thou speak to me 270
As if thou didst mistrust my forwardness ?
No, thou shalt know my love to him was such,
And in my heart I have proscrib'd them all
That had to do in this conspiracy.

The bands of wedlock shall not serve her turn, 275
Her fatal lot is cast among the rest ;

And, to conclude, my soul doth live in hell
Till I have set my foot upon their necks,
That gave this spur of sorrow to my heart ;
But with advice it must be managed, 280

Not with a headlong rage as thou intend'st ;
Nor in a moment can it be perform'd ;
This work requires long time, dissembling looks,
Commix'd with undermining actions,
Watching advantages to execute. 285

Our foes are mighty, and their number great ;
It therefore follows that our stratagems
Must branch forth into manifold deceits,
Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

Alex. What by your Majesty is prescrib'd to me 290
That will I execute, or die the death.

I am content to suck my sorrows up,
And with dull patience will attend the time,
Gaping for every opportunity
That may present the least occasion, 295
Although each minute multiply mine anguish,
And to my view present a thousand forms
Of senseless bodies in my father's shape,
Yelling with open throat for just revenge.

Alp. Content thyself, he shall not cry in vain, 300
I have already plotted Richard's death.

Alex. That hath my father's sacred ghost inspir'd.
O tell me, shall I stab him suddenly?
The time seems long till I be set a-work.

Alp. Thou knowest, in gripping at our lots to-day, 305
It was Prince Richard's lot to be the Boor,
So that his office is to drive the cart
And bring a load of wood into the kitchen.

Alex. O excellent! Your Grace being Forester,
As in the thicket he doth load the cart, 310
May shoot him dead, as if he were a deer.

Alp. No, Alexander, that device were shallow.
Thus it must be: there are two very boors
Appointed for to help him in the wood,
These must be brib'd, or cunningly seduc'd, 315
Instead of helping him to murder him.

Alex. *Verbum satis sapienti*: it is enough.
Fortune hath made me Marshal of the sports,
I hope to marshal them to th' devil's feast.
Plot you the rest, this will I execute, 320
Dutch boors [are] towсандt schelms and gold [doth] tempt
them.

Alp. 'Tis right; about it then, but cunningly.

Alex. Else let me lose that good opinion
Which by your Highness I desire to hold.
By letters which I'll strew within the wood 325
I'll undermine the boors to murder him,
Nor shall they know who set them so a-work;
Like a familiar will I fly about
And nimbly haunt their ghosts in every nook.

Exit [Alexander] Manet Alphonsus

Alp. This one nail helps to drive the other out. 330

I slew the father and bewitch the son
 With power of words to be the instrument
 To rid my foes with danger of his life.
 How easily can subtle age entice
 Such credulous young novices to their death ! 335
 Huge wonders will Alphonsus bring to pass
 By the mad mind of this enraged boy ;
 Even they which think themselves my greatest friends
 Shall fall by this deceit ; yea, my arch-enemies
 Shall turn to be my chief confederates. 340
 My solitary walks may breed suspect ;
 I'll therefore give myself to company,
 As I intended nothing but these sports,
 Yet hope to send most actors in this pageant
 To revel it with Rhadamant in hell. *Exit* 345

[SCENE III

*A Wood near Frankfort]**Enter Richard Earl of Cornwall, like a clown*

Rich. How far is Richard now unlike the man
 That cross'd the seas to win an empery !
 But as I plod it like a plumper boor
 To fetch in fuel for the kitchen fire,
 So every one in his vocation 5
 Labours to make the pastimes plausible ;
 My nephew Edward jets it through the court
 With princess Hedewick, Empress of his fortune ;
 The demi-Cæsar, in his hunter's suit,
 Makes all the court to ring with horns and hounds ; 10
 Collen, the Cook, bestirs him in the kitchen.
 But that which joys me most in all these sports
 Is Mentz, to see how he is made an ass,
 The common scorn and by-word of the court ;
 And every one, to be the same he seems, 15
 Seems to forget to be the same he is.
 Yet to my robes I cannot suit my mind,
 Nor with my habit shake dishonour off.
 The seven Electors promis'd me the Empire,
 The perjur'd Bishop Mentz did swear no less, 20
 Yet I have seen it shar'd before my face,

While my best friends do hide their heads for shame ;
 I bear a show of outward full content,
 But grief thereof hath almost kill'd my heart.
 Here rest thee, Richard ; think upon a mean 25
 To end thy life, or to repair thine honour,
 And vow never to see fair England's bounds
 Till thou in Aix be crowned Emperor.
 Holla, methinks there cometh company,
 The boors, I trow, that come to hew the wood, 30
 Which I must carry to the kitchen fire ;
 I'll lie awhile and listen to their talk. [He retires]

Enter Hans and Jerick, two Dutch boors

*Jer. Komm hier, Hans, wor bist du ? Warum bist du
 so traurick ? Bis frolick ! Kannst vel gelt verdienen, wir will
 ihn bei potz tausend tot schlagen.* 35

Hans. Lat mich die briefe sehen.

*Rich. Methinks they talk of murdering somebody ;
 I'll listen more.*

*Jer. [Reads the letter] 'Hans und Jerick, meine liebe
 freunde, ich bitte, lasset es bei euch bleiben in geheim, und
 schlaget den Engelländer zu tod.'* 40

*Rich. What's that ? 'Hans and Jerick, my good friend[s],
 I pray be secret, and murder the Englishman.'*

*Jer. Hör' weiter : [reads] 'denn er ist kein bauer nicht,
 er ist ein junker und hat viel geld und kleinodien bei sich.'* 45

*Rich. 'For he is no boor, but a gentleman, and hath store
 of gold and jewels by him.'*

*Jer. Noch weiter : [reads] 'ihr sollt solche gelegenheit nicht
 versäumen, und wenn ihr gethan habet, will ich euch sagen, was
 ich für ein guter kerl bin, der euch rath gegeben habe.'* 50

*Rich. 'Slip not this opportunity, and when you have done
 I will discover who gave you the counsel.'*

Jer. Wat sagst du, wilt du es thun ?

*Hans. Wat will ich nicht für gelt thun ! sieh, potz tausend,
 dor ist er ! [Discovering Richard]* 55

*Jer. Ja, bei potz tausend sapperment, er ist's ! Holla,
 guten morgen, glück zu, junker.*

Hans. Junker ? Der düvel, he is ein bauer.

Rich. Du bist ein schelm, weich von mir.

*Jer. Holla, holla, bist du so hoffärtig ? Junker bauer, 60
 kommt hier, oder dieser und jener soll euch holen.*

Rich. Ich bin ein Fürst, berührt mich nicht, ihr schelme, ihr verräther.

Both. Sla tau, sla tau, wir will you fürstlich tractieren !
Richard, having nothing in his hand but his whip,
defends himself awhile and then falls down as
if he were dead

Rich. O Gott, nim meine Seele in deine Hände. 65

Jer. O excellent, hurtick ! He is tot, he is tot ! Lat uns
see wat he hat for gelt bei sich. [Plunders the body.] Holla, hier
is all enough, all satt ; dor is for dich, und dor is for mich, und
dit will ich dortau haben.

Jerick puts the chain about his neck.

Hans. How so, Hans Narrhals, gev mir die kette hier. 70

Jer. Ja, ein dreck ; dit kett stehet hüpsch um mein hals, dit
will ich tragen.

Hans. Dat dich Potz Velten leiden, dat soltu nimmermehr
thun, du schelm.

Jer. Wat, sollt du mich schelm heiten ? Nim dat ! 75
[Strikes him]

Hans. Dat dich hundert tonnen düvels ! Harr, ich will dich
lernen !

Jer. Wiltu hauen oder stechen ?

Hans. Ich will redlich hauen.

Jer. Nun wohlan, dor ist mein rüch, sla tau ! 80

They must have axes made for the nonce to fight
withal, and while one strikes, the other holds his
back without defence.

Hans. Nim du dat. [Strikes him] Und dor hast mein
rüch.

Jer. Noch a mal. [Strikes him, Hans falls] O excellent,
ligst du dor ! Nun will ich alles haben, gelt und kett, and alles
mit einander. O hurtig, frisch-up, lustig, nun bin ich ein
hurtig junker ! 85

Richard rises up again and snatcheth up the fellow's
hatchet that was slain

Rich. Ne Hercules [quidem] contra duos :
Yet policy hath gone beyond them both.
Du hudler, schelm, mörder, kehre dich, siehstu mich ? Gebe
mir die kett und gelt wieder.

Jer. Wat, bistu wieder lebendig worden, so muss ich mich 90
wehren ; wat wiltu, stechen oder hauen ?

Rich. So will ich machen, du schelm. [Strikes him down]

Jer. [*falls.*] *Harr, harr ! Bistu ein redlich kerl, so ficht redlich. O ich sterb, ich sterb, lat mich leben !*

Rich. *Sagt mir dann, wer hat die briefe geschrieben ? Lie 95 nicht, sondern sagt die wahrheit.*

Jer. *O mein frommer, guter, edler, gestrenger junker, dor ist das gelt und kett wieder, you soll alles haben, aber wer hatt die briefe geschrieben, dat weit ich bei meiner seele nicht.*

Rich. *Lieg dor still, still ich sag.*

100

The villain swears and deeply doth protest

He knows not who incited them to this,

And, as it seems, the scroll imports no less.

So stirb du mir, schelm !

[*Kills him*]

Jer. *O ich sterb, awe, awe, awe ! Dat dich der düvel hole ! 105*

As Richard kills the Boor, enter Saxon and the Palsgrave

Sax. *Pfui dich an, loser schelm, hastu dein gesellen tot geschlagen ?*

Pal. *Lasst uns den schelmen angreifen.*

Rich. *Call you me schelm ? How dare you then,*

Being princes, offer to lay hands on me ?

110

That is the hangman's office here in Dutchland.

Sax. *But this is strange, our boors can speak no English ; What bistu more than a damn'd murderer ?*

That thou art so much we are witnesses.

Rich. *Can then this habit alter me so much*

115

That I am call'd a villain by my friends ?

Or shall I dare once to suspect your Graces,

That for you could not make me Emperor,

Pitying my sorrow through mine honour lost,

You set these slaves to rid me of my life ?

120

Yet far be such a thought from Richard's heart.

Pal. *How now ? What, do I hear Prince Richard speak ?*

Rich. *The same ; but wonder that he livers to speak,*

And had not policy help'd above strength

These sturdy swains had rid me of my life.

125

Sax. *Far be it from your Grace for to suspect us.*

Rich. *Alas ! I know not whom I should suspect ;*

But yet my heart cannot misdoubt your Graces.

Sax. *How came your Highness into this apparel ?*

Rich. *We, as the manner is, drew lots for offices,*

130

My hap was hardest, to be made a carter ;

And by this letter which some villain wrote

I was betray'd here to be murdered ;
 But Heav'n, which doth defend the innocent,
 Arm'd me with strength and policy together, 135
 That I escap'd out of their treacherous snare.

Pal. Were it well sounded, I dare lay my life
 The Spanish tyrant knew of this conspiracy ;
 Therefore the better to dive into the depth
 Of this most devilish murderous complot, 140
 As also secretly to be beholders
 Of the long-wish'd-for wedding of your daughter,
 We will disrobe these boors of their apparel,
 Clapping their rustic cases on our backs,
 And help your Highness for to drive the cart. 145
 'T may be the traitor that did write these lines,
 Mistaking us for them, will show himself.

Rich. Prince Palatine, this plot doth please me well ;
 I make no doubt, if we deal cunningly,
 But we shall find the writer of this scroll. 150

Sax. And in that hope I will disrobe this slave ;
 Come, Princes, in the neighbouring thicket here
 We may disguise ourselves and talk at pleasure ;
 Fie on him, heavy lubber, how he weighs.

[*Dragging in Jerick*]

Rich. The sin of murder hangs upon his soul, 155
 It is no marvel, then, if he be heavy.

Exeunt [dragging in Hans]

ACT III

[SCENE I

A Room in the Court]

Enter to the Revels Edward with an Imperial Crown ; Hedewick, the Empress ; Bohemia, the taster ; Alphonsus, the forester ; Mentz, the jester ; Empress, the chambermaid ; Brandenburg, the physician ; Trier, the secretary ; Alexander, the marshal, with his marshal's Staff ; and all the rest in their proper apparel, and Attendants and Pages

Alex. Princes and princes' superiors, lords and lords' fellows, gentlemen and gentlemen's masters, and all the rest of the states here assembled, as well masculine as feminine, be it known unto you by these presents, that I, Alexander de Toledo, Fortune's chief Marshal, do will and command you, by the 5

authority of my said office, to take your places in manner and form following : first, the Emperor and the Empress, then the Taster, the Secretary, the Forester, the Physician ; as for the Chambermaid and myself we will take our places at the nether end ; the Jester is to wait up and live by the crumbs that fall from the Emperor's trencher. But now I have marshalled you to the table, what remains ? 10

Men. Every fool can tell that ; when men are set to dinner they commonly expect meat.

Ed. That's the best jest the Fool made since he came into his office. Marshal, walk into the kitchen and see how the Churfurst of Collen bestirs himself. *Exiturus* Alexander 15

Men. Shall I go with him too ? I love to be employed in the kitchen.

Ed. I prithee go, that we may be rid of thy wicked jests. 20

Men. Have with thee, Marshal ; the Fool rides thee.

Exit on Alexander's back

Alp. Now by mine honour, my lord of Mentz plays the fool the worst that I ever saw.

Ed. He does all by contraries, for I am sure he played the wise man like a fool, and now he plays the fool wisely. 25

Alp. Princes and Churfursts, let us frolic now ;
This is a joyful day to Christendom,
When Christian princes join in amity.
Schinck bowls of Rheinpfal[z] and the purest wine ;
We'll spend this evening lusty upsy Dutch 30
In honour of this unexpected league.

Emp. Nay, gentle Forester, there you range amiss !
His looks are fitly suited to his thoughts,
His glorious Empress makes his heart triumph,
And heart's triumphing makes his countenance staid 35
In contemplation of his life's delight.

Ed. Good aunt, let me excuse myself in this ;
I am an Emperor but for a day,
She Empress of my heart while life doth last ;
Then give me leave to use imperial looks— 40
Nay, if I be an Emperor I'll take leave—
And here I do pronounce it openly,
What I have lately whisper'd in her ears,
I love mine Empress more than empery,
I love her looks above my fortune's hope. 45

Alp. Saving your looks, dread Emperor, *es gilt* a bowl
Unto the health of your fair bride and Empress.

Ed. *Sam Gott, es soll mir ein liebe trunk sein !* So much Dutch have I learned since I came into Germany.

Bran. When you have drunk a dozen of these bowls, 50
So can your majesty with a full mouth
Troll out high Dutch ; till then it sounds not right.
Drauf, es gilt noch eins, Ihr Majestät.

Edw. *Sam Gott, lass laufen.*

Boh. My Lord of Brandenburg, spoken like a good Dutch brother, 55

But most unlike a good physician ;
You should consider what he has to do,
His bride will give you little thanks to-night.

Alp. Ha, ha, my lord, now give me leave to laugh ;
He need not therefore shun one beaker full. 60
In Saxon land you know it is the use,
That the first night the bridegroom spares the bride.

Boh. 'Tis true, indeed ; that had I quite forgotten.

Ed. How understand I that ?

Alp. That the first night
The bride and bridegroom never sleep together. 65

Ed. That may well be, perchance they wake together.

Boh. Nay, without fallace, they have several beds.

Ed. Ay, in one chamber, that's most princely.

Alp. Not only several beds, but several chambers,
Lock'd soundly too with iron bolts and bars. 70

Emp. Believe me, nephew, that's the custom here.

Ed. O, my good aunt, the world is now grown new ;
Old customs are but superstitions.

I'm sure this day, this presence all can witness,
The high and mighty Prince th' Archbishop of Collen, 75
Who now is busy in the scullery,

Join'd us together in St. Peter's church,
And he that would disjoin us two to-night,
'Twixt jest and earnest be it proudly spoken,
Shall eat a piece of ill-digesting iron. 80

Bride, wilt du dis nacht bei me schlafen ?

Hed. *Da behüte mich Gott für ; ich hoffe Eure Majestät
wilt's von mir nicht begehren.*

Ed. What says she ? *Behüte mich Gott für ?*

Alp. She says God bless her from such a deed. 85

Ed. Tush, Empress, clap thy hands upon thy head,
And God will bless thee ; I have a Jacob's staff
Shall take the elevation of the pole ;

For I have heard it said, the Dutch north-star
Is a degree or two higher than ours. 90

Boh. Nay, though we talk, let's drink, and, Emperor,
I'll tell you plainly what you must trust unto ;
Can they deceive you of your bride to-night,
They'll surely do't, therefore look to yourself.

Ed. If she deceive me not, let all do their worst. 95

Alp. Assure you, Emperor, she'll do her best.

Ed. I think the maids in Germany are mad ;
Ere they be married they will not kiss,
And, being married, will not go to bed.
We'll drink about, let's talk no more of this ; 100
Well-warn'd half-arm'd, our English proverb say[s].

Enter Alexander

Alp. Holla, Marshal, what says the Cook ?
Belike he thinks we have fed so well already,
That we disdain his simple cookery.

Alex. 'Faith, the Cook says so, that his office was to dress 105
a mess of meat with that wood which the English Prince
should bring in, but he hath neither seen Dutch wood nor
English Prince, therefore he desires you hold him excused.

Alp. I wonder where Prince Richard stays so long.

Alex. An't please your Majesty, he's come at length, 110
And with him has he brought a crew of boors
A[nd] hüpsch boor-maikins, fresh as flowers in May,
With whom they mean to dance a Saxon round,
In honour of the bridegroom and his bride.

Ed. So has he made amends for his long tarrying ; 115
I prithee marshal them into the presence.

Alp. [*aside to Alexander.*] Lives Richard, then ? I'd
thought thou'dst made him sure.

Alex. O, I could tear my flesh to think upon't !
He lives, and secretly hath brought with him
The Palsgrave and the Duke of Saxony, 120
Clad like two boors, ev'n in the same apparel
That Hans and Jerick wore when they went out
To murder him.

It now behoves us to be circumspect.

Alp. It likes me not. Away, Marshal, bring them ! 125

Exit Alexander

I long to see this sport's conclusion.

Boh. Is't not a lovely sight to see this couple

Sit sweetly billing, like two turtle-doves ?

Alp. I promise you, it sets my teeth an edge,
That I must take mine Empress in mine arms. 130
Come hither, Isabel, though thy robes be homely,
Thy face and countenance holds colour still.

*Enter Alexander, Collen, Mentz, Richard, Saxon, Palsgrave,
Collen cook, with a gammon of raw bacon, and links or
puddings in a platter ; Richard, Palsgrave, Saxon, Mentz,
like clowns, with each of them a mitre, with coronces on
their heads.*

Col. Dread Emperor and Emperess, for to-day,
I, your appointed Cook until to-morrow,
Have by the Marshal sent my just excuse, 135
And hope your Highness is therewith content.
Our Carter here, for whom I now do speak,
Says that his axle-tree broke by the way ;
That is his answer, and, for you shall not famish,
He and his fellow boors of the next dorp, 140
Have brought a schinke[n] of good raw bacon,
And that's a common meat with us, unsod,
Desiring you, you would not scorn the fare ;
'Twill make a cup of wine taste nippitate.

Ed. Welcome, good fellows, we thank you for your present 145

Rich. So spiel fresh up, and let us *rommer dantzen*.

Alex. Please it your Highness to dance with your bride ?

Ed. Alas ! I cannot dance your German dances.

Boh. I do beseech your Highness mock us not ;
We Germans have no changes in our dances, 150
An Almain and an upspring, that is all.
So dance the princes, burghers, and the boors.

Bran. So danc'd our ancestors for thousand years.

Ed. It is a sign the Dutch are not new-fangled.
I'll follow in the measure ; Marshal, lead ! 155

*Alexander and Mentz have the foredance, with
each of them a glass of wine in their hands ;
then Edward and Hedewick, Palsgrave and
Empress, and two other couple, after drum
and trumpet. The Palsgrave whispers with
the Empress*

Alp. I think the boor is amorous of my Empress ;
Fort, bauer, and löffel morgen, when thou com'st to house.

Col. [To Prince Edward]. Now is your Grace's time to steal away;

Look to't, or else you'll lie alone to-night.

Edward steals away the Bride 160

Alex. (*drinketh to the Palsgrave*) 'S gill, bauer.

Pal. Sam Gott!

The Palsgrave requests the Empress.

Ey jungfrau, help mich doch! Ey jungfrau, trink! [To Alphonsus] *Es gill, guter freund, ein fröhlichen trunk.*

Alp. Sam Gott, mein freund, ich will gern bescheid thun.

Alphonsus takes the cup of the Palsgrave and drinks to the King of Bohemia, and after he hath drunk puts poison into the beaker

Half this I drink unto your Highness' health; 165
It is the first since we were join'd in office.

Boh. I thank your Majesty, I'll pledge you half.

As Bohemia is a-drinking, ere he hath drunk it all out, Alphonsus pulls the beaker from his mouth

Alp. Hold, hold, your Majesty, drink not too much.

Boh. What means your Highness?

Alp. Methinks that something grates between my teeth, 170
Pray God there be not poison in the bowl!

Boh. Marry, God forbid!

Alex. So were I pepper'd.

Alp. I highly do mistrust this schelmish boor;
Lay hands on him, I'll make him drink the rest.

[Pal.] *Was ist, was ist, wat will you mit me machen?* 175

Alp. Drink out, drink out, oder der düvel soll dich holen.

Pal. *Ey gebt you to frieden, ich will gern trinken.*

Sax. Drink not, Prince Palatine, throw it on the ground;
It is not good to trust his Spanish flies.

[The Palsgrave spills the wine]

Boh. Saxon and Palsgrave! This cannot be good. 180

Alp. 'Twas not for nought my mind misgave me so;
This hath Prince Richard done t' entrap our lives.

Ric. No, Alphonsus, I disdain to be a traitor.

[They draw]

Emp. O, sheathe your swords, forbear these needless broils.

Alp. Away, I do mistrust thee as the rest. 185

Boh. Lords, hear me speak to pacify these broils.

For my part I feel no distemperature.

How do you feel yourself ?

Alp. I cannot tell,
Not ill, and yet methinks I am not well.

Boh. Were it a poison, 'twould begin to work. 190

Alp. Not so, all poisons do not work alike.

Pal. If there were poison in, which God forbid,
The Empress and myself and Alexander
Have cause to fear as well as any other.

Alp. Why didst thou throw the wine upon the earth ? 195
Hadst thou but drunk, thou hadst satisfied our minds.

Pal. I will not be enforc'd by Spanish hands.

Alp. If all be well with us, that scuse shall serve ;
If not, the Spaniard's blood will be reveng'd.

Rich. Your Majesty is more afraid than hurt. 200

Boh. For me, I do not fear myself a whit ;
Let all be friends, and forward with our mirth.

Enter Edward, in his night-gown and his shirt

Rich. Nephew, how now ? Is all well with you ?

Boh. I lay my life the Prince has lost his bride.

Ed. I hope not so, she is but stray'd a little. 205

Alp. Your Grace must not be angry, though we laugh.

Ed. If it had happen'd by default of mine,
You might have worthily laugh'd me to scorn :

But to be so deceiv'd, so over-reach'd,
Even as I meant to clasp her in mine arms, 210

The grief is intolerable, not to be guess'd,

Or comprehended by the thought of any,

But by a man that hath been so deceiv'd,

And that's by no man living but myself.

Sax. My princely son-in-law, God give you joy. 215

Ed. Of what, my princely father ?

Sax. O' my daughter,

Your new-betrothed wife and bedfellow.

Ed. I thank you, father ; indeed, I must confess
She is my wife, but not my bedfellow.

Sax. How so, young prince ? I saw you steal her hence, 220
And, as me thought, she went full willingly.

Ed. 'Tis true, I stole her finely from amongst you,
And, by the Archbishop of Collen's help,
Got her alone into the bride-chamber,
Where having lock'd the door, thought all was well. 225
I could not speak, but pointed to the bed ;

She answer'd *Ja* and gan for to unlace her ;
 I, seeing that, suspected no deceit,
 But straight untruss'd my points, uncas'd myself,
 And in a moment slipp'd between the sheets : 230
 There lying in deep contemplation,
 The Princess of herself drew near to me,
 Gave me her hand, spake prettily in Dutch,
 I know not what, and kiss'd me lovingly,
 And, as I shrank out of my lukewarm place 235
 To make her room, she clapp'd thrice with her feet,
 And through a trap-door sunk out of my sight.
 Knew I but her confederates in the deed—
 I say no more.

Emp. Tush, cousin, be content ;
 So many lands, so many fashions ; 240
 It is the German use, be not impatient,
 She will be so much welcomer to-morrow.

Rich. Come, nephew, we'll be bedfellows to-night.

Ed. Nay, if I find her not, I'll lie alone ;
 I have good hope to ferret out her bed, 245
 And so good-night, sweet Princes, all at once.

Alp. Good-night to all ; Marshal, discharge the train.

Alex. To bed, to bed, the Marshal cries 'tis time.

Flourish of cornets. Exeunt

[*Alexander conceals himself behind the arras*]

Manent Saxon, Richard, Palsgrave, Collen, Empress

Sax. Now, Princes, it is time that we advise ;
 Now we are all fast in the fowler's gin, 250
 Not to escape his subtle snares alive,
 Unless by force we break the nets asunder.
 When he begins to cavil and pick quarrels,
 I will not trust him in the least degree.

Emp. It may beseem me evil to mistrust 255
 My lord and Emperor of so foul a fact ;
 But love unto his honour and your lives
 Makes me with tears entreat your Excellencies
 To fly with speed out of his dangerous reach.
 His cloudy brow foretells a sudden storm 260
 Of blood, not natural, but prodigious.

Rich. The castle-gates are shut, how should we fly ?
 But were they open I would lose my life,
 Ere I would leave my nephew to the slaughter ;

He and his bride were sure to bear the brunt.

265

Sax. Could I get out of doors I'd venture that,
And yet I hold their persons dear enough.

I would not doubt but ere the morning sun
Should half-way run his course into the south,

To compass and begirt him in his fort,

270

With Saxon lansknights and brunt-bearing Switzers,
Who lie in ambuscado not far hence,

That he should come to composition,

And with safe conduct bring into our tents

Both bride and bridegroom and all other friends.

275

Emp. My chamber-window stands upon the wall,
And thence with ease you may escape away.

Sax. Prince Richard, you will bear me company ?

Rich. I will, my lord.

Sax. And you, Prince Palatine ?

Pal. The Spanish tyrant hath me in suspect

280

Of poisoning him, I'll therefore stay it out ;

To fly upon 't were to accuse myself.

Emp. If need require, I'll hide the Palatine

Until to-morrow, if you stay no longer.

Sax. If God be with us, ere to-morrow noon

285

We'll be with ensigns spread before the walls ;

We leave dear pledges of our quick return.

Emp. May the heavens prosper your just intents !

Exeunt

[*Alex. coming forward.*] This dangerous plot was happily
overheard.

Here didst thou listen in a blessed hour.

290

Enter Alphonsus

[*Alp.*] Alexander, where dost thou hide thyself ?

I've sought thee in each corner of the court,

And now or never must thou play the man.

Alex. And now or never must your Highness stir ;

Treason hath round encompassed your life.

295

Alp. I have no leisure now to hear thy talk :

Seest thou this key ?

Alex. Intends your Majesty

That I should steal into the Princes' chambers,

And sleeping stab them in their beds to-night ?

That cannot be.

Alp. Wilt thou not hear me speak ?

300

Alex. The Prince of England, Saxon, and of Collen,
Are in the Empress' chamber privily.

Alp. All this is nothing, they would murder me,
I come not there to-night ; seest thou this key ?

Alex. They mean to fly out at the chamber-window, 305
And raise an army to besiege your Grace ;
Now may your Highness take them with the deed.

Alp. The Prince of Wales, I hope, is none of them.

Alex. Him and his bride by force they will recover.

Alp. What makes the cursed Palsgrave of the Rhein ? 310

Alex. Him hath the Empress taken to her charge
And in her closet means to hide him safe.

Alp. To hide him in her closet ? Of bold deeds
The dearest charge that e'er she undertook.
Well, let them bring their complots to an end, 315
I'll undermine to meet them in their works.

Alex. Will not your Grace surprise them ere they fly ?

Alp. No, let them bring their purpose to effect,
I'll fall upon them at my best advantage.
Seest thou this key ? There, take it, Alexander, 320
Yet take it not, unless thou be resolv'd—
Tush, I am fond to make a doubt of thee !
Take it, I say, it doth command all doors,
And will make open way to dire revenge.

Alex. I know not what your Majesty doth mean. 325

Alp. Hie thee with speed into the inner chamber
Next to the chapel, and there shalt thou find
The dainty trembling bride couch'd in her bed,
Having beguil'd her bridegroom of his hopes,
Taking her farewell of virginity, 330
Which she to-morrow night expects to lose.
By night all cats are grey, and in the dark
She will embrace thee for the Prince of Wales,
Thinking that he hath found her chamber out ;
Fall to thy business and make few words, 335
And having pleas'd thy senses with delight,
And fill'd thy beating veins with stealing joy,
Make thence again before the break of day.
What strange events will follow this device
We need not study on ; our foes shall find. 340
How now,—how stand'st thou ?—hast thou not the heart ?

Alex. Should I not have the heart to do this deed,
I were a bastard villain, and no man ;

Her sweetness and the sweetness of revenge
 Tickles my senses in a double sense, 345
 And so I wish your Majesty good night.
Alp. Good night. Sweet Venus prosper thy attempt!
Alex. Sweet Venus and grim Ate I implore,
 Stand both of you to me auspicious. *Exit Alexander*
Alp. It had been pity of his father's life, 350
 Whose death hath made him such a perfect villain.
 What murder, wrack, and causeless enmity
 'Twixt dearest friends, that are my strongest foes,
 Will follow suddenly upon this rape
 I hope to live to see and laugh thereat. 355
 And yet this piece of practice is not all:
 The King of Bohem, though he little feel it,
 Because in twenty hours it will not work,
 Hath from my knife's point suck'd his deadly bane.
 Whereof I will be least of all suspected, 360
 For I will feign myself as sick as he,
 And blind mine enemies' eyes with deadly groans.
 Upon the Palsgrave and mine Emperess
 Heavy suspect shall light to bruise their bones;
 Though Saxon would not suffer him to taste 365
 The deadly potion provided for him,
 He cannot save him from the sword of justice,
 When all the world shall think that like a villain
 He hath poison'd two great Emperors with one draught.
 That deed is done, and by this time I hope 370
 The other is a-doing; Alexander,
 I doubt it not, will do it thoroughly.
 While these things are a-brewing I'll not sleep,
 But suddenly break ope the chamber-doors
 And rush upon my Empress and the Palsgrave. 375
 Holla! Where's the captain of the guard?

Enter Captain and Soldiers

Cap. What would your Majesty?

Alp. Take six travants well arm'd and follow.

*They break with violence into the chamber, and
 Alphonsus trails the Empress by the hair*

Enter Alphonsus, Empress, Soldiers, etc.

Alp. Come forth, thou damned witch, adulterous whore!
 Foul scandal to thy name, thy sex, thy blood! 380

Emp. O Emperor, gentle husband, pity me!

Alp. Canst thou deny thou wert confederate
With my arch-enemies that sought my blood?
And like a strumpet, through thy chamber-window,
Hast with thine own hands help'd to let them down, 385
With an intent that they should gather arms,
Besiege my court, and take away my life?

Emp. Ah, my Alphonsus!

Alp. Thy Alphonsus, whore!

Emp. O pierce my heart, trail me not by my hair;
What I have done, I did it for the best. 390

Alp. So for the best advantage of thy lust
Hast thou in secret, Clytemnestra-like,
Hid thy Ægisthus, thy adulterous love.

Emp. Heav'n be the record 'twixt my lord and me,
How pure and sacred I do hold thy bed. 395

Alp. Art thou so impudent to belie the deed?
Is not the Palsgrave hidden in thy chamber?

Emp. That I have hid the Palsgrave I confess,
But to no ill intent, your conscience knows.

Alp. Thy treasons, murders, incests, sorceries, 400
Are all committed to a good intent;
Thou know'st he was my deadly enemy.

Emp. By this device I hop'd to make you friends.

Alp. Then bring him forth, we'll reconcile ourselves.

Emp. Should I betray so great a prince's life? 405

Alp. Thou hold'st his life far dearer than thy lord's.
This very night hast thou betray'd my blood.
But thus, and thus, will I revenge myself.

[*Trailing her by the hair*]

And but thou speedily deliver him,
I'll trail thee through the kennels of the street, 410
And cut the nose from thy bewitching face,
And into England send thee like a strumpet.

Emp. Pull every hair from off my head,
Drag me at horses' tails, cut off my nose,
My princely tongue shall not betray a prince. 415

Alp. That will I try [Strikes her].

Emp. O Heav'n, revenge my shame!

Enter Palsgrave

Pal. Is Cæsar now become a torturer,

A hangman of his wife, turn'd murderer ?

Here is the Palatine, what wouldst thou more ?

Alp. Upon him, soldiers, strike him to the ground ! 420

Emp. Ah, soldiers, spare the princely Palatine !

Alp. Down with the damn'd adulterous murderer !

Kill him, I say ; his blood be on my head.

They kill the Palatine

Run to the tow'r and ring the larum bell,

That fore the world I may excuse myself,

425

And tell the reason of this bloody deed.

Enter Edward in his night-gown and shirt

Ed. How now ? What means this sudden, strange alarm ?

What wretched dame is this with blubber'd cheeks,

And rent, dishevell'd hair ?

Emp. O my dear nephew,

Fly, fly the shambles, for thy turn is next.

430

Ed. What, my imperial aunt ? Then break my heart !

Alp. Brave Prince, be still ; as I am nobly born,

There is no ill intended to thy person.

Enter Mentz, Trier, Brandenburg, Bohemia

Men. Where is my page ? Bring me my two-hand sword !

Tri. What is the matter ? Is the Court a-fire ?

435

Bran. Who's that ? The Emperor with his weapon drawn ?

Boh. Though deadly sick, yet am I forc'd to rise,
To know the reason of this hurly-burly.

Alp. Princes be silent ; I will tell the cause,

Though suddenly a griping at my heart

440

Forbids my tongue his wonted course of speech.

See you this harlot traitress to my life,

See you this murderer, stain to mine honour ?

These twain I found together in my bed,

Shamefully committing lewd adultery,

445

And heinously conspiring all your deaths,

I mean your deaths that are not dead already ;

As for the King of Bohem and myself,

We are not of this world, we have our transports

Giv'n in the bowl by this adulterous Prince ;

450

And lest the poison work too strong with me,

Before that I have warn'd you of your harms,

I will be brief in the relation.

That he hath stain'd my bed, these eyes have seen ;
 That he hath murder'd two imperial kings, 455
 Our speedy deaths will be too sudden proof ;
 That he and she have bought and sold your lives
 To Saxon, Collen, and the English Prince,
 Their ensigns, spread before the walls to-morrow,
 Will all too suddenly bid you defiance. 460

Now tell me, Princes, have I not just cause
 To slay the murderer of so many souls ?
 And have not all cause to applaud the deed ?
 More would I utter, but the poison's force
 Forbids my speech ; you can conceive the rest. 465

Boh. Your Majesty, reach me your dying hand
 With thousand thanks for this so just revenge !
 O, how the poison's force begins to work !

Men. The world may pity and applaud the deed.

Bran. Did never age bring forth such heinous acts. 470

Ed. My senses are confounded and amaz'd.

Emp. The God of Heav'n knows my unguiltiness.

Enter Messenger

Mes. Arm, arm, my lords, we have descried afar
 An army of ten thousand men-at-arms.

Alp. Some run unto the walls, some draw up the sluice, 475
 Some speedily let the portcullis down.

Men. Now may we see the Emperor's words are true ;
 To prison with the wicked murderous whore. *Exeunt*

ACT IV

[SCENE I

Before the Walls]

Enter Saxon and Richard with Soldiers

Sax. My Lord of Cornwall, let us march before
 To speedy rescue of our dearest friends ;
 The rearward with the armed legions,
 Committed to the Prince of Collen's charge,
 Cannot so lightly pass the mountain tops. 5

Rich. Let's summon suddenly unto a parley ;
 I do not doubt but ere we need their helps,
 Collen with all his forces will be here.

Enter Collen with Drums and an Army

Your Holiness hath made good haste to-day,
And like a beaten soldier lead your troops. 10

Col. In time of peace I am an Archbishop,
And, like a churchman, can both sing and say ;
But when the innocent do suffer wrong,
I cast my rochet off upon the altar,
And, like a prince, betake myself to arms. 15

Enter above Mentz, Trier, and Brandenburg

Men. Great Prince of Saxony, what mean these arms ?
Richard of Cornwall, what may this intend ?
Brother of Collen, no more churchman now ?
Instead of mitre and a crozier staff
Have you beta'en you to your helm and targe ? 20
Were you so merry yesterday as friends,
Cloaking your treason in your clown's attire ?

Sax. Mentz, we return the traitor in thy face.
To save our lives, and to release our friends
Out of the Spaniard's deadly trapping snares, 25
Without intent of ill, this power is rais'd,
Therefore, grave Prince, Marquess of Brandenburg,
My loving cousin, as indifferent judge,
To you, an aged peace-maker, we speak ;
Deliver with safe-conduct in our tents 30
Prince Edward and his bride, the Palatine,
With every one of high or low degree
That are suspicious of the King of Spain,
So shall you see, that in the self-same hour
We marched to the walls with colours spread, 35
We will cashier our troops, and part good friends.

Bran. Alas, my lord, crave you the Palatine ?

Rich. If craving will not serve, we will command.

Bran. Ah me, since your departure, good my lords,
Strange accidents of blood and death are happen'd. 40

Sax. My mind misgave a massacre this night.

Rich. How does Prince Edward then ?

Sax. How does my daughter ?

Col. How goes it with the Palsgrave of the Rhein ?

Bran. Prince Edward and his bride do live in health,
And shall be brought unto you when you please. 45

Sax. Let them be presently deliver'd.

Col. Lives not the Palsgrave too ?

Men.

In heaven or hell

He lives, and reaps the merit of his deeds.

Col. What damned hand hath butchered the Prince ?*Sax.* O that demand is needless ; who but he

50

That seeks to be the butcher of us all ?

But vengeance and revenge shall light on him.

Bran. Be patient, noble Princes, hear the rest.

The two great Kings of Bohem and Castile—

God comfort them—lie now at point of death,

55

Both poison'd by the Palsgrave yesterday.

Rich. How is that possible ? So must my sister,

The Palatine himself, and Alexander,

Who drunk out of the bowl, be poisoned too.

Men. Nor is that heinous deed alone the cause,

60

Though cause enough to ruin monarchies ;

He hath defil'd with lust th' imperial bed,

And by the Emperor in the fact was slain.

Col. O worthy, guiltless Prince ! O, had he fled !*Rich.* But say, where is the Empress, where's my sister ?

65

Men. Not burnt to ashes yet, but shall be shortly.*Rich.* I hope her Majesty will live to see

A hundred thousand flattering turn-coat slaves,

Such as your Holiness, die a shameful death.

Bran. She is in prison, and attends her trial.

70

Sax. O strange, heart-breaking, mischievous intents !

Give me my children, if you love your lives !

No safety is in this enchanted fort.

O see, in happy hour, there comes my daughter

And loving son, scap'd from the massacre.

75

*Enter [below] Edward and Hedewick**Ed.* My body lives, although my heart be slain.

O Princes, this hath been the dismall'st night

That ever eye of sorrow did behold !

Here lay the Palsgrave, welt'ring in his blood,

Dying Alphonsus standing over him ;

80

Upon the other hand the King of Bohem,

Still looking when his poison'd bulk would break ;

But that which pierc'd my soul with nature's touch,

Was my tormented aunt, with blubber'd cheeks,

Torn, bloody garments, and dishevell'd hair,

85

Waiting for death—deservedly or no,

That knows the Searcher of all human thoughts,
For these devices are beyond my reach.

Sax. *Sag doch, liebe tochter, wo warst du dieselbe nacht ?*

Hed. *Als wo, wo sollt' ich sein ? Ich war im bette.* 90

Sax. *Warst du allein, so warst du gar verschrocken.*

Hed. *Ich hab nicht anders gemeint, denn dass ich wollt' allein geschlafen haben, aber um mitternacht kam mein bridegroom und schlafet bei mir, bis wir mit dem getümmel erwacht waren.*

Ed. What says she ? Came her bridegroom to her at mid- 95
night ?

Rich. Nephew, I see you were not overreach'd ;
Although she slipp'd out of your arms at first,
You seiz'd her surely, ere you left the chase.

Sax. But left your Grace your bride alone in bed ?
Or did she run together in the larum ? 100

Ed. Alas, my lords, this is no time to jest !
I lay full sadly in my bed alone.

Not able for my life to sleep a wink,
Till that the larum-bell began to ring,
And then I started from my weary couch. 105

Sax. How now ? This rhymes not with my daughter's
speech ;

She says you found her bed, and lay with her.

Ed. Not I, your Highness did mistake her words.

Col. Deny it not, Prince Edward ; 'tis an honour.

Ed. My lords, I know no reason to deny it ; 110
T' have found her bed, I would have given a million.

Sax. *Hedewick, der Fürst sagt, er hat nicht bei dir geschlafen.*

Hed. *Es gefällt ihm also zu sagen, aber ich hab es wohl gefühlet.*

Rich. She says, you are dispos'd to jest with her,
But yesternight she felt it in good earnest. 115

Ed. Uncle, these jests are too unsavoury,
Ill-suited to these times, and please me not.

Hab ich bei you geschlafen yesternight ?

Hed. *Ei, lief, warum sollt ihr's fragen ?*

Sax. Edward, I tell thee, 'tis no jesting matter, 120
Say plainly, wast thou by her, ay or no ?

Ed. As I am Prince, true heir to England's crown,
I never touch'd her body in a bed.

Hed. *Das hastu gethan, oder hole mich der düvel.*

Rich. Nephew, take heed, you hear the Princess' words. 125

Ed. It is not she, nor you, nor all the world,
Shall make me say I did another's deed.

Sax. Another's deed ? What, think'st thou her a whore ?

Saxon strikes Edward

Ed. She may be whore, and thou a villain too ;
Struck me the Emperor, I will strike again. 130

Col. Content you, Princes ; buffet not like boys.

Rich. Hold you the one, and I will hold the other.

Hed. O Herr Gott, help, help ! O ich armes kind !

Sax. Soldiers, lay hands upon the Prince of Wales,
Convey him speedily into a prison, 135
And load his legs with grievous bolts of iron ;
Some bring the whore my daughter from my sight,
And thou, smooth Englishman, to thee I speak,
[To Richard]

My hate extends to all thy nation,
Pack thee out of my sight, and that with speed, 140
Your English practices have all too long
Muffled our German eyes—pack, pack, I say !

Rich. Although your Grace have reason for your rage,
Yet be not like a madman to your friends.

Sax. My friends ? I scorn the friendship of such mates 145
That seek my daughter's spoil, and my dishonour ;
But I will teach the boy another lesson.
His head shall pay the ransom of his fault.

Rich. His head ?

Sax. And thy head too ! O, how my heart doth swell ! 150
Was there no other prince to mock but me ?
First woo, then marry her, then lie with her,
And, having had the pleasure of her bed,
Call her a whore in open audience !
None but a villain and a slave would do it. 155
My lords of Mentz, of Trier, and Brandenburg,
Make ope the gates, receive me as a friend,
I'll be a scourge unto the English nation.

Men. Your Grace shall be the welcom'st guest alive.

Col. None but a madman would do such a deed. 160

Sax. Then, Collen, count me mad, for I will do it ;
I'll set my life and land upon the hazard,
But I will thoroughly sound this deceit.
What, will your Grace leave me or follow me ?

Col. No, Saxon, know I will not follow thee, 165
And leave Prince Richard in so great extremes.

Sax. Then I defy you both, and so farewell.

Rich. Yet, Saxon, hear me speak before thou go :

Look to the Prince's life as to thine own ;
 Each perish'd hair that falleth from his head 170
 By thy default shall cost a Saxon city ;
 Henry of England will not lose his heir ;
 And so farewell and think upon my words.

Sax. Away, I do disdain to answer thee !
 Pack thee with shame again into thy country ; 175
 I'll have a cock-boat at my proper charge,
 And send th' imperial crown which thou hast won
 To England by Prince Edward after thee.

Exeunt [Saxon and the others]

Manent Richard and Collen

Col. Answer him not, Prince Richard ; he is mad ;
 Choler and grief have robb'd him of his senses. 180
 Like accident to this was never heard.

Rich. Break, heart, and die ; fly hence, my troubled spirit ;
 I am not able for to underbear
 The weight of sorrow which doth bruise my soul.
 O Edward, O sweet Edward, O my life ! 185
 O noble Collen, last of all my hopes,
 The only friend in my extremities,
 If thou dost love me, as I know thou dost,
 Unsheathe thy sword and rid me of this sorrow.

Col. Away with abject thoughts ! Fie, princely Richard ; 190
 Rouse up thyself, and call thy senses home ;
 Shake off this base pusillanimity,
 And cast about to remedy these wrongs.

Rich. Alas, I see no means of remedy !

Col. Then hearken to my counsel and advice. 195
 We will intrench ourselves not far from hence,
 With those small pow'rs we have, and send for more.
 If they do make assault, we will defend ;
 If violence be offer'd to the Prince,
 We'll rescue him with venture of our lives ; 200
 Let us with patience attend advantage,
 Time may reveal the author of these treasons.
 For why, undoubtedly the sweet young Princess,
 Foully beguil'd by night with cunning show,
 Hath to some villain lost her maidenhead. 205

Ric. O, that I knew the foul incestuous wretch !
 Thus would I tear him with my teeth and nails.
 Had Saxon sense, he would conceive so much,

And not revenge on guiltless Edward's life.

Col. Persuade yourself, he will be twice advis'd,
Before he offer wrong unto the Prince. 210

Rich. In that good hope I will have patience.
Come, gentle Prince, whose pity to a stranger
Is rare and admirable, not to be spoken ;
England cannot requite this gentleness. 215

Col. Tush, talk not of requital, let us go
To fortify ourselves within our trench. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II

A Room in the Court]

*Enter Alphonsus, carried in the Couch ; Saxon, Mentz, Trier,
Brandenburg, Alexander*

Alp. O most excessive pain, O raging fire !
Is burning Cancer, or the Scorpion,
Descended from the heavenly zodiac,
To parch mine entrails with a quenchless flame ?
Drink, drink, I say, give drink, or I shall die ! 5
Fill a thousand bowls of wine ! Water, I say,
Water from forth the cold Tartarian hills !
I feel th' ascending flame lick up my blood ;
Mine entrails shrink together like a scroll
Of burning parchment, and my marrow fries. 10
Bring hugh cakes of ice and flakes of snow,
That I may drink of them being dissolved.

Sax. We do beseech your Majesty, have patience.

Alp. Had I but drunk an ordinary poison,
The sight of thee, great Duke of Saxony, 15
My friend in death, in life my greatest foe,
Might both allay the venom and the torment ;
But that adulterous Palsgrave and my wife,
Upon whose life and soul I vengeance cry,
Gave me a mineral not to be digested, 20
Which burning, eats, and eating, burns my heart.
My Lord of Trier, run to the King of Bohem,
Commend me to him, ask him how he fares ;
None but myself can rightly pity him,
For none but we have sympathy of pains. 25
Tell him when he is dead, my time's not long,
And when I die, bid him prepare to follow.

Exit Trier

Now, now it works afresh ; are you my friends ?
 Then throw me on the cold, swift-running Rhein
 And let me bathe there for an hour or two,
 I cannot bear this pain. 30

Men. O, would th' impartial Fates afflict on me
 These deadly pains, and ease my Emperor,
 How willing would I bear them for his sake.

Alp. O Mentz, I would not wish unto a dog 35
 The least of thousand torments that afflict me,
 Much less unto your princely Holiness.
 See, see, my Lord of Mentz, he points at you.

Men. It is your fantasy, and nothing else ;
 But were Death here, I would dispute with him, 40
 And tell him to his teeth he doth injustice,
 To take your Majesty in the prime of youth ;
 Such wither'd, rotten branches as myself
 Should first be lopp'd, had he not partial hands ;
 And here I do protest upon my knee 45
 I would as willingly now leave my life,
 To save my King and Emperor alive,
 As erst my mother brought me to the world.

Bran. My Lord of Mentz, this flattery is too gross ;
 A prince of your experience and calling 50
 Should not so fondly call the heavens to witness.

Men. Think you, my lord, I would not hold my word ?

Bran. You know, my lord, Death is a bitter guest.

Men. To ease his pain and save my Emperor,
 I sweetly would embrace that bitterness. 55

Alex. [*aside*] If I were Death, I knew what I would do.

Men. But see, his Majesty is fall'n asleep ;
 Ah me ! I fear it is a dying slumber.

Alp. [*waking*]. My Lord of Saxony, do you hear this jest ?

Sax. What should I hear, my lord ? 60

Alp. Do you not hear,

How loudly Death proclaims it in mine ears,
 Swearing by trophies, tombs, and dead men's graves,

If I have any friend so dear to me

That to excuse my life will lose his own,

I shall be presently restor'd to health. 65

Enter Trier

Men. I would he durst make good his promises.

Alp. My Lord of Trier, how fares my fellow Emperor ?

Tri. His Majesty is eas'd of all his pains.

Alp. O happy news ! Now have I hope of health.

Men. My joyful heart doth spring within my body
To hear these words ; 70

Comfort your Majesty, I will excuse you,
Or, at the least, will bear you company.

Alp. My hope is vain ; now, now my heart will break !
My Lord of Trier, you did but flatter me ; 75
Tell me the truth, how fares his Majesty ?

Tri. I told your Highness, eas'd of all his pain.

Alp. I understand thee now ; he's eas'd by death,
And now I feel an alteration. 80
Farewell, sweet lords ; farewell, my Lord of Mentz,
The truest friend that ever earth did bear,
Live long in happiness to revenge my death
Upon my wife and all the English brood.
My Lord of Saxony, your Grace hath cause—

Men. I dare thee, Death, to take away my life. 85
Some charitable hand that loves his Prince
And hath the heart,
Draw forth his sword and rid me of my life.

Alex. [*drawing*] I love my Prince, and have the heart to
do it.

Men. O, stay awhile !

Alex. Nay, now it is too late. 90
[*Stabs him*]

Bran. Villain, what hast thou done ? Th'ast slain a prince !

Alex. I did no more than he entreated me.

Alp. [*rising as if restored to life*] How now, what make
I in my couch so late ?

Princes, why stand you so gazing about me ?
Or who is that lies slain before my face ? 95
O, I have wrong, my soul was half in heaven ;
His Holiness did know the joys above,
And therefore is ascended in my stead.
Come, Princes, let us bear the body hence ;
I'll spend a million to embalm the same. 100
Let all the bells within the Empire ring,
Let mass be said in every church and chapel,
And that I may perform my latest vow,
I will procure so much by gold or friends,
That my sweet Mentz shall be canonized 105
And number'd in the bead-roll of the saints.

I hope the Pope will not deny it me ;
 I'll build a church in honour of thy name
 Within the ancient, famous city Mentz,
 Fairer than any one in Germany. 110
 There shalt thou be interr'd with kingly pomp,
 Over thy tomb shall hang a sacred lamp,
 Which till the day of doom shall ever burn ;
 Yea, after-ages shall speak of thy renown,
 And go a-pilgrimage to thy sacred tomb. 115
 Grief stops my voice ; who loves his Emperor,
 Lay to his helping hand and bear him hence,
 Sweet father and redeemer of my life.

Exeunt [bearing off Mentz]

Manet Alexander

Alex. Now is my lord sole Emperor of Rome,
 And three conspirators of my father's death 120
 Are cunningly sent unto heaven or hell ;
 Like subtlety to this was never seen.
 Alas, poor Mentz ! I, pitying thy prayers,
 Could do no less than lend a helping hand ;
 Thou wert a famous flatterer in thy life, 125
 And now hast reap'd the fruits thereof in death.
 But thou shalt be rewarded, like a saint,
 With masses, bells, dirges, and burning lamps ;
 'Tis good, I envy not thy happiness :
 But, ah ! the sweet remembrance of that night, 130
 That night, I mean, of sweetness and of stealth,
 When, for a Prince, a Princess did embrace me,
 Paying the first fruits of her marriage-bed,
 Makes me forget all other accidents.
 O Saxon, I would willingly forgive 135
 The deadly trespass of my father's death,
 So I might have thy daughter to my wife ;
 And, to be plain, I have best right unto her,
 And love her best and have deserv'd her best.
 But thou art fond to think on such a match, 140
 Thou must imagine nothing but revenge ;
 And if my computation fail me not,
 Ere long I shall be thoroughly reveng'd.

Exit

[SCENE III]

The Courtyard of the Palace]

Enter the Duke of Saxon, and Hedewick with the Child

Sax. Come forth, thou perfect map of misery,
Desolate daughter and distressed mother,
In whom the father and the son are curs'd.
Thus once again we will assay the Prince.
'T may be the sight of his own flesh and blood
Will now at last pierce his obdurate heart.
Jailor, how fares it with thy prisoner ?
Let him appear upon the battlements.

Hed. *O mein dear vater, ich habe in dis lang, lang [vierzig] weeks, welche mich dünket sein vierzig jahr gewesen, ein lütt Englisch gelernet, und ich hope, he will me verstahn, und show me a lütte pity.*

Enter Edward on the walls, and Jailor

Sax. Good morrow to your Grace, Edward of Wales,
Son and immediate heir to Henry the Third,
King of England and Lord of Ireland,
Thy father's comfort and the people's hope.
'Tis not in mockage, nor at unawares,
That I am ceremonious to repeat
Thy high descent, join'd with thy kingly might,
But therewithal to intimate unto thee
What God expecteth from the higher powers,
Justice and mercy, truth, sobriety,
Relenting hearts, hands innocent of blood.
Princes are God's chief substitutes on earth,
And should be lamps unto the common sort.
But, you will say, I am become a preacher ;
No, Prince, I am an humble suppliant,
And to prepare thine ears make this exordium.
To pierce thine eyes and heart, behold this spectacle :
Three generations of the Saxon blood, [*Kneeling*]
Descended lineally from forth my loins,
Kneeling and crying to thy mightiness.
First look on me, and think what I have been,—
For now I think myself of no account—
Next Cæsar greatest man in Germany,
Nearly allied and ever friend to England.

But woman's sighs move more in manly hearts ;
 O, see the hands she elevates to heaven,
 Behold those eyes that whilom were thy joys,
 Uttering dumb eloquence in crystal tears. 40
 If these exclaims and sights be ordinary,
 Then look with pity on thy other self :
 This is thy flesh and blood, bone of thy bone,
 A goodly boy, the image of his sire.
 Turn'st thou away ? O, were thy father here, 45
 He would, as I do, take him in his arms,
 And sweetly kiss his grandchild in the face.
 O Edward, too young in experience,
 That canst not look into the grievous wrack
 Ensuing this thy obstinate denial ; 50
 O, Edward, too young in experience,
 That canst not see into the future good
 Ensuing thy most just acknowledgment ;
 Hear me, thy truest friend, I will repeat them :
 For good thou hast an heir indubitate, 55
 Whose eyes already sparkle majesty,
 Born in true wedlock of a princely mother,
 And all the German princes to thy friends ;
 Where, on the contrary, thine eyes shall see
 The speedy tragedy of thee and thine. 60
 Like Athamas first will I seize upon
 Thy young unchristen'd and despised son
 And with his guiltless brains bepaint the stones ;
 Then, like Virginius, will I kill my child,
 Unto thine eyes a pleasing spectacle ; 65
 Yet shall it be a momentary pleasure ;
 Henry of England shall mourn with me,
 For thou thyself, Edward, shalt make the third,
 And be an actor in this bloody scene

Hed. Ach mein süsse Eduart, mein herzkin, mein scherzkin, 70
mein herziges, einiges herz, mein allerlievest husband, I preedee,
mein lief, see me freindlich an ; good s'eetheart, tell de trut :
and at least to me and dein allerlievest child show pity ! denn ich
bin dein, und du bist mein, du hast me geven ein kindelein ;
O Eduart, süsse Eduart, erbarmet sein ! 75

Ed. O Hedewick, peace ! Thy speeches pierce my soul.

Hed. Hedewick ? do your excellency hight me Hedewick ?
Lieve Eduart, you weit ich bin your allerlieveste wife.

Ed. The priest, I must confess, made thee my wife ;

Curs'd be the damned villainous adulterer, 80
That with so foul a blot divorc'd our love.

Hed. O mein allerlieveste, highborn Fürst und Herr, denk,
dat unser Herr Gott sits in Himmelstrone, and sees dat heart,
und will my cause wohl rächen.

Sax. Edward, hold me not up with long delays, 85
But quickly say, wilt thou confess the truth ?

Ed. As true as I am born of kingly lineage,
And am the best Plantagenet next my father,
I never carnally did touch her body.

Sax. Edward, this answer had we long ago ; 90
See'st thou this brat ? [*Seizing the child.*] Speak quickly,
or he dies.

Ed. His death will be more piercing to thine eyes
Than unto mine ; he is not of my kin.

Hed. O Father, O mein Vater, spare mein Kind ! O
Eduart, O Prince Eduart, speak now oder nimmermehr ! de 95
Kind ist mein, it soll nicht sterben !

Sax. Have I dishonoured myself so much,
To bow my knee to thee, which never bow'd
But to my God, and am I thus rewarded ?
Is he not thine ? Speak, murderous-minded Prince ! 100

Ed. O Saxon, Saxon, mitigate thy rage.
First thy exceeding great humility,
When to thy captive prisoner thou didst kneel,
Had almost made my lying tongue confess
The deed, which I protest I never did ; 105
But thy not causeless, furious, madding humour,
Together with thy daughter's piteous cries,
Whom as my life and soul I dearly love,
Had thoroughly almost persuaded me
To save her honour and belie myself ; 110
And were I not a prince of so high blood,
And bastards have no sceptre-bearing hands,
I would in silence smother up this blot,
And, in compassion of thy daughter's wrong,
Be counted father to another's child ; 115
For why, my soul knows her unguiltiness.

Sax. Smooth words in bitter sense ; is [this] thine answer ?

Hed. Ei Vater, gebe mir mein Kind, de Kind ist mein.

Sax. Das weiss ich wohl ; er sagt, es ist nicht sein, therefore
it dies. 120

He dashes out the child's brains

Hed. O Gott in seinem Trone ! O mein Kind, mein Kind !

Sax. There, murderer, take his head and breathless limbs !

There's flesh enough, bury it in thy bowels,
Eat that, or die for hunger ; I protest
Thou get'st no other food till that be spent. 125
And now to thee, lewd whore, dishonour'd strumpet,
Thy turn is next ; therefore prepare to die.

Ed. O mighty Duke of Saxon, spare thy child.

Sax. She is thy wife, Edward, and thou shouldst spare her ;
One gracious word of thine will save her life. 130

Ed. I do confess, Saxon, she is mine own,
As I have married her I will live with her,
Comfort thyself, sweet Hedewick and sweet wife.

Hed. Ach, ach und wehe, warum sagt your excellence nicht
so before, now ist too late, unser arme Kind is kilt. 135

Ed. Though thou be mine, and I do pity thee,
I would not nurse a bastard for a son.

Hed. O Eduart, now ich mark your meaning ; ich should be
your whore ; mein Vater, ich begehrt upon meine knee, lass
mich lieber sterben. Ade, false Eduart, false Prince, ich 140
begehrt's nicht.

Sax. Unprincely thoughts do hammer in thy head ;
Is't not enough that thou hast sham'd her once,
And seen the bastard torn before thy face ;
But thou wouldst get more brats for butchery ? 145
No, Hedewick, thou shalt not live the day.

Hed. O Herr Gott, nim meine Seele in deine Hände.

Sax. It is thy hand that gives this deadly stroke.

[Stabs her]

Hed. O Herr Sabaot, dass mein unschuld an tag kommen
möcht' ! 150

Ed. Her blood be on that wretched villain's head
That is the cause of all this misery.

Sax. Now, murderous-minded Prince, hast thou beheld
Upon my child and child's child thy desire ;
Swear to thyself, that here I firmly swear, 155
That thou shalt surely follow her to-morrow,
In company of thy adulterous aunt.

Jailor, convey him to his dungeon,
If he be hungry, I have thrown him meat,
If thirsty, let him suck the newly born limbs. 160

Ed. O heavens and heavenly powers, if you be just,

Reward the author of this wickedness.

Exit Edward and Jailor

Enter Alexander

Alex. To arms, great Duke of Saxony, to arms !
My Lord of Collen and the Earl of Cornwall,
In rescue of Prince Edward and the Empress, 165
Have levied fresh supplies, and presently
Will bid you battle in the open field.

Sax. They never could have come in fitter time ;
Thirst they for blood ? And they shall quench their thirst.

Alex. O piteous spectacle ! Poor Princess Hedewick ! 170

Sax. Stand not to pity, lend a helping hand.

Alex. What slave hath murdered this guiltless child ?

Sax. What, dar'st thou call me slave unto my face ?
I tell thee, villain, I have done this deed,
And seeing the father and the grandsire's heart 175
Can give consent and execute their own,
Wherefore should such a rascal as thyself
Presume to pity them, whom we have slain ?

Alex. Pardon me ; if it be presumption
To pity them, I will presume no more. 180

Sax. Then help, I long to be amidst my foes.

Exeunt [bearing off the dead bodies]

ACT V

[SCENE I

A Field without the Walls]

Alarum and retreat. Enter Richard and Collen, with drums and Soldiers

Rich. What means your Excellence to sound retreat ?
This is the day of doom unto our friends ;
Before sun set my sister and my nephew,
Unless we rescue them, must lose their lives ;
The cause admits no dalliance nor delay ; 5
He that so tyrant-like hath slain his own,
Will take no pity on a stranger's blood.

Col. At my entreaty, ere we strike the battle,
Let's summon out our enemies to a parle :
Words spoken in time have virtue, power, and price, 10
And mildness may prevail and take effect,
When dint of sword perhaps will aggravate.

Rich. Then sound a parley to fulfil your mind,
Although I know no good can follow it. *A parley*

Enter Alphonsus, Empress, Saxon, Edward *prisoner*, Trier,
Brandenburg, Alexander, *and* Soldiers

Alp. Why, how now, Emperor that should have been, 15
Are these the English general's bravadoes ?
Make you assault so hotly at the first,
And in the self-same moment sound retreat ?
To let you know that neither war nor words
Have power for to divert their fatal doom, 20
Thus are we both resolv'd : if we triumph,
And by the right and justice of our cause
Obtain the victory, as I doubt it not,
Then both of you shall bear them company,
And ere sun set we will perform our oaths, 25
With just effusion of their guilty bloods ;
If you be conquerors, and we overcome,
Carry not that conceit to rescue them,
Myself will be the executioner,
And with these poniards frustrate all your hopes, 30
Making you triumph in a bloody field.

Sax. To put you out of doubt that we intend it,
Please it your Majesty to take your seat,
And make a demonstration of your meaning.

[Alphonsus takes his seat]

Alp. First on my right hand bind the English whore, 35
That venomous serpent, nurs'd within my breast,
To suck the vital blood out of my veins ;
My Empress must have some pre-eminence,
Especially at such a bloody banquet ;
Her state and love to me deserves no less. 40

[Soldiers bind the Empress to a chair]

Sax. That to Prince Edward I may show my love,
And do the latest honour to his state,
These hands of mine that never chained any,
Shall fasten him in fetters to the chair.

[Saxon binds Edward]

Now, Princes, are you ready for the battle ? 45

Col. Now art thou right the picture of thyself,
Seated in height of all thy tyranny ;
But tell us, what intends this spectacle ?

Alp. To make the certainty of their deaths more plain,

And cancel all your hopes to save their lives ; 50
 While Saxon leads the troops into the field,
 Thus will I vex their souls with sight of death,
 Loudly exclaiming in their half-dead ears,
 That if we win they shall have company,
 Videlicet the English Emperor, 55
 And you, my lord Archbishop of Collen ;
 If we be vanquish'd then they must expect
 Speedy dispatch from these two daggers' points.

Col. What canst thou, tyrant, then expect but death ?

Alp. Tush, hear me out ; that hand which shed their blood 60

Can do the like to rid me out of bonds.

Rich. But that's a damned resolution.

Alp. So must this desperate disease be cur'd.

Rich. O Saxon, I'll yield myself and all my power
 To save my nephew, though my sister die. 65

Sax. Thy brother's kingdom shall not save his life.

Ed. Uncle, you see these savage-minded men
 Will have no other ransom but my blood ;
 England hath heirs, though I be never king,
 And hearts and hands to scourge this tyranny ; 70
 And so farewell !

Emp. A thousand times farewell,
 Sweet brother Richard and brave Prince of Collen !

Sax. What, Richard, hath this object pierc'd thy heart ?
 By this imagine how it went with me
 When yesterday I slew my children. 75

Rich. O Saxon, I entreat thee on my knees.

Sax. Thou shalt obtain like mercy with thy kneeling
 As lately I obtain'd at Edward's hands.

Ric. Pity the tears I pour before thy feet.

Sax. Pity those tears ? Why, I shed bloody tears. 80

Rich. I'll do the like to save Prince Edward's life.

Sax. Then like a warrior spill it in the field ;
 My grievful anger cannot be appeas'd
 By sacrifice of any but himself ;
 Thou hast dishonour'd me, and thou shalt die ! 85
 Therefore alarum, alarum to the fight
 That thousands more may bear thee company !

Rich. Nephew and sister, now farewell for ever !

Ed. Heaven and the right prevail, and let me die !
 Uncle, farewell ! 90

Emp. Brother, farewell, until we meet in heaven ! *Exeunt*

Manent Alphonsus, Edward, Empress, Alexander

Alp. Here's farewell, brother, nephew, uncle, aunt,
As if in thousand years you should not meet.
Good nephew and good aunt, content yourselves,
The sword of Saxon and these daggers' points, 95
Before the evening-star doth show itself,
Will take sufficient order for your meeting.
But Alexander, my trusty Alexander,
Run to the watch-tow'r as I pointed thee,
And by thy life I charge thee, look unto it, 100
Thou be the first to bring me certain word
If we be conquerors, or conquered.

Alex. With careful speed I will perform this charge. *Exit*

Alp. Now have I leisure yet to talk with you.
Fair Isabel, the Palsgrave's paramour, 105
Wherein was he a better man than I ?
Or wherefore should thy love to him effect
Such deadly hate unto thy Emperor ?
Yet well fare wenches that can love good fellows
And not mix murder with adultery. 110

Emp. Great Emperor, I dare not call you husband,
Your conscience knows my heart's unguiltiness.

Alp. Didst thou not poison, or consent to poison us ?

Emp. Should any but your Highness tell me so,
I should forget my patience at my death, 115
And call him villain, liar, murderer.

Alp. She that doth so miscall me at her end,
Edward, I prithee, speak thy conscience,
Think'st thou not that in her prosperity
Sh'ath vex'd my soul with bitter words and deeds ? 120
O Prince of England, I do count thee wise,
That thou wilt not be cumber'd with a wife,
When thou hadst stol'n her dainty rose-corance,
And pluck'd the flow'r of her virginity.

Ed. Tyrant of Spain, thou liest in thy throat ! 125

Alp. Good words ! Thou seest thy life is in our hands.

Ed. I see thou art become a common hangman,
An office far more fitting to thy mind
Than princely to the imperial dignity.

Alp. I do not exercise on common persons ; 130
Your Highness is a Prince, and she an Empress,

I therefore count not of a dignity. [*Noise of battle within*]
 Hark, Edward, how they labour all in vain,
 With loss of many a valiant soldier's life,
 To rescue them whom Heaven and we have doom'd ; 135
 Dost thou not tremble when thou think'st upon't ?

Ed. Let guilty minds tremble at sight of death.
 My heart is of the nature of the palm,
 Not to be broken, till the highest bud
 Be bent and tied unto the lowest root. 140
 I rather wonder that thy tyrant's heart
 Can give consent, that those thy butcherous hands
 Should offer violence to thy flesh and blood.
 See, how her guiltless innocence doth plead
 In silent oratory of her chastest tears. 145

Alp. Those tears proceed from fury and curst heart ;
 I know the stomach of your English dames.

Emp. No, Emperor, these tears proceed from grief.

Alp. Grief that thou canst not be reveng'd of us.

Emp. Grief that your Highness is so ill advis'd 150
 To offer violence to my nephew Edward.
 Since then there must be sacrifice of blood,
 Let my heart-blood save both your bloods unspilt,
 For of his death thy heart must pay the guilt.

Ed. No, aunt, I will not buy my life so dear ; 155
 Therefore, Alphonso, if thou beest a man,
 Shed manly blood and let me end this strife.

Alp. Here's straining court'sy at a bitter feast !
 Content thee, Empress, for thou art my wife,
 Thou shalt obtain thy boon and die the death, 160
 And, for it were unprincely to deny
 So slight request unto so great a lord,
 Edward shall bear thee company in death. *A retreat*
 But hark, the heat of battle hath an end,
 One side or other hath the victory ; 165

Enter Alexander

And see where Alexander sweating comes !
 Speak, man, what news ? Speak, shall I die or live ?
 Shall I stab sure, or else prolong their lives
 To grievous torments ? Speak, am I conqueror ?
 What, hath thy haste bereft thee of thy speech ? 170
 Hast thou not breath to speak one syllable ?
 O speak, thy dalliance kills me ; won or lost ?

Alex. Lost !

Alp. Ah me, my senses fail, my sight is gone !

Amazed, lets fall the daggers

Alex. Will not your Grace dispatch the strumpet Queen ? 175

Shall she then live, and we be doom'd to death ?

Is your heart faint, or is your hand too weak ?

Shall servile fear break your so sacred oaths ?

Methinks an Emperor should hold his word.

Give me the weapons, I will soon dispatch them, 180

My father's yelling ghost cries for revenge ;

His blood within my veins boils for revenge ;

O, give me leave, Cæsar, to take revenge !

Alp. Upon condition that thou wilt protest

To take revenge upon the murtherers, 185

Without respect of dignity or state,

Afflict[ing] speedy, pitiless revenge,

I will commit this dagger to thy trust,

And give thee leave to execute thy will.

Alex. What need I here reiterate the deeds 190

Which deadly sorrow made me perpetrate ?

How near did I entrap Prince Richard's life !

How sure set I the knife to Mentz his heart !

How cunningly was Palsgrave doom'd to death !

How subtilely was Bohem poisoned ! 195

How slyly did I satisfy my lust,

Commixing dulcet love with deadly hate,

When Princess Hedewick lost her maidenhead,

Sweetly embracing me for England's heir !

Ed. O execrable deeds !

Emp. O savage mind ! 200

Alex. Edward, I give thee leave to hear of this,

But will forbid the blabbing of your tongue.

Now, gracious lord and sacred Emperor,

Your Highness knowing these and many more,

Which fearless pregnancy hath wrought in me, 205

You do me wrong to doubt, that I will dive

Into their hearts, that have not spar'd their betters ;

Be therefore sudden lest we die ourselves,

I know the conqueror hastes to rescue them.

Alp. Thy reasons are effectual, take this dagger ; 210

Yet pause awhile.

Emp. Sweet nephew, now farewell !

Alp. They are most dear to me, whom thou must kill.

Ed. Hark, aunt, he now begins to pity you.

Alex. But they consented to my father's death.

Alp. More than consented, they did execute. 215

Emp. I will not make his Majesty a liar ;

I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,

But save the life of this unguilty Prince.

Ed. I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,

But save the life of this unguilty Empress. 220

Alp. Hark thou to me, and think their words as wind.

I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,

And save the lives of these two guiltless Princes.

Art thou amaz'd to hear what I have said ?

There, take the weapon, now revenge at full 225

Thy father's death and those my dire deceits,

That made thee murthurer of so many souls.

Alex. O Emperor, how cunningly wouldst thou entrap
My simple youth to credit fictions !

Thou kill my father ? No, no, Emperor, 230

Cæsar did love Lorenzo all too dearly :

Seeing thy forces now are vanquished,

Frustrate thy hopes, thy Highness like to fall

Into the cruel and revengeful hands

Of merciless, incensed enemies, 235

Like Caius Cassius weary of thy life,

Now wouldst thou make thy page an instrument

By sudden stroke to rid thee of thy bonds.

Alp. Hast thou forgotten, how that very night

Thy father died I took the master-key,

And with a lighted torch walk'd through the court ? 240

Alex. I must remember that, for to my death

I never shall forget the slightest deed,

Which on that dismal night or day I did.

Alp. Thou wast no sooner in thy restful bed, 245

But I disturb'd thy father of his rest,

And to be short, not that I hated him,

But for he knew my deepest secrets,

With cunning poison I did end his life.

Art thou his son ? Express it with a stab, 250

And make account, if I had prospered,

Thy date was out, thou wast already doom'd ;

Thou knew'st too much of me to live with me.

Alex. What wonders do I hear, great Emperor !

Not that I do steadfastly believe 255

That thou did'st murder my beloved father,
But in mere pity of thy vanquish'd state
I undertake this execution :

Yet for I fear the sparkling majesty,
Which issues from thy most imperial eyes, 260
May strike relenting passion to my heart,
And, after wound receiv'd from fainting hand,
Thou fall half-dead among thine enemies,
I crave thy Highness leave to bind thee first.

Alp. Then bind me quickly, use me as thou please. 265

Emp. O villain, wilt thou kill thy sovereign ?

Alex. Your Highness sees that I am forc'd unto it.

[*Binds Alphonsus to his chair*]

Alp. Fair Empress, I shame to ask thee pardon,
Whom I have wrong'd so many thousand ways.

Emp. Dread lord and husband, leave these desperate
thoughts, 270

Doubt not the Princes may be reconcil'd.

Alex. 'T may be the Princes will be reconcil'd,
But what is that to me ? All potentates on earth
Can never reconcile my grieved soul.

Thou slew'st my father, thou didst make this hand 275
Mad with revenge to murder innocents ;

Now hear how in the height of all thy pride
The rightful gods have pour'd their justful wrath
Upon thy tyrant's head, devil as thou art,
And sav'd by miracles these Princes' lives. 280

For know, thy side hath got the victory,
Saxon triumphs over his dearest friends ;
Richard and Collen both are prisoners,
And everything hath sorted to thy wish ;
Only hath Heaven put it in my mind 285

(For He alone directed then my thoughts,
Although my meaning was most mischievous)
To tell thee thou hadst lost, in certain hope
That suddenly thou wouldst have slain them both ;
For if the Princes came to talk about it, 290

I greatly fear'd their lives might be prolong'd.
Art thou not mad to think on this deceit ?
I'll make thee madder with tormenting thee.
I tell thee, arch-thief, villain, murderer,
Thy forces have obtain'd the victory, 295
Victory leads thy foes in captive bands ;

This victory hath crown'd thee Emperor,
Only myself have vanquish'd victory
And triumph in the victor's overthrow.

Alp. O, Alexander, spare thy Prince's life ! 300

Alex. Even now thou didst entreat the contrary.

Alp. Think what I am that beg my life of thee.

Alex. Think what he was whom thou hast doom'd to death.

But lest the Princes do surprise us here,
Before I have perform'd my strange revenge, 305
I will be sudden in the execution.

Alp. I will accept any condition.

Alex. Then in the presence of the Emperess,
The captive Prince of England, and myself,
Forswear the joys of Heaven, the sight of God, 310
Thy soul's salvation, and thy Saviour Christ,
Damning thy soul to endless pains of hell :
Do this, or die upon my rapier's point.

Emp. Sweet lord and husband, spit in's face !
Die like a man, and live not like a devil. 315

Alex. What ! Wilt thou save thy life, and damn thy soul ?

Alp. O, hold thy hand, Alphonsus doth renounce—

Ed. Aunt, stop your ears, hear not this blasphemy.

Emp. Sweet husband, think that Christ did die for thee.

Alp. Alphonsus doth renounce the joys of Heaven, 320
The sight of angels and his Saviour's blood,
And gives his soul unto the devil's power.

Alex. Thus will I make delivery of the deed,
Die and be damn'd ! Now am I satisfied ! [*Kills him*]

Ed. O damned miscreant, what hast thou done ? 325

Alex. When I have leisure I will answer thee ;
Meanwhile I'll take my heels and save myself.
If I be ever call'd in question,
I hope your Majesties will save my life,
You have so happily preserved yours ; 330
Did I not think it, both of you should die. *Exit Alexander*

*Enter Saxon, Brandenburg, Trier ; Richard and Collen as
prisoners, and Soldiers*

Sax. Bring forth these daring champions to the block !
Comfort yourselves, you shall have company.
Great Emperor—Where is his Majesty ?
What bloody spectacle do I behold ? 335

Emp. Revenge, revenge, O Saxon, Brandenburg !
My lord is slain, Cæsar is doom'd to death.

Ed. Princes, make haste, follow the murtherer !

Sax. Is Cæsar slain ?

Ed. Follow the murtherer !

Emp. Why stand you gazing on another thus ? 340
Follow the murtherer !

Sax. What murtherer ?

Ed. The villain Alexander hath slain his lord !
Make after him with speed, so shall you hear
Such villany as you have never heard.

Bran. My Lord of Trier, we both with our light horse 345
Will scour the coasts and quickly bring him in.

Sax. That can your Excellence alone perform ;

[*Exit Brandenburg*]

Stay you, my lord, and guard the prisoners,
While I, alas ! unhappiest prince alive,
Over his trunk consume myself in tears. 350
Hath Alexander done this damned deed ?
That cannot be, why should he slay his lord ?
O cruel fate ! O miserable me !

Methinks I now present Mark Antony,
Folding dead Julius Cæsar in mine arms. 355
No, no, I rather will present Achilles
And on Patroclus' tomb do sacrifice.

Let me be spurn'd and hated as a dog,
But I perform more direful, bloody rites
Than Thetis' son for Menoetiades. 360

Ed. Leave mourning for thy foes, pity thy friends.

Sax. Friends have I none, and that which grieves my soul
Is want of foes to work my wreak upon ;
But were you traitors four, four hundred thousand,
Then might I satisfy myself with blood. 365

Enter Brandenburg, Alexander, and Soldiers

Sax. See, Alexander, where Cæsar lieth slain,
The guilt whereof the traitors cast on thee ;
Speak, canst thou tell who slew thy sovereign ?

Alex. Why, who but I ? How should I curse myself,
If any but myself had done this deed ! 370
This happy hand—bless'd be my hand therefore !—
Revenge'd my father's death upon his soul :
And, Saxon, thou hast cause to curse and ban

That he is dead, before thou didst inflict
Torments on him that so hath torn thy heart.

375

Sax. What mysteries are these ?

Bran. Princes, can you inform us of the truth ?

Ed. The deed's so heinous that my faltering tongue
Abhors the utterance. Yet I must tell it.

Alex. Your Highness shall not need to take the pains ; 380
What you abhor to tell, I joy to tell.

Therefore be silent and give audience.

You mighty men and rulers of the earth,

Prepare your ears to hear of stratagems

Whose dire effects have gall'd your princely hearts, 385

Confounded your conceits, muffled your eyes.

First, to begin, this villanous fiend of hell

Murther'd my father, sleeping in his chair ;

The reason why, because he only knew

All plots and complots of his villany ; 390

His death was made the basis and the ground

Of every mischief that hath troubled you.

Sax. If thou, thy father, and thy progeny

Were hang'd and burnt, and broken on the wheel,

How could their deaths heap mischief on our heads ? 395

Alex. And if you will not hear the reason—choose !

I tell thee, I have slain an Emperor,

And thereby think myself as good a man

As thou, or any man in Christendom ;

Thou shalt entreat me, ere I tell thee more. 400

Brand. Proceed !

Alex.

Not I !

Sax.

I prithee now proceed !

Alex. Since you entreat me, then, I will proceed.

This murtherous devil, having slain my father,

Buzz'd cunningly into my credulous ears,

That by a general council of the States,

405

And, as it were, by Act of Parliament,

The seven Electors had set down his death,

And made the Empress executioner,

Transferring all the guilt from him to you.

This I believ'd, and first did set upon

410

The life of princely Richard by the boors

But how my purpose fail'd in that, his Grace best knows ;

Next, by a double intricate deceit,

Midst all his mirth, was Bohem poisoned,

And good old Mentz to save Alphonso's life 415
 (Who at that instant was in perfect health),
 'Twixt jest and earnest was made a sacrifice ;
 As for the Palatine, your Graces knew
 His Highness' and the Queen's unguiltiness ;
 But now, my Lord of Saxon, hark to me, 420
 Father of Saxon should I rather call you,
 'Twas I that made your Grace a grandfather.
 Prince Edward plough'd the ground, I sow'd the seed ;
 Poor Hedewick bore the most unhappy fruit,
 Created in a most unlucky hour, 425
 To a most violent and untimely death.

Sax. O loathsome villain ! O detested deeds !
 O guiltless Prince ! O me most miserable !

Brand. But tell us who reveal'd to thee at last
 This shameful guilt and our unguiltiness ? 430

Alex. Why, that's the wonder, lords, and thus it was :
 When like a tyrant he had ta'en his seat,
 And that the fury of the fight began,
 Upon the highest watch-tow'r of the fort
 It was my office to behold aloft 435

The war's event ; and having seen the end,
 I saw how victory, with equal wings,
 Hang hovering 'twixt the battles here and there,
 Till at last the English lions fled,
 And Saxon's side obtain'd the victory ; 440

Which seen, I posted from the turret's top
 More furiously than e'er Laocoon ran,
 When Trojan hands drew in Troy's overthrow,
 But yet as fatally as he or any.
 The tyrant, seeing me, star'd in my face, 445
 And suddenly demanded what's the news ;

I, as the Fates would have it, hoping that he
 Even in a twinkling would have slain 'em both,
 For so he swore before the fight began,
 Cried bitterly that he had lost the day ; 450

The sound whereof did kill his dastard heart,
 And made the villain desperately confess
 The murder of my father, praying me
 With dire revenge to rid him of his life.
 Short tale to make, I bound him cunningly, 455
 Told him of the deceit, triumphing over him,
 And lastly with my rapier slew him dead.

Sax. O, heavens, justly have you ta'en revenge !
 But thou, thou murtherous, adulterous slave,
 What bull of Phalaris, what strange device 460
 Shall we invent to take away thy life ?

Alex. If Edward and the Empress, whom I sav'd,
 Will not requite it now, and save my life,
 Then let me die : contentedly I die,
 Having at last reveng'd my father's death. 465

Sax. Villain, not all the world shall save thy life.

Ed. Hadst thou not been author of my Hedewick's death,
 I would have certainly sav'd thee from death ;
 But if my sentence now may take effect,
 I would adjudge the villain to be hang'd 470
 As here the Jews are hang'd in Germany.

Sax. Young Prince, it shall be so ; go, drag the slave
 Unto the place of execution !
 There let the Judas, on a Jewish gallows,
 Hang by the heels between two English mastiffs ; 475
 There feed on dogs, let dogs there feed on thee,
 And by all means prolong his misery.

Alex. O, might thyself, and all these English curs,
 Instead of mastiff-dogs, hang by my side,
 How sweetly would I tug upon your flesh. 480

Sax. Away with him, suffer him not to speak.

Exit Alexander [guarded]

And now, my lords, Collen, Trier, and Brandenburg,
 Whose hearts are bruis'd to think upon these woes,
 Though no man hath such reason as myself,
 We of the seven Electors that remain 485
 After so many bloody massacres,
 Kneeling upon our knees, humbly entreat
 Your Excellence to be our Emperor.
 The royalties of the coronation
 Shall be, at Aix, shortly solemnized. 490

Col. Brave princely Richard, now refuse it not,
 Though the election be made in tears,
 Joy shall attend thy coronation.

Rich. It stands not with mine honour to deny it,
 Yet, by mine honour, fain I would refuse it. 495

Ed. Uncle, the weight of all these miseries
 Maketh my heart as heavy as your own,
 But an imperial crown would lighten it ;
 Let this one reason make you take the crown.

Rich. What's that, sweet nephew ?

Ed. Sweet uncle, this it is ; 500

Was never Englishman yet Emperor,
Therefore to honour England and yourself,
Let private sorrow yield to public fame,
That once an Englishman bare Cæsar's name.

Rich. Nephew, thou hast prevail'd ; Princes, stand up ; 505
We humbly do accept your sacred offer.

Col. Then sound the trumpets, and cry, *Vivat Cæsar !*

All. *Vivat Cæsar !*

Col. *Richardus, Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator, semper*
Augustus, Comes Cornubiæ. 510

Rich. Sweet sister, now let Cæsar comfort you ;
And all the rest that yet are comfortless,
Let them expect from English Cæsar's hands
Peace and abundance of all earthly joy !

FINIS



REVENGE FOR HONOUR

A TRAGEDY

Revenge for Honour

THE PERSONS ACTING

Almanzor, *Caliph of Arabia*

Abilqualit, *his eldest son*

Abrahen *his son by a second
wife, brother to Abilqualit*

Tarifa, *an old General, conqueror of Spain, tutor to
Abilqualit*

Mura, *a rough lord, a soldier,
kinsman by his mother to
Abrahen*

Simanthes, *a court lord, allied
to Abrahen*

Selintus, *an honest, merry
court lord*

Mesithes, *a court eunuch, attendant on Abilqualit*

Osman, *a captain to Tarifa*

Gaselles, *another captain*

Caropia, *wife to Mura, first
beloved of Abrahen, then of
Abilqualit*

Perilinda, *her woman*

Soldiers, Mutes, Guard, Attendants

PROLOGUE

Our author thinks 'tis not i' th' power of wit,
Invention, art, nor industry, to fit
The several fantasies which in this age,
With a predominant humour, rule the stage.
Some men cry out for satire, others choose 5
Merely to story to confine each Muse;
Most like no play but such as gives large birth
To that which they judiciously term mirth,
Nor will the best works with their liking crown,
Except 't be grac'd with part of fool or clown. 10
Hard and severe the task is then to write,
So as may please each various appetite.
Our author hopes well, though, that in this play,
He has endeavour'd so he justly may
Gain liking from you all, unless those few 15
Who will dislike, be't ne'er so good, so new;
The rather, gentlemen, he hopes, 'cause I
Am a main actor in this tragedy:
You've grac'd me sometimes in another sphere,
And I do hope you'll not dislike me here. 20

ACTUS PRIMUS SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Selinthus, Gaselles, and Osman.

Sel. No murmurings, noble Captains!

Gas. Murmurings, cousin?

This peace is worse to men of war and action
Than fasting in the face o' th' foe, or lodging
On the cold earth. Give me the camp, say I,
Where in the sutler's palace on pay-day 5
We may the precious liquor quaff, and kiss
His buxom wife; who though she be not clad

In Persian silks or costly Tyrian purples
 Has a clean skin, soft thighs, and wholesome corps,
 Fit for the trailer of the puissant pike
 To solace in delight with.

10

Os. Here in your lewd city
 The harlots do avoid us sons o' th' sword
 Worse than a severe officer. Besides,
 Here men o' th' shop can gorge their musty maws
 With the delicious capon, and fat limbs
 Of mutton large enough to be held shoulders
 O' th' Ram [among] the twelve signs; while for pure want
 Your soldier oft dines at the charge o' th' dead,
 'Mong tombs in the great mosque.

15

Sel. 'Tis believ'd, coz,
 And by the wisest few too, that i' th' camp
 You do not feed on pleasant poults; a salad,
 And without oil or vinegar, appeases
 Sometimes your guts, although they keep more noise
 Than a large pool full of engend'ring frogs.
 Then for accoutrements you wear the buff,
 As you believ'd it heresy to change
 For linen: surely most of yours is spent
 In lint to make long tents for your green wounds
 After an onslaught.

20

25

Gas. Coz, these are sad truths,
 Incident to frail mortals.

Sel. You yet cry
 Out with more eagerness still for new wars
 Than women for new fashions.

30

Os. 'Tis confess'd:
 Peace is more opposite to my nature than
 The running ache in the rich usurer's feet,
 When he roars out as if he were in hell
 Before his time. Why, I love mischief, coz,
 When one may do't securely; to cut throats
 With a licentious pleasure, when good men
 And true o' th' jury with their frosty beards
 Shall not have power to give the noble weasand,
 Which has the steel defied, to th' hanging mercy
 Of the ungracious cord.

35

40

Sel. Gentlemen both,
 And cousins mine, I do believe't much pity
 To strive to reconvert you from the faith

You have been bred in : though your large discourse
 And praise, wherein you magnify your mistress
 War, shall scarce drive me from my quiet sheets,
 To sleep upon a turf. But pray say, cousins,
 How do you like your general, Prince [Abilqualit],
 Is he a right Mars ? 45

Gas. As if his nurse had lapp'd him
 In swaddling clouts of steel, a very Hector
 And Alcibiades. 50

Sel. It seems he does not relish
 These boasted sweets of war ; for all his triumphs,
 He is reported melancholy.

Os. Want of exercise
 Renders all men of actions dull as dormice ;
 Your soldier only can dance to the drum,
 And sing a hymn of joy to the sweet trumpet :
 There's no music like it. 55

Enter Abrahen, Mura, and Simanthes
Abr. I'll know the cause,
 He shall deny me hardly else.

Mur. His melancholy
 Known whence it rises once, 't may much conduce
 To help our purpose. 60

Gas. Pray, coz, what lords are these ?
 They seem as full of plot as generals
 Are in siege ; they're very serious.

Sel. That young stripling
 Is our great Emperor's son by his last wife ;
 That in the rich embroidery's the Court Hermes,
 One that has hatch'd more projects than the ovens
 In Egypt chickens ; the other, though they call
 Friends, his mere opposite planet, Mars,
 One that does put on a reserv'd gravity,
 Which some call wisdom, the rough soldier Mura,
 Governor i' th' Moroccos. 65 70

Os. Him we've heard of
 Before ; but, cousin, shall that man of trust,
 Thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutrements ?
 Hast thou ta'en order for them ?

Sel. Yes, yes, you shall
 Flourish in fresh habiliments ; but you must
 Promise me not to engage your corporal oaths
 You will see't satisfied at the next press, 75

Out of the profits that arise from ransom
Of those rich yeomans' heirs that dare not look
The fierce foe in the face.

Gas. Doubt not our truths ; 80
Though we be given much to contradictions,
We will not pawn oaths of that nature.

Sel. Well then,
This note does fetch the garments : meet me, cousins,
Anon, at supper.

Os. Honourable coz,
We will come give our thanks. *Exeunt Gaselles, Osman*

Enter Abilqualit

Abr. My gracious brother, 85
Make us not such a stranger to your thoughts,
To consume all your honours in close retirements ;
Perhaps since you from Spain return'd a victor,
With the world's conqueror, Alexander, you grieve
Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish ; 90
If't be so, princely brother, we'll bear part
In your heroic melancholy.

Abil. Gentle youth,
Press me no farther ; I still hold my temper
Free and unshaken ; only some fond thoughts
Of trivial moment call my faculties 95
To private meditations.

Sim. Howsoe'er your Highness
Does please to term them, 'tis mere melancholy,
Which next to sin is the greatest malady
That can oppress man's soul.

Sel. They say right :
And that your Grace may see what a mere madness, 100
A very midsummer frenzy, 'tis to be
Melancholy, for any man that wants no money,
I, with your pardon, will discuss unto you
All sorts, all sizes, persons, and conditions,
That are infected with it, and the reasons 105
Why it in each arises.

Abr. Learned Selinthus,
Let's taste of thy philosophy.

Mur. Pish, 'tis unwelcome
To any [man] of judgment, this fond prate :
I marvel that our Emperor does permit

Fools to abound i' th' Court !

Sel. What makes your grave lordship 110
In it, I do beseech you ? But, sir, mark me,
The kernel of the text enucleated,
I shall confute, refute, repel, refel,
Explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish
Like a rush-candle, this same heresy, 115
That is shot up like a pernicious mushroom
To poison true humanity.

[*Abilqualit going is detained by Abrahen*]

Abr. You shall stay
And hear a lecture read on your disease ;
You shall, as I love virtue.

Sel. First, the cause, then,
From whence this *flatus hypochondriacus*, 120
This glimmering of the gizzard (for in wildfowl
'Tis term'd so by Hippocrates) arises,
Is, as Averroes and Avicen,
With Aben[h]u[a]car, Baruch, and Abo[la]fi,
And all the Arabic writers have affirm'd, 125
A mere defect, that is, as we interpret,
A want of——

Abil. Of what, Selinthus ?

Sel. Of wit, and please your Highness ;
That is the cause in gen'ral ; for particular
And special causes, they are all deriv'd 130
From several wants ; yet they must be consider'd,
Ponder'd, perpended, or premeditated.

Sim. My lord, y'ad best be brief, your patient
Will be weary else.

Sel. I cannot play
The fool rightly, I mean the physician, 135
Without I have licence to [expatiate]
On the disease. But, my good lord, more briefly,
I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom
And no physician, who deal all in simples,
Why men are melancholy. First, for your courtier— 140

Sim. It concerns us all to be attentive, sir.

Sel. Your sage and serious courtier, who does walk
With a state face, as he had dress'd himself
I' th' Emperor's glass, and had his beard turn'd up
By the irons royal, he will be as pensive 145
As stallion after [coition], when he wants

Suits, begging suits, I mean. [To Simanthes] Methinks,
my lord,

You are grown something solemn on the sudden,
Since your monopolies and patents, which
Made your purse swell like a wet sponge, have been 150
Reduc'd to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better
To confess here than in a worser place.
Is it not so indeed ?

Abil. Whate'er he does
By mine, I'm sure h'as hit the cause from whence
Your grief springs, Lord Simanthes.

Sel. No Egyptian soothsayer 155
Has truer inspirations than your small courtier's
From causes and wants manifold ; as when
The Emperor's count'nance with propitious noise
Does not cry chink in pocket, no repute is
With mercer, nor with tailor ; nay, sometimes, too, 160
The humour's pregnant in him when repulse
Is given him by a beauty ; I can speak this,
Though from no Memphian priest or sage Chaldean,
From the best mistress, gentlemen, Experience.
Last night I had a mind t'a comely seamstress, 165
Who did refuse me, and behold ere since
How like an ass I look.

Enter Tarifa

Tar. What, at your counsels, lords ? The great Almanzor
Requires your presence, Mura ; has decreed
The war for Persia. You, my gracious lord, 170
Prince Abilqualit, are appointed chief ;
And you, brave spirited Abrahen, an assistant
To your victorious brother ; you, Lord Mura,
Destin'd Lieutenant-General.

Abil. And must
I march against the foe, without thy company ? 175
I relish not th' employment.

Tar. Alas, my lord !
Tarifa's head's grown white beneath his helmet ;
And your good father thought it charity
To spare mine age from travel : though this ease
Will be more irksome to me than the toil 180
Of war in a sharp winter.

Abr. [aside].

It arrives

Just to our wish.—My gracious brother, I
 Anon shall wait on you : meantime, valiant Mura,
 Let us attend my father.

Exeunt Abrahen, Mura, Simanthes.*Abil.*

Good Selinthus,

Vouchsafe awhile your absence, I shall have 185
 Employment shortly for your trust.

Sel.

Your Grace

Shall have as much power to command Selinthus
 As his best fancied mistress.

I am your creature.

*Exit**Tar.*

Now, my lord, I hope

Y're cloth'd with all those resolutions 190
 That usher glorious minds to brave achievements.

The happy Genius on your youth attendant

Declares it built for victories and triumphs ;

And the proud Persian monarchy, the sole

Emulous opposer of the Arabic greatness, 195
 Courts, like a fair bride, your imperial arms,

Waiting t'invest you sovereign of her beauties.

Why are you dull, my lord ? Your cheerful looks

Should with a prosperous augury presage

A certain victory ; when you droop already, 200
 As if the foe had ravish'd from your crest

The noble palm. For shame, sir ! Be more sprightly ;

Your sad appearance, should they thus behold you,

Would half unsoul your army.

Abil.

'Tis no matter,

Such looks best suit my fortune. Know, Tarifa, 205
 I'm undispos'd to manage this great voyage,

And must not undertake it.

Tar.

Must not, sir !

Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose hopes

Are fix'd on marriage, on his bridal night

Should in soft slumbers languish, that your arms 210
 Should rust in ease, now when you hear the charge,

And see before you the triumphant prize

Destin'd t'adorn your valour ? You should rather

Be furnish'd with a power above these passions,

And being invok'd by the mighty charm of honour, 215
 Fly to achieve this war, not undertake it.

I'd rather you had said Tarifa lied,

Than utter'd such a sound, harsh and unwelcome.

Abil. I know thou lov'st me truly, and durst I
To any born of woman speak my intentions, 220
The fatal cause which does withdraw my courage
From this employment, which like health I covet,
Thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But, Tarifa,
The sad discovery of it is not fit
For me to utter, much less for thy virtue 225
To be acquainted with.

Tar. Why, my lord ?
My loyalty can merit no suspicion
From you of falsehood : whatsoe'er the cause be,
Or good or wicked, 't meets a trusty silence,
And my best care and honest counsel shall 230
Endeavour to reclaim (or to assist you
If it be good), if ill, from your bad purpose.

Abil. Why, that I know, Tarifa. 'Tis the love
Thou bear'st to honour renders thee unapt
To be partaker of those resolutions 235
That by compulsion keep me from this voyage :
For they with such inevitable sweetness
Invade my sense that, though in their performance
My fame and virtue even to death do languish,
I must attempt, and bring them unto act, 240
Or perish i' th' pursuance.

Tar. Heaven avert
A mischief so prodigious ! Though I would not
With over-saucy boldness press your counsels ;
Yet pardon, sir, my loyalty which, timorous
Of your lov'd welfare, must entreat, beseech you 245
With ardent love and reverence, to disclose
The hidden cause that can estrange your courage
From its own Mars, withhold you from this action
So much allied to honour. Pray reveal it :
By all your hopes of what you hold most precious, 250
I do implore it ; for my faith in breeding
Your youth in war's great rudiments, relieve
Tarifa's fears, that wander into strange
Unwelcome doubts lest some ambitious frenzy
Gainst your imperial father's dignity 255
Has late seduc'd your goodness.

Abil. No, Tarifa,
I ne'er durst aim at that unholy height

In viperous wickedness ; a sin less, harmless,
(If 't can be truly term'd one) 'tis my soul
Labours even to despair with : 't fain would out, 260
Did not my blushes interdict my language :
'Tis unchaste love, Tarifa (nay, take't all,
And when thou hast it, pity my misfortunes),
To fair Caropia, the chaste, virtuous wife
To surly Mura.

Tar. What a fool desire is ! 265
With giant strengths it makes us court the knowledge
Of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,
Far more inconstant than the air it fleets
Into new wishes that the coveted secret
Had slept still in oblivion.

Abil. I was certain 270
'Twould fright thy innocence, and look to be
Besieged with strong dissuasions from my purpose ;
But be assur'd that I have tir'd my thoughts
With all the rules that teach men moral goodness,
So to reclaim them from this love-sick looseness ; 275
But they (like wholesome medicines misapplied)
Fac'd their best operation, fond and fruitless.
Though I as well may hope to kiss the sunbeams
'Cause they shine on me, as from her to gain
One glance of comfort, yet my mind, that pities 280
Itself with constant tenderness, must needs
Revolve the cause of its calamity,
And melt i' th' pleasure of so sweet a sadness.

Tar. Then y'are undone for ever, sir, undone
Beyond the help of counsel or repentance. 285
'Tis most ignoble that a mind, unshaken
By fear, should by a vain desire be broken,
Or that those powers no labour e'er could vanquish,
Should be o'ercome and thrall'd by sordid pleasure.
Pray, sir, consider, that in glorious war, 290
Which makes ambition (by base men termed sin)
A big and gallant virtue, y'ave been nurs'd,
Lull'd, as it were, into your infant sleeps
By th' surly noise o' th' trumpet, which now summons
You to victorious use of your endowments : 295
And shall a mistress stay you ? Such a one too,
As to attempt than war itself's more dangerous !

Abil. All these persuasions are to as much purpose,

As you should strive to reinvest with peace,
And all the joys of health and life, a soul 300
Condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.

No, my Tarifa, though through all disgraces,
Loss of my honour, fame, nay, hope for empire,
I should be forc'd to wade to obtain her love,
'Those seas of mischief would be pleasing streams 305
Which I would haste to bathe in, and pass through them
With that delight thou wouldst to victory,
Or slaves long-chain'd to th' oar to sudden freedom.

Tar. Were you not Abilqualit, from this time then
Our friendships (like two rivers from one head 310
Rising) should wander a dissever'd course,
And never meet again, unless to quarrel.
Nay, old and stiff now as my iron garments,
Were you my son, my sword should teach your wildness
A swift way to repentance. Y'are my Prince, 315
On whom all hopes depend; think on your father,
That lively image of majestic goodness,
Who never yet wrong'd matron in his lust,
Or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture
Your father, country, army, by my mouth 320
Beseech your piety to an early pity
Of your yet unslain innocence. No attention?
Farewell; my prayers shall wait you, though my counsels
Be thus despis'd. Farewell, Prince! *Exit*

Abil. 'Las, good man, he weeps!
Such tears I've seen fall from his manly eyes 325
Once when [h]e lost a battle. Why should I
Put off my reason, valour, honour, virtue,
In hopes to gain a beauty, whose possession
Renders me more incapable of peace
Than I am now I want it? Like a sweet, 330
Much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner tasted
But its delicious luxury's forgotten;
Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,
There is no law but what's prescribed by love,
Nature's first moving organ; nor can aught 335
What Nature dictates to us be held vicious.
On then, my soul, and destitute of fears,
Like an adventurous mariner that knows
Storms must attend him, yet dares court his peril,
Strive to obtain this happy port. Mesithes, 340

Love's cunning advocate, does for me besiege
With gifts and vows her chastity. She is
Compass'd with flesh that's not invulnerable,
And may by love's sharp darts be pierc'd. They stand
Firm whom no art can bring to love's command. 345

Enter Abrahen

Abr. My gracious brother !

Abil. Dearest Abrahen, welcome !

'Tis certainly decreed by our dread father,
We must both march against th' insulting foe.
How does thy youth, yet uninur'd to travel,
Relish the employment ?

Abr. War is sweet to those 350
That never have experienc'd it. My youth
Cannot desire in that big art a nobler
Tutor than you, my brother : like an eaglet
Following her dam, I shall your honour'd steps
Trace through all dangers, and be proud to borrow 355
A branch, when your head's covered o'er with laurel,
To deck my humbler temples.

Abil. I do know thee
Of valiant, active soul ; and though a youth,
Thy forward spirit merits the command
Of chief, rather than second in an army. 360
Would heaven our royal father had bestow'd
On thee the charge of general.

Abr. On me, sir !
Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those arts
That do distinguish valour from wild rashness
A general, brother, must have abler nerves 365
Of judgment than in my youth can be hop'd for.
Yourself, already like a flourishing spring
Teeming with early victories, the soldier
Expects should lead them to new triumphs, as
If you had vanquish'd fortune.

Abil. I am not so 370
Ambitious, Abrahen, of particular glories,
But I would have those whom I love partake them.
This Persian war, the last of the whole East,
Left to be managed, if I can persuade
The great Almanzor, shall be the trophy 375
Of thy yet maiden valour. I have done

Enough already to inform succession
 That Abilqualit durst on fiercest foes
 Run to fetch conquest home, and would have thy name
 As great as mine in arms, that history 380
 Might register our family abounded
 With heroes born for victory.

Abr. 'Tis an honour
 Which, though it be above my powers, committed
 To my direction, I would seek to manage
 With care above my years, and courage equal 385
 To his that dares the horrid'st face of danger :
 But 'tis your noble courtesy would thrust
 This masc'line honour (far above his merits)
 On your regardless brother : for my father,
 He has no thought tending to your intentions ; 390
 Nor, though your goodness should desire, would hardly
 Be won to yield consent to them.

Abil. Why, my Abrahen,
 We're both his sons, and should be both alike
 Dear to's affections ; and though birth hath given me
 The larger hopes and titles, 'twere unnatural, 395
 Should he not strive t' endow thee with a portion
 Apted to the magnificence of his offspring.
 But thou perhaps art timorous lest thy first
 Essays of valour should meet fate disastrous.
 The bold are Fortune's darlings. If thou hast 400
 Courage to venture on this great employment,
 Doubt not I shall prevail upon our father
 T' ordain thee chief in this brave, hopeful voyage.

Abr. You imagine me
 Beyond all thought of gratitude, and doubt not 405
 That I'll deceive your trust. The glorious ensigns
 Waving i' th' air once, like so many comets,
 Shall speak the Persians' funerals, on whose ruins
 We'll build to Fame and Victory new temples,
 Which shall like pyramids preserve our memories 410
 When we are chang'd to ashes.

Abil. Be sure, continue
 In this brave mind ; I'll instantly solicit
 Our father to confirm thee in the charge
 Of general. I'll about it. *Exit*

Abr. Farewell, gracious brother !
 This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good dull fool, 415

I see through thy intents, clear as thy soul
 Were as transparent as thin air or crystal.
 He would have me remov'd, march with the army,
 That he meantime might make a sure defeat
 On our aged father's life and empire: 't must 420
 Be certain as the light. Why should not his,
 With equal heat, be, like my thoughts, ambitious?
 Be they as harmless as the pray'rs of virgins,
 I'll work his ruin out of his intentions.
 He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and greatness, 425
 Greatness, the wise man's true felicity,
 Honour's direct inheritance. My youth
 Will quit suspicion of my subtle practice;
 Then have I surly Mura and Simanthes,
 My allies by my dead mother's blood, my assistants, 430
 His eunuch too, Mesithes, at my service.
 Simanthes shall inform the King the people
 Desire Prince Abilqualit's stay; and Mura,
 Whose blunt demeanour renders him oraculous,
 Make a shrewd inference out of it. He is my half brother 435
 Th' other's my father; names, mere airy titles!
 Sovereignty's only sacred; greatness goodness;
 True self-affection justice; everything
 Righteous that's helpful to create a King.

Enter Mura, Simanthes

My trusty friends, y'are welcome; 440
 Our fate's above our wishes; Abilqualit,
 By whatsoe'er pow'r mov'd to his own ruin,
 Would fain enforce his charge of general on me,
 And stay at home.

Sim. Why, how can this conduce
 T'advance our purpose? 445

Abr. 'Tis the mainest engine
 Could ever move to ruin him. Simanthes,
 You shall inform our father 'tis the people
 Out of their tender love desires his stay.
 You, Mura, shall infer my brother's greatness
 With [the] people out of it, how nice it is and dangerous. 450
 The air is open here; come, we'll discourse
 With more secure privacy our purpose.
 Nothing's unjust, unsacred, tends to advance
 Us to a kingdom; that's the height of chance.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]*Enter Almanzor, Mura, and Simanthes**Alm.* How? Not go, Simanthes?*Sim.* My dread Sovereign,

I speak but what the well-affected people
 Out of their loyal care and pious duty
 Enjoin'd me utter; they do look upon him
 As on your eldest son and next successor, 5
 And would be loth the Persian war should rob
 Their eyes of light, their souls of joy and comfort,
 This flourishing empire leave as it were widow'd
 Of its lov'd spouse: they humbly do beseech
 Your Majesty would therefore destine some 10
 More fitting general, whose loss (as Heaven
 Avert such a misfortune!), should it happen,
 Might less concern the state.

Alm. 'Tis not the least
 Among the blessings Heaven has shower'd upon us,
 That we are happy in such loving subjects, 15
 To govern whom, when we in peace are ashes,
 We leave them a successor whom they truly reverence.
 A loving people and a loving sovereign
 Makes kingdoms truly fortunate and flourishing.
 But I believe, Simanthes, their intents, 20
 Though we confirm them, will scarce take effect:
 My Abilqualit (like a princely lion,
 In view of's prey) will scarcely be o'ercome
 To leave the honour of the Persian war,
 In's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour, 25
 And rest in lazy quiet, while that triumph
 Is ravish'd by another.

Sim. With the pardon
 Of your most sacred Majesty, 'tis fit then
 Your great commands forbid the Prince's voyage:
 Boldness enforces youth to hard achievements 30
 Before their time, makes them run forth like lapwings
 From their warm nest, part of the shell yet sticking
 Unto their downy heads. Sir, good success

Is oft more fatal far than bad ; one winning
 Cast from a flatt'ring die tempting a gamester 35
 To hazard his whole fortunes.

Mur. This is dull,
 Fruitless philosophy ; he that falls nobly
 Wins as much honour by his loss as conquest.

Sim. This rule may hold well among common men,
 But not 'mong princes. Such a prince as ours is, 40
 Who knows as well to conquer men's affections
 As he does enemies, should not be expos'd
 To every new cause, honourable danger.
 Prince Abilqualit's fair and winning carriage
 Has stol'n possession of the people's hearts ; 45
 They dote on him since his late Spanish conquest,
 As new-made brides on their much-coveted husbands ;
 And they would pine like melancholy turtles,
 Should they so soon lose the unvalued object
 Both of their love and reverence : howsoe'er, 50
 Whate'er your awful will, sir, shall determine,
 As Heaven, is by their strict obedience
 Held sacred and religious.

Alm. Good Simanthes,
 Let them receive our thanks for their true care
 Of our dear Abilqualit. We'll consider 55
 Of their request, say.

Sim. Your Highness' humblest creature ! *Exit*

Mur. I do not like this.

Alm. Like what, valiant Mura ?
 We know thy counsels so supremely wise,
 And thy true heart so excellently faithful,
 That whatsoe'er displeases thy sage judgment 60
 Almanzor's wisdom must account distasteful.
 What is't dislikes thee ?

Mur. Your Majesty knows me
 A downright soldier, I affect not words ;
 But to be brief, I relish not your son
 Should (as if you were in your tomb already) 65
 Engross so much the giddy people's favours.
 'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you
 To suffer it.

Alm. Why, how can they, Mura,
 Give a more serious testimony of reverence
 To me than by conferring their affections, 70

Their pious wishes, zealous contemplations,
 On him that sits the nearest to my heart,
 My Abilqualit, in whose hopeful virtues
 My age more glor[ies] than in all my conquests ?

Mur. May you prove fortunate in your pious care 75
 Of the Prince Abilqualit. But, my lord,
 Mura is not so prone to idle language
 (The parasite's best ornament) to utter
 Aught but what, if you'll please to give him audience,
 He'll show you a blunt reason for.

Alm. Come, I see 80
 Into thy thoughts, good Mura ; too much care
 Of us informs thy loyal soul with fears
 The Prince's too much popularity
 May breed our danger : banish those suspicions ;
 Neither dare they who under my long reign 85
 Have been triumphant in so many blessings,
 Have the least thought may tend to disobedience ;
 Or if they had, my Abilqualit's goodness
 Would ne'er consent with them to become impious.

Mur. 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays 90
 Minds valiant to irreparable dangers.
 Not that I dare invade with a foul thought
 The noble Prince's loyalty ; but, my lord,
 When this same many-headed beast, the people,
 Violent, and so not constant in affections, 95
 Subject to love of novelty (the sickness
 Proper t'all human, specially light natures),
 Do magnify with too immoderate praises
 The Prince's actions, dote upon his presence,
 Nay, chain their souls to th' shadow of his footsteps ; 100
 As all excesses ought to be held dangerous,
 Especially when they do aim at sceptres,
 Their too much dotage speaks you in their wishes
 Are dead already, that their darling hope
 The Prince might have the throne once.

Alm. 'Tis confess'd, 105
 All this a serious truth.

Mur. Their mad applauses
 O' th' noble Prince, though he be truly virtuous,
 May force ambition into him, a mischief
 Seizing the soul with too much craft and sweetness,
 As pride or lust does minds unstaid and wanton : 110

'T makes men like poison'd rats, which when they've
swallow'd

The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,
And can rest then much less, until they burst with't.

Alm. Thy words are still oraculous.

Mur. Pray then think

With what an easy toil the haughty Prince, 115

A demigod by th' popular acclamations,

Nay, the world's sovereign in the vulgar wishes,

Had he a resolution to be wicked,

Might snatch this diadem from your aged temples?

What law so holy, tie of blood so mighty, 120

Which, for a crown, minds sanctified and religious

Have not presum'd to violate? How much more then

May the soul-dazzling glories of a sceptre

Work in his youth, whose constitution's fiery

As overheated air, and has, to fan it 125

Into a flame, the breath of love and praises

Blown by strong thought of his own worth and actions.

Alm. No more of this, good Mura.

Mur. They dare already limit your intentions;

Demand, as 'twere, with cunning zeal (which, rightly 130

Interpreted, is insolence), the Prince's

Abode at home. I will not say it is,

But I guess 't may be their subtle purpose

While we abroad fight for new kingdoms' purchase,

Depriv'd by that means of our faithful succours, 135

They may deprive you of this crown, enforce

Upon the Prince this diadem; which however

He may be loath t'accept, being once possess'd of 't,

And tasted the delights of supreme greatness,

He'll be more loath to part with. To prevent this, 140

Not that I think it will, but that may happen,

'Tis fit the Prince march. I've observed in him, too,

Of late a sullen melancholy, whence rising

I'll not conjecture; only I should grieve, sir,

Beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous practice 145

Should take that from you, which with loyal blood

Ours and your own victorious arms have purchas'd.

And now I have discharg'd my honest conscience,

Censure on't as you please; henceforth I'm silent.

Alm. Would thou hadst been so now! Thy loyal fears 150

Have made me see how miserable a king is

Whose rule depends on the vain people's suffrage.
 Black now and horrid as the face of storms
 Appears all Abilqualit's lovely virtues
 Because to me they only make him dangerous, 155
 And with great terror shall behold those actions
 Which with delight before we view'd, and dotage ;
 Like mariners that bless the peaceful seas,
 Which, when suspected to grow up tempestuous,
 They tremble at. Though he may still be virtuous, 160
 'Tis wisdom in us, to him no injustice,
 To keep a vigilant eye o'er his proceedings
 And the wild people's purposes.

Enter Abilqualit

Abilqualit !

Come to take your leave, I do conjecture.

Abil. Rather, sir, to beg 165
 Your gracious licence I may still at home
 Attend your dread commands, and that you'd please
 To nominate my hopeful brother Abrahen
 (In lieu of me) chief of your now raised forces
 For th' Persian expedition. 170

Alm. Dare you, sir,
 Presume to make this suit to us ?

Abil. Why, my royal lord,
 I hope this cannot pull your anger on
 Your most obedient son ; a true affection
 To the young Prince, my brother, did beget
 This my request ; I willingly would have 175
 His youth adorn'd with glory of this conquest.
 No tree bears fruit in autumn, 'less it blossom
 First in the spring ; 'tis fit he were acquainted
 In these soft years with military action,
 That when grown perfect man, he may grow up too 180
 Perfect in warlike discipline.

Alm. Hereafter

We shall by your appointment guide our counsels.
 Why do you not intreat me to resign
 My crown, that you, the people's much-lov'd minion,
 May with't impale your glorious brow ? Sir, henceforth, 185
 Or know your duty better, or your pride
 Shall meet our just-wak'd anger. To your charge,
 And march with speed, or you shall know what 'tis

To disobey our pleasure. When y'are king,
 Learn to command your subjects; I will mine, sir. 190
 You know your charge, perform it.

Exit Almanzor and Mura

Abil. I have done.
 Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,
 That rising and declining cast[s] large shadows;
 But when his beams are dress'd in's midday brightness,
 Yields none at all: when they are farthest from 195
 Success, their gilt reflection does display
 The largest shows of events fair and prosp'rous.
 With what a settled confidence did I promise
 Myself my stay here, Mura's wish'd departure!
 When 'stead of these, I find my father's wrath 200
 Destroying mine intentions. Such a fool
 Is self-compassion, soothing us to faith
 Of what we wish should hap, while vain desire
 Of things we have not, makes us quite forget
 Those we're possess'd of.

Enter Abrahen

Abr. [aside] Alone the engine works 205
 Beyond or hope or credit. How I hug
 With vast delight, beyond that of stolen pleasures
 Forbidden lovers taste, my darling mistress,
 My active brain! If I can be thus subtle
 While a young serpent, when grown up a dragon 210
 How glorious shall I be in cunning practice!—
 My gracious brother!

Abil. Gentle Abrahen, I
 Am griev'd my power cannot comply my promise;
 My father's so averse from granting my
 Request concerning thee, that with angry frowns 215
 He did express rather a passionate rage
 Than a refusal civil, or accustom'd
 To his indulgent disposition.

Abr. He's our father,
 And so the tyrant custom doth enforce us
 To yield him that which fools call natural, 220
 When wise men know 'tis more than servile duty,
 A slavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,
 Be it nor just, nor honourable.

Abil. O my Abrahen,
 These sounds are unharmonious, as unlook'd-for
 From thy unblemish'd innocence ; though he could 225
 Put off paternal piety, 't gives no privilege
 For us to wander from our filial duty ;
 Though harsh, and to our natures much unwelcome
 Be his decrees, like those of Heaven, we must not
 Presume to question them.

Abr. Not if they concern 230
 Our lives and fortunes ? 'Tis not for myself
 I urge these doubts ; but 'tis for you, who are
 My brother ; and, I hope, must be my sovereign,
 My fears grow on me almost to distraction ;
 Our father's age betrays him to a dotage 235
 Which may be dang'rous to your future safety ;
 He does suspect your loyalty.

Abil. How, Abrahen !

Abr. I knew 'twould start your innocence ; but 'tis truth,
 A sad and serious truth ; nay, his suspicion
 Almost arriv'd into a settled faith 240
 That y'are ambitious.

Abil. 'Tis impossible !

Abr. The glorious shine of your illustrious virtues
 Are grown too bright and dazzling for his eyes
 To look on, as he ought, with admiration ;
 And he with fear beholds them, as it were, 245
 Through a perspective where each brave action
 Of yours survey'd though at remotest distance,
 Appears far greater than it is. In brief,
 That love which you have purchas'd from the people,
 That sing glad hymns to your victorious fortunes, 250
 Betrays you to his hate ; and in this voyage,
 Which he enforces you to undertake,
 He has set spies upon you.

Abil. 'Tis so ; afflictions
 Do fall like hailstones, one no sooner drops,
 But a whole shower does follow. I observ'd 255
 Indeed, my Abrahen, that his looks and language
 Was dress'd in unaccustom'd clouds, but did not
 Imagine they'd presag'd so fierce a tempest.
 Ye gods ! why do you give us gifts and graces,
 Share your own attributes with men, your virtues, 260
 When they betray them to worse hate than vices ?

But, Abrahen, prithee reconfirm my fears
 By testimonial how this can be truth ;
 For yet my innocence with too credulous trust
 Soothes up my soul, our father should not thus 265
 Put that off which does make him so, his sweetness,
 To feed the irregular flames of false suspicions
 And soul-tormenting jealousies.

Abr. Why, to me,
 To me, my lord, he did with strong injunctions
 Give a solicitous charge to overlook your actions. 270
 'My Abrahen,' quoth he, 'I'm not so unhappy
 That like thy brother thou shouldst be ambitious,
 Who does affect, 'fore thy ag'd father's ashes,
 With greedy lust my Empire. Have a strict
 And cautious diligence to observe his carriage ; 275
 'Twill be a pious care.' Mov'd with the base
 Indignity that he on me should force
 The office of a spy,—your spy, my noble
 And much-lov'd brother !—my best manhood scarce
 Could keep my angry tears in ; I resolv'd 280
 I was in duty bound to give you early
 Intelligence of his unjust intentions,
 That you in wisdom might prevent all dangers
 Might fall upon you from them like swift lightning,
 Killing 'cause they invade with sudden fierceness. 285

Abil. In afflicting me misery is grown witty.

Abr. Nay, besides, sir,
 The sullen Mura has the self-same charge too
 Consign'd and settled on him ; which his blind
 Duty will execute. O brother, your
 Soft passive nature does, like jet on fire 290
 When oil's cast on't, extinguish : otherwise
 This base suspicion would inflame your sufferance,
 Nay, make the purest loyalty rebellious.
 However, though your too religious piety
 Forces you 'ndure this foul disgrace with patience, 295
 Look to your safety, brother, that dear safety
 Which is not only yours, but your whole Empire's :
 For my part, if a faithful brother's service
 May aught avail you, though against our father,
 Since he can be so unnaturally suspicious, 300
 As your own thoughts command it.

Enter Selinthus and Mesithes

Sel.

Come, I know,

Although th'ast lost some implements of manhood
May make thee gracious in the sight of woman,
Yet th'ast a little engine call'd a tongue,
By which thou canst o'ercome the nicest female 305
In the behalf of friend. In sooth, you eunuchs
May well be styl'd pimps-royal for the skill
You have in quaint procurement.

Mes.

Your lordship's merry,

And would enforce on me what has been your office
Far oftener than the cunning'st squire belonging 310
To the smock transitory. May't please your Highness—
[*Whispers to Abilqualit*]

Abil. Ha, Mesithes!

Abr. [*aside*] His countenance varies strangely, some affair
The eunuch gives him notice of, 't should seem,
Begets much pleasure in him.

Abil.

Is this truth? 315

Mes. Else let me taste your anger.

Abil.

My dear Abrahen,

We'll march to-night, prithee give speedy notice
To our lieutenant Mura to collect
The forces from their several quarters and
Draw them into battalia on the plain 320
Behind the city; lay a strict command
He stir not from the ensigns till ourself
Arrive in person there. Be speedy, brother,
A little hasty business craves our presence,
We will anon be with you, my Mesithes. 325

Exeunt Abilqualit and Mesithes

Sel. Can your Grace imagine

Wh[*i*]ther his Highness goes now?

Abr.

No, Selinthus;

Canst thou conjecture at the eunuch's business?
Whate'er it was, his countenance seem'd much alter'd:
I'd give a talent to have certain knowledge 330
What was Mesithes' message.

Sel.

I'll inform you

At a far easier rate. Mesithes' business
Certes concern'd a limber petticoat,
And the smock soft and slippery; on my honour,
Has been providing for the Prince some female, 335

That he takes his leave of ladies' flesh
Ere his departure.

Abr. Not improbable,
It may be so.

Sel. Nay, certain, sir, it is so :
And I believe your little body earns
After the same sport. You were once reported 340
A wag would have had business of engend'ring
With surly Mura's lady : and men may
Conjecture y'are no chaster than a vot'ry :
Yet, though she would not solace your desires,
There are as handsome ladies will be proud 345
To have your Grace inoculate their stocks
With your graft-royal.

Abr. Thou art Selinthus still,
And wilt not change thy humour. I must go
And find our Mura ; so farewell, Selinthus ;
Thou art not for these wars, I know. *Exit*

Sel. No, truly, 350
Nor yet for any other, 'less 't be on
A naked yielding enemy ; though there may
Be as hot service upon such a foe
As on those clad in steel : the little squadron
We civil men assault body to body, 355
Oft carry wild-fire about them privately,
That sings us i' th' service from the crown
Even to the sole, nay, sometimes hair and all off.
But these are transitory perils.

Enter Gaselles, Osman

Cousins,
I thought you had been dancing to the drum ; 360
Your General has given order for a march
This night, I can assure you.

Gas. It is, cousin,
Something of the soonest ; but we are prepar'd
At all times for the journey.

Sel. To-morrow morning
May serve the turn though. Hark you, cousins mine ; 365
If in this Persian war you chance to take a
Handsome she-captive, pray you be not unmindful
Of us your friends at home ; I will disburse
Her ransom, cousins, for I've a month's mind

To try if strange flesh, or that of our own country, 370
Has the completer relish.

Os. We will accomplish
Thy pleasure, noble cousin.

Sel. But pray do not
Take the first say of her yourselves. I do not
Love to walk after any of my kindred
I' th' path of copulation.

Gas. The first fruits 375
Shall be thy own, dear coz. But shall we part
(Never perhaps to meet again) with dry
Lips, my right honour'd coz ?

Sel By no means,
Though by the Alkoran wine be forbidden,
You soldiers, in that case, make't not your faith. 380
Drink water in the camp, when you can purchase
No other liquor ; here you shall have plenty
Of wine, old and delicious. I'll be your leader,
And bring you on, let who will bring you off.
To the encounter, come, let us march, cousins. 385

Exeunt omnes

SONG

SCENA SECUNDA

[*A Room in the House of Mura*]

Enter Abilqualit, Caropia, and Mesithes, Perilinda

Car. No more, my gracious lord, where real love is,
Needless are all expressions ceremonious :
The amorous turtles, that at first acquaintance
Strive to express in murmuring notes their loves,
Do when agreed on their affections change 5
Their chirps to billing.

Abil. And in feather'd arms
Incompass mutually their gaudy necks.

[*Embracing Caropia*]

Mes. How do you like
These love tricks, Perilinda ?

Per. Very well ;
But one may sooner hope from a dead man 10
To receive kindness, than from thee, an eunuch.

You are the coldest creatures in the bodies ;
No snow-balls like you.

Mes. We must needs, who have not
That which like fire should warm our constitutions,
The instruments of copulation, girl, 15
Our toys to please the ladies.

Abil. Caropia, in your well-becoming pity
Of my extreme afflictions and stern sufferings
You've shown that excellent mercy as must render
Whatever action you can fix on virtuous. 20
But, lady, I till now have been your tempter,
One that desir'd, hearing the brave resistance
You made my brother when he woo'd your love,
Only to boast the glory of a conquest
Which seem'd impossible ; now I have gain'd it, 25
By being vanquisher I myself am vanquish'd,
Your everlasting captive.

Car. Then the thralldom
Will be as prosperous as the pleasing bondage
Of palms that flourish most when bow'd down fastest.
Constraint makes sweet and easy things laborious, 30
When love makes greatest miseries seem pleasures.
Yet 'twas ambition, sir, join'd with affection,
That gave me up a spoil to your temptations.
I was resolv'd if ever I did make
A breach on matrimonial faith, 't should be 35
With him that was the darling of kind Fortune
As well as liberal Nature, who possess'd
The height of greatness to adorn his beauty ;
Which since they both conspire to make you happy,
I thought 'twould be a greater sin to suffer 40
Your hopeful person, born to sway this Empire,
In love's hot flames to languish by refusal
To a consuming fever than t' infringe
A vow which ne'er proceeded from my heart
When I unwillingly made it.

Abil. And may break it 45
With confidence, secure from the least guilt,
As if't had only in an idle dream
Been by your fancy plighted. Madam, there
Can be no greater misery in love
Than separation from the object which 50
We affect ; and such is our misfortune, we

Must i' th' infancy of our desires
 Breathe at unwelcome distance ; i' th' meantime
 Let's make good use of the most precious minutes
 We have to spend together.

Car. Else we were

55

Unworthy to be titled lovers ; but
 I fear loath'd Mura may with swift approach
 Disturb our happiness.

Abil. By my command

He's must'ring up our forces. Yet, Mesithes,
 Go you to Abrahen, and with intimations
 From us, strengthen our charge. Come, my Caropia,
 Love's wars are harmless, for whoe'er does yield
 Gains as much honour as who wins the field.

60

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA I

[*Another Room in the House of Mura*]

*Enter Abilqualit and Caropia, as rising from bed ; Abrahen without,
 Perilinda*

Abr. [without]. Open the door ! I must and will have
 entrance

Unto the Prince, my brother. As you love
 Your life and safety and that lady's honour,
 Whom you are lodg'd in amorous twines with, do not
 Deny me entrance to you. I am Abrahen,
 Your loyal brother Abrahen.

5

Abil. 'Tis his voice,

And there can be no danger in't, Caropia.
 Be not dismay'd, though we're to him discover'd.
 Your fame shall taste no blemish by't. [*Enter Abrahen*]

Now, brother,

'Tis something rude in you thus violently
 To press upon our privacies.

10

Abr. My affection

Shall be my advocate, and plead my care
 Of your lov'd welfare ; as you love your honour,
 Haste from this place, or you'll betray the lady
 To ruin most inevitable. Her husband
 Has notice of your being here, and's coming

15

On wings of jealousy and desperate rage
 To intercept you in your close delights.
 In brief, I overheard a trusty servant
 Of his i' th' camp come and declare your Highness 20
 Was private with Caropia ; at which tidings
 The sea with greater haste when vex'd with tempests,
 Sudden and boisterous, flies not towards the shore,
 Than he intended homewards. He by this
 Needs must have gain'd the city ; for with all my power 25
 I hasted hitherward, that by your absence
 You might prevent his view of you.

Abil.

Why ? The slave

Dare not invade my person, had he found me
 In fair Caropia's arms : 'twould be ignoble,
 Now I have caus'd her danger, should I not 30
 Defend her from his violence. I'll stay
 Though he come arm'd with thunder.

Abr.

That will be

A certain means to ruin her : to me
 [Commit] that cure, I'll stand between the lady
 And Mura's fury, when your very sight, 35
 Giving fresh fire to th' injury, will incense him
 Against her beyond all patience.

Car.

Nay, besides,

His violent wrath, breaking through his allegiance,
 May riot on your person. Dear my lord,
 Withdraw yourself ; there may be some excuse, 40
 When you are absent, thought on to take off
 Mura's suspicion : by our loves, depart,
 I do beseech you. Hapless I was born
 To be most miserable.

Abil.

You shall overrule me.

Better it is for him with unhallowed hands 45
 To act a sacrilege on our Prophet's tomb
 Than to profane this purity with the least
 Offer of injury : be careful, Abrahen,
 To thee I leave my heart. Farewell, Caropia,
 Your tears enforce my absence. *Exit Abilqualit*

Abr.

Pray haste, my lord, 50

Lest you should meet the enrag'd Mura. Now, madam,
 Where are the boasted glories of that virtue,
 Which like a faithful fort withstood my batt'ries ?
 Demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear,

Like a fair building totter'd from its base 55
 By an unruly whirlwind, and are now
 Instead of love the objects of my pity.

Car. I'm bound to thank you, sir ; yet credit me,
 My sin's so pleasing 't cannot meet repentance.
 Were Mura here, and arm'd with all the horrors 60
 Rage could invest his powers with, not forgiven
 Hermits with greater peace shall haste to death,
 Than I to be the martyr of this cause,
 Which I so love and reverence.

Abr. 'Tis a noble
 And well-becoming constancy, and merits 65
 A lover of those supreme eminent graces,
 That do like full winds swell the glorious sails
 Of Abilqualit's dignity and beauty !
 Yet, madam, let me tell you, though I could not
 Envy my brother's happiness, if he 70
 Could have enjoy'd your priceless love with safety
 Free from discovery, I am afflicted
 Beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth
 Which with as true a zeal, courted your love,
 Should appear so contemptible to receive 75
 A killing scorn from you : yet I forgive you,
 And do so much respect your peace, I wish
 You had not sinn'd so carelessly to be
 Betray'd i' th' first fruitions of your wishes
 To your suspicious husband.

Car. 'Tis a fate, sir, 80
 Which I must stand, though it come dress'd in flames,
 Killing as circular fire, and as prodigious
 As death-presaging comets : there's that strength
 In love, can change the pitchy face of dangers
 To pleasing forms, make ghastly fears seem beauteous. 85
 And I'm resolv'd, since the sweet Prince is free
 From Mura's anger which might have been fatal
 If he should here have found him, irresistible
 I dare his utmost fury.

Abr. 'Twill bring death with't,
 Sure as stifling damp ; and 'twere much pity 90
 So sweet a beauty should unpitied fall,
 Betray'd to endless infamy ; your husband
 Knows only that my brother in your chamber
 Was entertained ; the servant that betray'd you,

Curse on his diligence ! could not affirm 95
 He saw you twin'd together : yet it is
 Death by the law, you know, for any lady
 At such an hour, and in her husband's absence,
 To entertain a stranger.

Car. 'Tis considered, sir ;
 And since I cannot live to enjoy his love, 100
 I'll meet my death as willingly as I
 Met Abilqualit's dear embraces.

Abr. That
 Were too severe a cruelty. Live, Caropia,
 Till the kind destinies take the loath'd Mura
 To their eternal mansions, till he fall 105
 Either in war a sacrifice to Fortune,
 Or else by stratagem take his destruction
 From angry Abilqualit, whose fair Empress
 You were created for : there is a mean yet
 To save th' opinion of your honour spotless 110
 As that of virgin innocence, nay, to preserve
 (Though he doth know, as certainly he must do,
 My brother have enjoy'd thee), thee still precious
 In his deluding fancy.

Car. Let me adore you
 If you can give effect to your good purpose : 115
 But 'tis impossible.

Abr. With as secure an ease
 'T shall be accomplish'd as the blest desires
 Of uncross'd lovers ; you shall with one breath
 Dissolve these mists that with contagious darkness
 Threaten the lights both of your life and honour. 120
 Affirm my brother ravish'd you.

Car. How, my lord !

Abr. Obtained by violence entry into your chamber,
 Where his big lust, seconded by force,
 Despite of yours and your maid's weak resistance
 Surpris'd your honour ; when't shall come to question, 125
 My brother cannot so put off the truth,
 He owes his own affection and your whiteness,
 But to acknowledge it a rape.

Car. And so
 By saving mine, betray his fame and safety
 To the law's danger and your father's justice, 130
 Which with impartial doom will most severely
 Sentence the Prince, although his son.

Abr.

Your fears

And too affectionate tenderness will ruin

All that my care has builded.—[*Aside*] Sure, Mesithes

Has (as my charge enjoin'd him) made relation

To him of Abilqualit's action.—[*Enter Mura*] See your
husband!

135

Resolve on't, or y'are miserable.

Mur.

Furies!

Where is this lustful prince, and this lascivious

Strumpet? Ha, Abrahen here!

Abr.

Good cousin Mura,

Be not so passionate, it is your Prince

Has wrought your injury; resolve to bear

Your crosses like a man: the great'st afflictions

Should have the greatest fortitude in their suff'rings

From minds resolv'd and noble. 'Las poor lady!

'Twas not her fault; his too unruly lust

'Tis, has destroy'd her purity.

140

145

Mur.

Ha, in tears!

Are these the livery of your fears and penitence,

Or of your sorrows, minion, for being robb'd

So soon of your adulterer?

Abr.

Fie, your passion

Is too unmannerly; you look upon her

With eyes of rage, when you with grief and pity

Ought to survey her innocence. My brother,

Degenerate as he is from worth, and merely

The beast of lust, what fiends would fear to violate

Has with rude insolence destroyed, her honour,

By him inhuman ravished.

150

155

Car.

Good sir, be

So merciful as to set free a wretch

From loath'd mortality, whose life's so great

And hateful burden now sh'as lost her honour;

'Twill be a friendly charity to deliver

Her from the torment of it.

160

Mur.

That I could

Contract the soul of universal rage

Into this swelling heart, that it might be

As full of poisonous anger as a dragon's

When in a toil ensnar'd. Caropia ravished!

Methinks the horror of the sound should fright

To everlasting ruin the whole world,

165

Start Nature's Genius.

Abr. Gentle madam, pray
Withdraw yourself ; your sight, till I have wrought
A cure upon his temper, will but add 170
To his affliction.

Car. You're as my good angel ;
I'll follow your directions. *Exit*

Abr. Cousin Mura,
I thought a person of your masculine temper,
In dangers foster'd, where perpetual terrors
Have been your playfellows, would not have resented 175
With such effeminate passion a disgrace,
Though ne'er so huge and hideous.

Mur. I am tame,
Collected now in all my faculties,
Which are so much oppress'd with injuries,
They've lost the anguish of them ; can you think, sir, 180
When all the winds fight, the enrag'd billows
That use to imprint on the black lips of clouds
A thousand briny kisses, can lie still
As in a lethargy ; that when baths of oil
Are pour'd upon the wild, irregular flames 185
In populous cities, that they'll then extinguish ?
Your mitigations add but seas to seas,
Give matter to my fires to increase their burning,
And I ere long enlighten'd by my anger
Shall be my own pile, and consume to ashes. 190

Abr. Why, then I see indeed your injuries
Have ravished hence your reason and discourse,
And left you the mere prostitute of passion.
Can you repair the ruins you lament so
With these exclaims ? Was ever dead man call'd 195
To life again by fruitful sighs, or can
Your rage re-edify Caropia's honour,
Slain and betray'd by his foul lust ? Your manhood,
That heretofore has thrown you on all dangers,
Methinks should prompt you to a noble vengeance, 200
Which you may safely prosecute with justice ;
To which this crime, although he be a Prince,
Renders him liable.

Mur. Yes, I'll have justice ;
Or I'll awake the sleepy deities,
Or like the ambitious giants wage new wars 205

With heaven itself ; my wrongs shall steel my courage ;
 And on this vicious Prince, like a fierce sea-breach,
 My just-wak'd rage shall riot till it sink
 In the remorseless eddy, sink where Time
 Shall never find his name but with disgrace 210
 To taint his hateful memory.

Abr. This wildness
 Neither befits your wisdom nor your courage,
 Which should with settled and collected thoughts,
 Walk on to noble vengeance. He before
 Was by our plots proscrib'd to death and ruin 215
 To advance me to the Empire ; now with ease
 We may accomplish our designs.

Mur. Would heaven
 I ne'er had given consent, o'ercome by love
 To you, to have made a forfeit on my allegiance ;
 'Tis a just punishment, I by him am wrong'd, 220
 Whom, for your sake, I fearless sought to ruin.

Abr. Are you repentant grown, Mura ? This softness
 Ill suits a person of your great resolves,
 On whom my fortunes have such firm dependence.
 Come, let Caropia's fate invoke thy vengeance 225
 To gain full mast'ry o'er all other passions ;
 Leave not a corner in thy spacious heart
 Unfurnish'd of a noble rage, which now
 Will be an attribute of glorious justice :
 The law, you know, with loss of sight doth punish 230
 All rapes, though on mean persons ; and our father
 Is so severe a justicer, not blood
 Can make a breach upon his faith to justice.
 Besides we have already made him dangerous
 In great Almanzor's thoughts, and being delinquent, 235
 He needs must suffer what the meanest offender
 Merits for such a trespass.

Mur. I'm awake now ;
 The lethargy of horror and amaze
 That did obscure my reason, like those dull
 And lazy vapours that o'ershade the sun, 240
 Vanish, and it resumes its native brightness.
 And now I would not but this devil Prince
 Had done this act upon Caropia's whiteness,
 Since't yields you free access unto the empire ;
 The deprival of's sight does render him incapable 245
 Of future sovereignty.

My peerless mistress' health ? Soldier, thou'rt mortal,
If thou refuse it.

Gas. Come, come, he shall pledge it,
And 'twere a ton. Why, we're all as dull
As dormice in our liquor. Here's a health
To the Prince Abilqualit.

Soldier. Let go round ! 10
I'd drink't, were it an ocean of warm blood
Flowing from th' enemy. Pray, good my lord,
What news is stirring ?

Sel. It should seem, soldier,
Thou canst not read ; otherwise the learn'd pamphlets
That fly about the streets, would satisfy 15
Thy curiosity with news ; they're true ones,
Full of discreet intelligence.

Os. Cousins, shall's have a song ? Here is a soldier
In's time hath sung a dirge unto the foe
Oft in the field.

Soldier. Captain, I have a new one, 20
The 'Soldier's Joy' 'tis call'd.

Sel. That is an harlot ;
Prithee be musical, and let us taste
The sweetness of thy voice. *A song*

Gas. Whist, give attention !

Soldier. How does your lordship like it ?

Sel. Very well,
And so here's to thee ! There's no drum beats yet, 25
And 'tis clear day ; some hour hence 'twill be
Time to break up the watch. *Enter Abrahen, Mesithes*
Ha, young Lord Abrahen,
And trim Mesithes with him ! What the devil
Does he make up so early ? He has been
A bat-fowling all night after those birds, 30
Those lady-birds term'd wagtails. What strange business
Can he have here, trow ?

Abr. 'Twas well done, Mesithes !
And trust me, I shall find an apt reward,
Both for thy care and cunning. Prithee haste
To Lord Simanthes, and deliver this 35
Note to him with best diligence, my dear eunuch ;
Thou'rt half the soul of Abrahen.

Mes. I was born
To be intituled your most humble vassal ;

I'll haste to the Lord Simanthes.

Exit

Sel.

How he cringes !

These youths that want the instruments of manhood
Are very supple in the hams.

40

Abr.

Good morrow

To noble Lord Selinthus. What companions
Have you got here thus early ?

Sel.

Blades of metal,

Tall men of war, and't please your Grace, of my
Own blood and family, men who [have] gather'd
A salad on the enemy's ground, and eaten it
In bold defiance of him ;

45

And not a soldier here but's an Achilles,
Valiant as stoutest Myrmidon.

Abr.

And they

Never had juster cause to show their valour ;
The Prince, my dearest brother, their Lord General's
Become a forfeit to the stern law's rigour ;
And 'tis imagin'd our impartial father
Will sentence him to lose his eyes.

50

Gas.

Marry, Heaven

Defend ! For what, and't like your Grace ?

Abr.

For a fact 55

Which the severe law punishes with loss
Of nature's precious lights, my tears will scarce
Permit me utter't, for a rape committed
On the fair wife of Mura.

Os. Was it for nothing else, and please your Grace ?

60

Ere he shall lose an eye for such a trifle,
Or have a hair diminish'd, we will lose
Our heads ; what, hoodwink men like sullen hawks
For doing deeds of nature ! I'm asham'd
The law is such an ass.

Sel.

Some eunuch judge,

65

That could not be acquainted with the sweets
Due to concupiscential parts, invented
This law, I'll be hang'd else ! 'Slife, a prince,
And such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes,
For satisfying the hunger of the stomach
Beneath the waist, is cruelty prodigious,
Not to be suffer'd in a commonwealth
Of ought but geldings.

70

Abr.

'Tis vain to soothe

Our hopes with these delusions ; he will suffer,
 Less he be rescued. I would have you, therefore, 75
 If you owe any service to the Prince,
 My much lamented brother, to attend
 Without least tumult 'bout the Court, and if
 There be necessity of your aid, I'll give you
 Notice when to employ it.

Sel. Sweet Prince, we'll swim 80
 In blood to do thee or thy brother service :
 Each man provide their weapons.

Abr. You will win
 My brother's love for ever ; nay, my father,
 Though he'll seem angry to behold his justice
 Deluded, afterwards when his rage is past, 85
 Will thank you for your loyalties. Pray be there
 With all speed possible ; by this my brother's
 Commanded 'fore my father. I'll go learn
 The truth, and give you notice ; pray be secret
 And firm to your resolves. *Exit*

Sel. For him that flinches 90
 In such a cause, I'll have no more mercy on him.

Enter Tarifa and Mura

Here's Tarifa,
 The Prince's sometimes tutor, Mura with him,
 A-walking towards the Court ; let's take no notice
 Of them, lest they discover our intentions 95
 By our grim looks. March fair and softly, cousins,
 We'll be at Court before them.

[Exeunt Selinthus, Gaselles, Osman and Soldiers]

Tar. You will not do this, Mura !

Mur. How, Tarifa ?
 Will you defend him in an act so impious ?
 Is't fit the drum should cease his surly language 100
 When the bold soldier marches, or that I
 Should pass o'er this affront in quiet silence,
 Which gods and men invoke to speedy vengeance ?
 Which I will have, or manhood shall be tame
 As cowardice.

Tar. It was a deed so barbarous, 105
 That truth itself blushes as well as justice
 To hear it mention'd : but consider, Mura,
 He is our Prince, the Empire's hope, and pillar

Of great Almanzor's age. How far a public
 Regard should be preferr'd before your private 110
 Desire of vengeance ! which if you do purchase
 From our impartial Emperor's equity,
 His loss of sight, and so of the succession,
 Will not restore Caropia to the honour
 He ravish'd from her. But so foul the cause is, 115
 I rather should lament the Prince's folly
 Than plead in his behalf.

Mur. 'Tis but vain ;
 There is your warrant, as you are High Marshal,
 To summon him to make his speedy appearance
 'Fore the tribunal of Almanzor ; so pray 120
 You execute your office. *Exit*

Tar. How one vice
 Can like a small cloud when 't breaks forth in showers,
 Black the whole heaven of virtues !

*Enter Abilqualit [with] Mutes, whispering, seem to make
 protestations. Exeunt [Mutes]*

O my lord,
 That face of yours which once with angel brightness
 Cheer'd my faint sight, like a grim apparition 125
 Frights it with ghastly terror : you have done
 A deed that startles virtue till it shakes
 As it got a palsy. I'm commanded
 To summon you before your father, and
 Hope you'll obey his mandate.

Abil. Willingly ! 130
 What's my offence, Tarifa ?

Tar. Would you knew not !
 I did presage your too unruly passions
 Would hurry you to some disastrous act,
 But ne'er imagin'd you'd have been so lost
 To masculine honour to commit a rape 135
 On that unhappy object of your love,
 Whom now y've made the spoil of your foul lust,
 The much wrong'd wife of Mura.

Abil. Why, does Mura
 Charge me with his Caropia's rape ?

Tar. This warrant,
 Sent by your angry father, testifies 140
 He means to appeach you of it.

Abil. [*aside*] 'Tis my fortune,
 All natural motions when they approach their end,
 Haste to draw to't with [un]accustom'd swiftness.
 Rivers with greedier speed run near their out-falls
 Than at their springs. But I'm resolv'd, let what 145
 Happen that will, I'll stand it, and defend
 Caropia's honour, though mine own I ruin ;
 Who dares not die to justify his love,
 Deserves not to enjoy her. Come, Tarifa,
 Whate'er befall, I'm resolute. He dies 150
 Glorious, that falls Love's innocent sacrifice. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]*Enter Almanzor, Abilqualit, Tarifa, and Mura*

Alm. No more, Tarifa ; you'll provoke our anger
 If you appear in this cause so solicitous ;
 The act is too apparent : nor shall you
 Need, injur'd Mura, to implore our justice,
 Which with impartial doom shall fall on him 5
 More rigorously than on a strange offender.
 O Abilqualit, (for the name of son,
 When thou forsook'st thy native virtue, left thee ;)
 Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortune's glories
 Of no more value than to be expos'd 10
 To ruin for one vice ; at whose name only
 The Furies start, and bashful-fronted Justice
 Hides her amaz'd head ? But it is now bootless
 To show a father's pity in my grief
 For thy amiss. As I'm to be thy judge, 15
 Be resolute I'll take as little notice
 Thou art my offspring, as the wandering clouds
 Do of the showers, which when they've bred to ripeness,
 They straight disperse through the vast earth forgotten.
Abil. I'm sorry, sir, that my unhappy chance 20
 Should draw your anger on me ; my long silence
 Declares I have on that excelling sweetness,
 That unexampled pattern of chaste goodness,
 Caropia, acted violence. I confess

I lov'd the lady, and when no persuasions
 Serv'd to prevail on her too stubborn, incens'd,
 By force I sought my purpose and obtain'd it;
 Nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetness
 Of that unvalued purchase) find repentance
 In any abject thought; whate'er falls on me
 From your stern rigour in a cause so precious,
 Will be a pleasing punishment.

Alm.

You are grown

A glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus
 The awful rod of justice! Lost young man,
 For thou'rt no child of mine, dost not consider
 To what a state of desperate destruction
 Thy wild lust has betray'd thee? What rich blessings
 (That I may make thee sensible of thy sins
 By showing thee thy suffering) hast thou lost
 By thy irregular folly! First my love,
 Which never more must meet thee, scarce in pity;
 The glory flowing from thy former actions
 Stopp'd up for ever; and those lustful eyes
 (By whose deprival thou'rt depriv'd of being
 Capable of this Empire) to the law,
 Which will exact them, forfeited. Call in there
 A surgeon and our Mutes to execute this act

Enter Surgeon, Mutes

Of justice on the unworthy traitor, upon whom
 My just wak'd wrath shall have no more compassion
 Than the incens'd flames have on perishing wretches
 That wilfully leap into them.

Tar.

O my Lord,

That which on others would be fitting justice,
 On him your hopeful, though offending, son,
 Will be exemplar cruelty; his youth, sir,
 That hath abounded with so many virtues,
 Is an excuse sufficient for one vice:
 He is not yours only, he's your Empire's,
 Destin'd by nature and succession's privilege,
 When you in peace are shrouded in your marble,
 To wield this sceptre after you. O do not,
 By putting out his eyes deprive your subjects
 Of light, and leave them to dull mournful darkness.

Alm. 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.

C.D.W.

L L

If those on which his eyes hang were my heart-strings,
 I'd cut them out rather than wound my justice : 65
 Nor does't befit thy virtue intercede
 For him in this cause horrid and prodigious :
 The crime 'gainst me was acted ; 'twas a rape
 Upon my honour more than on her whiteness ;
 His was from mine derivative, as each stream 70
 Is from its spring ; so that he has polluted
 By his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my goodness ;
 Struck through my dignity by his violence ;
 Nay, started in their peaceful urns the ashes
 Of all my glorious ancestors ; defil'd 75
 The memory of their still descendent virtues ;
 Nay with a killing frost nipp'd the fair blossoms
 That did presage such goodly fruit arising
 From his own hopeful youth.

Mur. I ask but justice ;
 Those eyes that led him to unlawful objects, 80
 'Tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindness ;
 The Sun himself, when he darts rays lascivious,
 Such as engender by too piercing fervence
 Intemperate and infectious heats, straight wears
 Obscurity from the clouds his own beams raises. 85
 I have been your soldier, sir, and fought your battles ;
 For all my services I beg but justice,
 Which is the subject's best prerogative,
 The prince's greatest attribute ; and for a fact,
 Than which none can be held more black and hideous, 90
 Which has betray'd to an eclipse the brightest
 Star in th' heaven of virtues : the just law
 Does for't ordain a punishment, which I hope
 You, the law's righteous guider, will according
 To equity see executed.

Tar. Why, that law 95
 Was only made for common malefactors,
 But has no force to extend unto the Prince,
 To whom the law itself must become subject.
 This hopeful Prince, look on him, great Almanzor ;
 And in his eyes (those volumes of all graces, 100
 Which you like erring meteors would extinguish)
 Read your own lively figure, the best story
 Of your youth's noblest vigour ; let not wrath, sir,
 O'ercome your piety, nay, your human pity.

'Tis in your breast, my lord, yet to show mercy,
 That precious attribute of heaven's true goodness,
 Even to yourself, your son ! Methinks that name
 Should have a power to interdict your justice
 In its too rigorous progress.

Abil.

Dear Tarifa,

I'm more afflicted at th[y] intercessions
 Than at the view of my approaching torments,
 Which I will meet with fortitude and boldness ;
 'Twere base to shake now at one personal danger,
 When I've encounter'd thousand perils fearless ;
 Nor do I blame my gracious father's justice,
 Though it precede his nature. I'd not have him
 (For my sake) forfeit that for which he's famous,
 His uncorrupted equity ; nor repine
 I at my destiny ; my eyes have had
 Delights sufficient in Caropia's beauties,
 To serve my thoughts for after contemplations ;
 Nor can I ever covet a new object,
 Since they can ne'er hope to encounter any
 Of equal worth and sweetness.

[*Aside to Tarifa*] Yet hark, Tarifa, to thy secrecy
 I will impart my dearest, inmost counsels :
 If I should perish, as 'tis probable
 I may, under the hands of these tormentors,
 Thou mayst unto succession show my innocence ;
 Caropia yielded without least constraint,
 And I enjoy'd her freely.

Tar.

How, my lord !

Abil. No words on't,

As you respect my honour ! I'd not lose
 The glory I shall gain by these my sufferings ;
 Come, grim furies,
 And execute your office ; I will stand you,
 Unmov'd as hills at whirlwinds, and amidst
 The torments you inflict retain my courage.

Alm. Be speedy, villains !

[*The Mutes seize Abilqualit*]

Tar.

O stay your cruel hands,

You dumb ministers of injur'd justice,
 And let me speak his innocence ere you further
 Afflict his precious eye-sight.

Alm. What does this mean, Tarifa ?

Tar.

O my lord,

The too much bravery of the Prince's spirit
 'Tis has undone his fame, and pull'd upon him
 This fatal punishment; 'twas but to save
 The lady's honour that he has assum'd
 Her rape upon him, when with her consent
 The deed of shame was acted.

145

Mur.

'Tis his fears

Makes him traduce her innocence; he who did not
 Stick to commit a riot on her person,
 Can make no conscience to destroy her fame
 By his untrue suggestions.

150

Alm.

'Tis a baseness

Beyond thy other villany (had she yielded)
 Thus to betray, for transitory torture,
 Her honour, which thou wert engag'd to safeguard
 Even with thy life. A son of mine could never
 Show this ignoble cowardice: proceed
 To execution, I'll not hear him speak;
 He is made up of treacheries and falsehoods.

155

Tar. Will you then

Be to the Prince so tyrannous? Why, to me
 Just now he did confess his only motive
 To undergo this torment was to save
 Caropia's honour blameless.

160

Abil.

I am more

Troubled, sir, with his untimely frenzy
 Than with my punishment; his too much love
 To me has spoil'd his temperate reason. I
 Confess Caropia yielded! Not the light
 Is half so innocent as her spotless virtue.

165

[*Aside to Tarifa*] 'Twas not well done, Tarifa, to betray
 The secret of your friend thus; though she yielded,
 The terror of ten thousand deaths shall never
 Force me to confess it.

170

Tar.

Again, my lord, even now

He does confess she yielded, and protests
 That death shall never make him say she's guilty:
 The breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.

175

Abil.

Hapless man,

To run into this lunacy! [*Aside to Tarifa*] Fie, Tarifa,
 So treacherous to your friend!

Tar.

Again, again!

Will no man give me credit ?

180

Enter Abrahen

Abr. Where is our royal father ? Where our brother ?

As you respect your life and Empire's safety,

Dismiss these tyrannous instruments of death

And cruelty unexemplified. O brother,

That I should ever live to enjoy my eyesight,

185

And see one half of your dear lights endanger'd.

My lord, you've done an act which my just fears

Tells me will shake your sceptre ! O for heaven's sake,

Look to your future safety ; the rough soldier

Hearing their much-lov'd General, my good brother,

190

Was by the law betray'd to some sad danger,

Have in their piety beset the palace.

Think on some means to appease them, ere their fury

Grow to its full unbridled height ; they threaten

Your life, great sir : pray send my brother to them ;

195

His sight can only pacify them.

Alm. [*To Abilqualit*]

Have you your champions ?

We will prevent their insolence ; you shall not

Boast you have got the Empire by our ruin :

Mutes, strangle him immediately !

Abr.

Avert

Such a prodigious mischief, heaven ! Hark, hark !

200

[*Cries without*] Enter, Enter.

[*Abr.*] They're enter'd into th' Court ; [*to the Mutes*] desist,
you monsters !

My life shall stand betwixt his and this violence,

Or I with him will perish. [*Calling to those without*].

Faithful soldiers,

Haste to defend your Prince, curse on your slowness !

[*Abilqualit falls.*]

[*Aside*] He's dead ; my father's turn is next.—O horror, 205

Would I might sink into forgetfulness !

What has your fury urg'd you to ?

Alm.

To that

Which whoso murmurs at, is a faithless traitor

To our tranquillity. [*Enter Simanthes*]. Now, sir, your
business ?

Sim. My lord, the city

210

Is up in arms in rescue of the Prince ;

The whole Court throngs with soldiers.

Alm. 'Twas high time
 To cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage
 Through our very bowels to our Empire.
 Nay, we will stand their furies, and with terror 215
 Of majesty strike dead these insurrections.

Enter [Osman and] Soldiers

Traitors, what means this violence ?

Abr. O, dear soldiers,
 Your honest love's in vain ; my brother's dead,
 Strangled by great Almanzor's dire command
 Ere your arrival. [*Aside*] I do hope they'll kill him 220
 In their hot zeal.

Alm. Why do you stare so, traitors ?
 'Twas I, your Emp'ror, that have done this act,
 Which who repines at, treads the self-same steps
 Of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us,
 We'd be alone. No motion ? Are you statues ? 225
 Stay you, Tarifa, here. For your part, Mura,
 You cannot now complain but you have justice ;
 So quit our presence.

Os. Faces about, gentlemen !

Exeunt [Osman and Soldiers]

Abr. [aside to Simanthes] It has happen'd
 Above our wishes, we shall have no need now 230
 To employ your handkercher. Yet give it me.
 You're sure 'tis right, Simanthes ?

*[Drops the handkerchief on Abilqualit's body
 and exit with Mutes, Simanthes, and Mura]*

Alm. Tarifa,
 I know the love thou bear'st Prince Abilqualit
 Makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the foam
 Of angry dragons. Speak thy free intentions ; 235
 Deserv'd he not this fate ?

Tar. No ; you're a tyrant,
 One that delights to feed on your own bowels,
 And were not worthy of a son so virtuous. [*Kneeling*]
 Now you have ta'en his, add to your injustice
 And take Tarifa's life, who in his death, 240
 Should it come flying on the wings of torments,
 Would speak it out as an apparent truth
 The Prince to me declar'd his innocence,
 And that Caropia yielded.

Alm.

Rise, Tarifa ;

We do command thee rise. A sudden chillness,
Such as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
Thrills our ag'd heart. I'll not have thee engross
Sorrow alone for Abilqualit's death ;

I lov'd the boy well, and though his ambition
And popularity did make him dangerous,
I do repent my fury, and will vie
With thee in sorrow. How he makes death lovely !
Shall we fix here, and weep till we be statues ?

Tar. Till we grow stiff as the cold alabasters
Must be erected over us. Your rashness
Has robb'd the Empire of the greatest hope
It ere shall boast again. Would I were ashes !

Alm. He breathes, methinks ; the over-hasty soul
Was too discourteous to forsake so fair
A lodging, without taking solemn leave
First of the owner. Ha, his handkercher !
Thou'rt lib'ral to thy father even in death,
Leav'st him a legacy to dry his tears,
Which are too slow ; they should create a deluge.

O my dear Abilqualit ! [Falling on the body] 265

Tar.

You exceed now

As much in grief as you did then in rage :
One drop of this pious paternal softness
Had ransom'd him from ruin. Dear sir, rise ;
My grief's divided, and I know not whether
I should lament you living, or him dead.
Good sir, erect your looks. Not stir ? His sorrow
Makes him insensible. Ha, there's no motion
Left in his vital spirits ; the excess
Of grief has stifled up his pow'rs, and crack'd,
I fear, his ag'd heart's cordage. Help, the Emperor,
The Emperor's dead ! Help, help !

[Enter] Abrahen, Simanthes, Mesithes, Mutes

Abr.

What dismal outcry's this ?

Our royal father dead !

[Aside] The handkercher has wrought, I see.

Tar.

Yes, his big heart

Vanquish'd with sorrow, that in's violent rage
He doom'd his much-lov'd son to timeless death,
Could not endure longer on its weak strings,

But crack'd with weight of sorrow. Their two spirits
 By this are met in their delightful passage
 To the blest shades ; we in our tears are bound
 To call you our dread Sovereign.

Omnes.

Long live Abrahen, 285

Great Caliph of Arabia !

Abr.

'Tis a title

We cannot covet, lords ; it comes attended
 With so great cares and troubles that our youth
 Starts at the thought of them, even in our sorrows
 Which are so mighty on us ; our weak spirits 290
 Are ready to relinquish the possession
 They've of mortality, and take swift flight
 After our royal friends. Simanthes, be it
 Your charge to see all fitting preparation
 Provided for the funerals. 295

Enter Selinthus

Sel. Where's great Almanzor ?

Abr.

O, Selinthus, this

Day is the hour of funeral's grief ; for his
 Cruelty to my brother has translated him
 To immortality.

Sel.

He'll have attendants

To wait on him to our great Prophet's paradise, 300
 Ere he be ready for his grave. The soldiers,
 All mad with rage for the Prince's slaughter,
 Have vow'd by all oaths soldiers can invent
 (And that's no small store) with death and destruction
 To pursue sullen Mura.

Abr.

Tarifa,

305

Use your authority to keep their violence
 In due obedience. We're so fraught with grief,
 We have no room for any other passion
 In our distracted bosom. Take these royal bodies
 And place them on that couch ; here where they fell, 310
 They shall be embalm'd. Yet put them out of our sight,
 Their views draw fresh drops from our heart. Anon
 We'll show ourselves to cheer the afflicted subject.

A shout

Omnes. Long live Abrahen, great Caliph of Arabia !

Exeunt [all but Abrahen]

Abr. And who can say now Abrahen is a villain ? 315

I am saluted King with acclamations
 That deaf the heavens to hear, with as much joy
 As if I had achiev'd this sceptre by
 Means fair and virtuous. 'Twas this handkercher
 That did to death Almanzor, so infected 320

Its least, insensible, vapour has full power,
 Applied to th' eye or any other organ
 Can drink its poison in, to vanquish nature,
 Though ne'er so strong and youthful. 'Twas Simanthes
 Devis'd it for my brother, and my cunning 325
 Transferr'd it to Almanzor; 'tis no matter,

My worst impiety is held now religious.
 'Twixt kings and their inferiors there's this odds,
 These are mere men; we men, yet earthly gods. *Exit*

Abil. [rising]. 'Twas well the Mutes prov'd faithful,
 otherwise 330

I'd lost my breath with as much speed and silence
 As those who do expire in dreams, their health
 Seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely
 Consider'd of me, to prepare those sure
 Instruments of destruction: the suspicion 335

I had by Abrahen of my father's fears
 Of my unthought ambition, did instruct me
 By making them mine to secure my safety.
 Would the inhuman surgeon had ta'en these
 Blessed lights from me; that I had liv'd for ever 340

Doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather than
 Tarifa's fears had so appeach'd her honour.
 Well, villain brother, I have found that, by
 My seeming death, which by my life's best arts
 I ne'er should have had knowledge of. Dear father, 345

Though thou to me wert pitiless, my heart
 Weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus like
 A lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin,
 From its own stock descending. He has agents
 In his ungracious wickedness; Simanthes 350

He has discover'd. Were they multitudes
 As numerous as collected sands, and mighty
 In force as mischief, they should from my justice
 Meet their due punishment. Abrahen by this
 Is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted right 355
 When't shall appear I'm living, will reduce
 The people to my part; the army's mine,

Whither I must withdraw unseen ; the night
 Will best secure me. What a strange chimera
 Of thought possesses my dull brain ! Caropia,
 Thou hast a share in them ; Fate, to thy mercy
 I do commit myself ; who scapes the snare
 Once, has a certain caution to beware.

360

Exit

SCENA II

*[A Room in the House of Mura]**Enter Caropia and Perilinda*

Car. Your lord is not return'd yet ?

Per. No, good madam.

Pray do not thus torment yourself, the Prince
 (I warrant you) will have no injury
 By saving of your honour ; do you think
 His father will be so extreme outrageous
 For such a trifle as to force a woman
 With her good liking ?

5

Car. My ill-boding soul
 Beats with presages ominous. Would heaven
 I'd stood the hazard of my incens'd lord's fury
 Rather than he had run this imminent danger.
 Could you ne'er learn, which of the slaves it was
 Betray'd our close loves to loath'd Mura's notice ?

10

Per. No, indeed could I not ; but here's my lord ;
 Pray, madam, do not grieve so !

Enter Mura [exit Perilinda]

Mur. My Caropia,
 Dress up thy looks in their accusom'd beauties ;
 Call back the constant spring into thy cheeks,
 That droop like lovely violets o'ercharg'd
 With too much morning's dew ; shoot from thy eyes
 A thousand flames of joy. The lustful Prince,
 That like a foul thief robb'd thee of thy honour
 By his ungracious violence, has met
 His royal father's justice.

15

20

Car. Now my fears
 Carry too sure an augury ! You would fain
 Soothe me, my lord, out of my flood of sorrows ;

What reparation can that make my honour, 25
Though he have tasted punishment ?

Mur.

His life

Is fall'n the [off'ring] of thy chastity,
Which his hot lust polluted : nay, Caropia,
To save himself when he but felt the torment
Applied to his lascivious eyes, although 30
At first he did with impudence acknowledge
Thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue ;
Protested only 'twas to save thy honour
He took on him thy rape, when with consent
And not constrain'd, thou yielded'st to the looseness 35
Of his wild, vicious flames.

Car.

Could he be so

Unjust, my lord ?

Mur.

He was, and he has paid for't :

The malicious soldier, while he was a-losing
His eyes, made violent head to bring him rescue,
Which pull'd his ruin on him. But no more 40
Of such a prodigy ; may his black memory
Perish even with his ashes ! My Caropia,
The flourishing trees, widow'd by winter's violence
Of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expir'd once,
Put forth again with new and virgin freshness, 45
Their bushy beauties ; it should be thy emblem.
Display again those chaste, immaculate glories,
Which the harsh winter of his lust had wither'd ;
And I'll again be wedded to thy virtues,
With as much joy, as when thou first enrich'd me 50
With their pure maiden beauties. Thou art dull,
And dost not gratulate with happy welcomes
The triumphs of thy vengeance.

Car.

Are you sure, my lord,

The Prince is dead ?

Mur.

Pish, I beheld him breathless !

Take comfort, best Caropia, thy disgrace 55
Did with his loath'd breath vanish.

Car.

I could wish though,

That he had fall'n by your particular vengeance,
Rather than by th' law's rigour : you're a soldier
Of glory, great in war for brave performance ;
Methinks 't had been far nobler had you call'd him 60
To personal satisfaction : had I been

Your husband, you my wife, and ravish'd by him,
 My resolution would have arm'd my courage
 To 've stroke him thus. The dead Prince sends you that!

Stabs him

Mur. O, I am slain!

Car. Would it were possible 65
 To kill even thy eternity! Sweet Prince,
 How shall I satisfy thy unhappy ruins!
 Ha, not yet breathless? To increase thy anguish
 Even to despair, know Abilqualit was
 More dear to me than thy foul self was odious, 70
 And did enjoy me freely.

Mur. That I had
 But breath enough to blast thee.

Car. 'Twas his brother
 (Curse on his art!) seduc'd me to accuse
 Him of my rape. Do you groan, prodigy?
 Take this as my last bounty. *Stabs again*

Enter Perilinda

Per. O madam, madam, 75
 What shall we do? the house is round beset
 With soldiers; madam, they do swear they'll tear
 My lord, for the sweet Prince's death, in pieces.

Car. This hand has sav'd
 Their fury that just labour: yet I'll make 80
 Use of their malice. Help to convey him
 Into's chamber. [*They put Mura's body behind the arras*]

Enter Osman, Gaselles, Soldiers

Gas. Where is this villain, this traitor Mura?

Car. Heaven knows what violence
 Their fury may assault me with; be't death,
 'T shall be as welcome as sound healthful sleeps 85
 To men oppress'd with sickness. What's the matter?
 What means this outrage?

Os. Marry, lady gay,
 We're come to cut your little throat; pox on you,
 And all your sex; you've caus'd the noble Prince's
 Death; wildfire take you for't! We'll talk with you 90
 At better leisure: you must needs be ravished
 And could not, like an honest woman, take
 The courtesy in friendly sort!

Gas.

We trifle :

Her husband may escape us. Say, where is he ?

Or you shall die, ere you can pray.

Soldiers. [*discovering Mura's body*] Here, here !

95

I have found the villain ! What, do you sleep so soundly ?

Ne'er wake more. This for the Prince, you rogue !

Let's tear him piecemeal ! Do you take your death

In silence, dog !

Car. You appear endow'd with some humanity ;

100

You have ta'en his life ; let not your hate last after death :

Let me embalm his body with my tears,

Or kill me with him.

Os.

Now you've said the word,

We care not if we do.

[*Seizing Caropia*]*Enter Tarifa**Tar.*

Slaves, unhand

The lady ; who dares offer her least violence,

105

From this hand meets his punishment. Gaselles,

Osman, I thought you had been better temper'd

Than thus to raise up mutinies. In the name

Of Abrahen, our now Caliph, I command you

Desist from these rebellions practices,

110

And quietly retire into the camp,

And there expect his pleasure.

Gas.

Abrahen Caliph !

There is some hopes, then, we shall gain our pardons.

Long live great Abrahen ! Soldiers, slink away ;

Our vow is consummate.

Car. [*Throws herself on the body*] O my dear Lord !

115

Tar. Be gone !*Os.*

Yes, as quietly

As if we were in flight before the foe ;

The general pardon at the coronation

Will bring us off, I'm sure.

Tar.

Alas, good madam !

I'm sorry that these miseries have fall'n

120

With so much rigour on you ; pray take comfort :

Your husband prosecuted with too much violence

Prince Abilqualit's ruin.

Car.

It appear'd so !

What worlds of woe have hapless I given life to,

And yet survive them !

Tar. Do not with such fury 125
 Torment your innocent self. I'm sure the Emperor
 Abrahen will number 't 'mongst his greatest sorrows
 That he has lost your husband. I must give him
 Notice of these proceedings. Best peace keep you,
 And settle your distractions. [Exit Tarifa]

Car. Not until 130
 I'm settled in my peaceful urn. This is yet
 Some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of woes,
 That do overwhelm me for the Prince's death,
 That I reveng'd it safely ; though I prize
 My life at no more value than a foolish 135
 Ignorant Indian does a diamond,
 Which for a bead of jet or glass he changes :
 Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,
 More noble bravery, to take revenge
 For my Lord Abilqualit's timeless slaughter. 140
 I must use craft and mystery. Dissembling
 Is held the natural quality of our sex,
 Nor will't be hard to practise. This same Abrahen,
 That by his brother's ruin wields the sceptre,
 Whether out of his innocence or malice, 145
 'Twas that persuaded me to accuse him of
 My rape. The die is cast, I am resolv'd :
 To thee, my Abilqualit, I will come ;
 A death for love's no death, but martyrdom. *Exit*

ACTUS QUINTUS SCENA I

[*The Camp, outside the city*]

Enter Abilqualit, Selinthus, Gaselles, Osman, Soldiers, and Mutes

Abil. No more, good faithful soldiers : thank the powers
 Divine, has brought me back to you in safety.
 The traitorous practices against our life,
 And our dear father's, poison'd by our brother,
 We have discover'd, and shall take just vengeance 5
 On the unnatural parricide. Retire
 Into your tents, and peacefully expect
 The event of things ; you, Osman and Gaselles,
 Shall into th' city with me.

Os.

We will march

Through the world with thee, dear Sovereign,
Great Abilqualit. 10

Abil. Selinthus,

Give you our dear Tarifa speedy notice
We are again among the living ; pray him
To let our loyal subjects in the city
Have sure intelligence of our escape ; 15
And, dearest friends and fellows, let not your
Too loud expressions of your joy for our
Unlook'd-for welfare subject to discovery
Our unexpected safety.

Sel. Never fear :

They're trusty Myrmidons, and will stick close 20
To you, their dear Achilles ; but, my lord,
The wisest may imagine it were safer
For you to rest here 'mong your armed legions
Than to intrust your person in the city,
Where, as it seems by the past story, you'll 25
Not know friends from enemies.

Abil. Selinthus,

Thy honest care declares the zealous duty
Thou ow'st thy Sovereign : but what danger can
Assault us there, where there is none suspects
We are alive ? We'll go survey the state 30
Of things ; i' th' morning we will seize the palace,
And then proclaim our right. Come, valiant captains,
You shall be our companions.

Gas. And we'll guard you

Safe, as you were encompass'd with an army.

Sel. You guard your own fools' heads ! Is't fit his safety, 35
On which our lives and fortunes have dependence,
Should be expos'd unto your single valour ? [*To Abilqualit*]
Pray once let your friends rule you, that you may
Rule them hereafter. Your good brother Abrahen
Has a strong faction, it should seem, i' th' Court : 40
And though these bloodhounds follow'd the scent hotly
Till they had worried Mura, he has other
Allies of no mean consequence, your eunuch,
Mesithes, his chief favourite, and Simanthes.

Abil. It was that villain that betray'd my love 45
To him and slaughter'd Mura.

Sel. Very likely.

An arranter, falser parasite never was

Cut like a colt. Pray, sir, be wise this once
 At my entreaties ; and for ever after
 Use your discretion as you please : these night-works 50
 I do not like ; yet ere the morning I
 Will bring Tarifa to you.

Abil. You shall o'errule us. Poor Caropia, these
 Thoughts are thy vot'ries ; Love, thy active fire,
 Flames out when present, absent in desire. *Exeunt* 55

SCENA II

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Abrahen and Simanthes

Abr. What state and dignity's like that of sceptres ?
 With what an awful majesty resembles it
 The powers above ? The inhabitants of that
 Superior world are not more subject
 To them than these to us ; they can but tremble 5
 When they do speak in thunder ; at our frowns
 These shake like lambs at lightning. Can it be
 Impiety by any means to purchase
 This earthly deity, Sovereignty ? I did sleep
 This night with as secure and calm a peace 10
 As in my former innocence. Conscience,
 Thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th' fears
 Of cowardice, a sad and fond remembrance,
 Which men should shun, as elephants clear springs,
 Lest they behold their own deformities, 15
 And start at their grim shadows.

Enter Mesithes

Ha, Mesithes !

Mes. My royal lord !

Abr. Call me thy friend, Mesithes ;
 Thou equally dost share our heart, best eunuch.
 There is not in the stock of earthly blessings
 Another I could wish to make my state 20
 Completely fortunate, but one ; and to
 Achieve possession of that bliss, thy diligence
 Must be the fortunate instrument.

Mes. Be it dangerous
 As the affrights seamen do feign in tempests,
 I'll undertake it for my gracious Sovereign, 25
 And perish, but effect it.

Abr. No, there is
 Not the least show of peril in't; 'tis the want
 Of fair Caropia's long-coveted beauties,
 That doth afflict thy Abrahen. Love, Mesithes,
 Is a most stubborn malady, not cur'd 30
 With that felicity that are other passions,
 And creeps upon us by those ambushes
 That we perceive ourselves sooner in love
 Than we can think upon the way of loving.
 The old flames break more brightly from th' ashes 35
 Where they have long lain hid, like the young phoenix
 That from her spicy pile revives more glorious.
 Nor can I now extinguish't; it has pass'd
 The limits of my reason, and intend[s]
 My will, where like a fix'd star 't settles, 40
 Never to be removed thence.

Mes. Cease your fears;
 I that could win her for your brother, who
 Could not boast half your masculine perfections,
 For you will vanquish her.

Enter Simanthes

Sim. My lord, the widow
 Of slaughter'd Mura, fair Caropia, does 45
 Humbly entreat access to your dread presence;
 Shall we permit her entrance?

Abr. With all freedom
 And best regard! Mesithes, this arrives
 Beyond our wish. I'll try my eloquence
 In my own cause; and if I fail, thou then 50
 Shalt be my advocate.

Mes. Your humblest vassal!

Abr. Withdraw and leave us,
 And give strict order none approach our presence
 Till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows
 Should be survey'd by common eye.

Enter Caropia. 55

Caropia, welcome;

And would we could as easily give thee comfort
 As we allow thee more than mod'rate pity.
 In tears those eyes cast forth a greater lustre
 Than sparkling rocks of diamonds enclos'd
 In swelling seas of pearl.

Car.

Your Majesty

60

Is pleased to wanton with my miseries,
 Which truly you, if you have nature in you,
 Ought to bear equal part in : your dear brother's
 Untimely loss, occasion'd by my falsehood
 And your improvident counsel, 'tis that calls
 These hearty sorrows up ; I am his murd'ress.

65

Abr. 'Twas his own destiny, not our bad intentions
 Took him away from earth ; he was too heavenly,
 Fit only for th' society of angels,
 'Mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy perfections,
 Celebrating with such eloquence thy beauties
 That those immortal essences forget
 To love each other by intelligence,
 And dote on the idea of thy sweetness.

70

Car. [*aside*] These gentle blandishments, and his innocent
 carriage

75

Had I as much of malice as a tigress
 Robb'd of her young, would melt me into meekness ;
 But I'll not be a woman.

Abr.

Sing out, angel,

And charm the world, were it at mortal difference,
 To peace with thine enchantments. What soft murmurs
 Are those that steal through those pure rosy organs,
 Like aromatic west-winds, when they fly
 Through fruitful mists of fragrant morning's dew,
 To get the Spring with child of flowers and spices ?
 Disperse these clouds that like the veil of night
 With unbecoming darkness shade thy beauties ;
 And strike a new day from those orient eyes,
 To gild the world with brightness.

80

85

Car.

Sir, these flatteries

Neither befit the ears of my true sorrows,
 Nor yet the utt'rance of that real sadness
 Should dwell in you. Are these the fun'ral rites
 You pay the memory of your royal father,
 And much lamented brother ?

90

Abr.

They were mortal ;

And to lament them, were to show I envied
 Th' immortal joys of that true happiness
 Their glorious souls (disfranchis'd from their flesh)
 Possess to perpetuity and fulness.
 Besides, Caropia, I have other griefs

95

More near my heart, that circle't with a sickness
 Will shortly number me among their fellowship, 100
 If speedier remedy be not applied
 To my most desp'rate malady.

Car. [*aside*] I shall
 (If my hand fail not my determin'd courage)
 Send you to their society far sooner
 Than you expect or covet.—Why, great sir, 105
 What grief, unless your sorrow for their loss,
 Is't can afflict you, that command all blessings
 Men witty in ambition of excess
 Can wish to please their fancies?

Abr. The want only
 Of that which I've so long desir'd, thy love ; 110
 Thy love, Caropia, without which my Empire,
 And all the pleasures flowing from its greatness,
 Will be but burdens, soul-tormenting troubles.
 There's not a beam shot from those grief-drown'd comets
 But (like the sun's, when they break forth of showers) 115
 Dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never
 Doted before on thy divine perfections,
 Viewing thy beauty thus adorn'd by sadness,
 My heart, though marble, actuated to softness,
 Would burn like sacred incense, itself being 120
 The altar, priest, and sacrifice.

Car. This is
 As unexpected as unwelcome, sir.
 Howe'er you're pleased to mock me and my griefs
 With these impertinent, unmeant discourses,
 I cannot have so prodigal a faith, 125
 To give them the least credit ; and it is
 Unkindly done, thus to deride my sorrows.
 The virgin turtles hate to join their pureness
 With widow'd mates : my lord, you are a prince,
 And such as much detest to utter falsehoods, 130
 As saints do perjuries ; why should you strive then
 To lay a bait to captivate my affections
 When your greatness conjoin'd with your youth's masculine
 beauties,
 Are to a woman's frailty strong temptations ?
 You know the story too of my misfortunes, 135
 That your dead brother did with vicious looseness
 Corrupt the chaste streams of my spotless virtues,

And left me soiled like a long-pluck'd rose,
Whose leaves dissever'd have foregone their sweetness.

Abv. Thou hast not, my Caropia; thou to me 140
Art for thy scent still fragrant, and as precious
As the prime virgins of the spring, the violets,
When they do first display their early beauties,
Till all the winds in love do grow contentious
Which from their lips should ravish the first kisses. 145
Caropia, think'st thou I should fear the nuptials
Of this great Empire, 'cause it was my brother's?
As I succeeded him in all his glories,
'Tis fit I do succeed him in his love.
'Tis true, I know thy fame fell by his practice, 150
Which had he liv'd, he'd have restored by marriage,
By it repair'd thy injur'd honour's ruins.
I'm bound to do it in religious conscience;
It is a debt his incens'd ghost would quarrel
Me living for, should I not pay't with fulness. 155

Car. Of what frail temper is a woman's weakness!
Words writ in waters have more lasting essence
Than our determinations.

Abv. Come, I know,
Thou must be gentle; I perceive a combat
In thy soft heart by th' intervening blushes 160
That strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,
And drive the lovely livery of thy sorrows,
The ivory paleness, out of them. Think, Caropia,
With what a settled, unrevolting truth
I have affected thee, with what heat, what pureness; 165
And when, upon mature considerations,
I found I was unworthy to enjoy
A treasure of such excellent grace and goodness,
I did desist, smothering my love in anguish,
Anguish, to which the soul of human torments 170
Compar'd, were pains, not easy, but delicious;
Yet still the secret flames of my affections,
Like hidden virtues in some bashful man,
Grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.
Thou wert created only for an Empress; 175
Despise not then thy destiny, now greatness,
Love, empire, and whate'er may be held glorious,
Court thy acceptance, like obedient vassals.

Car. [aside] I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts

Tell me, 'tis folly to refuse these proffers, 180
 To put off my mortality, the pleasures
 Of life, which like full streams, do flow from greatness,
 To wander i' th' unpeopled air, to keep
 Society with ghastly apparitions,
 Where's neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors' 185
 Breaths to delight our ears ; and all this for
 The fame of a fell murderess. I have blood
 Enough already on my soul, more than
 My tears can e'er wash off.—My royal lord,
 If you can be so merciful and gracious, 190
 To take a woman laden with afflictions,
 Big with true sorrow, and religious penitence
 For her amiss, her life and after actions
 Shall study to deserve your love. But surely
 This is not serious.

Abr. Not the vows which vot'ries 195
 Make to the powers above, can be more fraught
 With binding sanctity. This holy kiss
 Confirms our mutual vows ; never till now
 Was I true Caliph of Arabia.

[*Cries within*] Enter, Enter, Enter

Ha, what tumult's that ?

[*Enter Abilqualit, Tarifa, Selinthus, and Soldiers*]

Be you all furies, and thou the great'st of devils, 200
 Abrahen will stand you all, unmov'd as mountains.
 This good sword,
 If you be air, shall disenchant you from
 Your borrow'd figures.

Abil. No, ill-natur'd monster,
 We're all corporeal, and survive to take 205
 Revenge on thy inhuman acts, at name
 Of which the bashful elements do shake
 As if they teem'd with prodigies. Dost not tremble
 At thy inhuman villanies ? Dear Caropia,
 Quit the infectious viper, lest his touch
 Poison thee past recovery. 210

Abr. No, she shall not ; [*Seizing Caropia*]
 Nor you, until this body be one wound,
 Lay a rude hand upon me ! Abilqualit,

Howe'er thou scap[ed]st my practices with life
 I am not now to question; we were both 215
 Sons to one father, whom, for love of empire,
 When I believ'd thee strangled by those Mutes,
 I sent to his eternal rest: nor do I
 Repent the fact yet; I have been titled Caliph
 A day, which is to my ambitious thoughts 220
 Honour enough to eternize my big name
 To all posterity. I know thou art
 Of valiant, noble soul; let not thy brother
 Fall by ignoble hands, oppress'd by number;
 Draw thy bright weapon; as thou art in empire, 225
 Thou art my rival in this lady's love,
 Whom I esteem above all joys of life:
 For her and for this monarchy let's try
 Our strengths and [fortunes]: the impartial Fates
 To him who has the better cause, in justice 230
 Must needs design the victory.

Abil. In this offer,
 Though it proceed from desperateness, not valour,
 Thou show'st a masculine courage, and we will not
 Render our cause so abject as to doubt
 But our just arm has strength to punish thy 235
 Most unheard-of treacheries.

Tar. But you shall not
 Be so unjust to us and to your right
 To try your cause's most undoubted justice
 Gainst the despairing ruffian; soldiers, pull
 The lady from him, and disarm him!

Abil. Stay! 240
 Though he doth merit multitudes of death,
 We would not murder his eternity
 By sudden execution; yield yourself,
 And we'll allow you liberty of life,
 Till by repentance you have purg'd your sin, 245
 And so, if possible, redeem your soul
 From future punishment.

Abr. Pish, tell fools of souls,
 And those effeminate cowards that do dream
 Of those fantastic other worlds! There is
 Not such a thing in nature; all the soul 250
 Of men is resolution, which expires
 Never from valiant men till their last breath,

And then with it, like to a flame extinguish'd
 For want of matter, 't does not die, but rather
 Ceases to live. Enjoy in peace your Empire, 255
 And as a legacy of Abrahen's love,
 Take this fair lady to your bride! *Stabs her*

Abil. Inhuman butcher!
 Has slain the lady. Look up, best Caropia.
 Run for our surgeons! I'll give half my Empire
 To save her precious life.

Abr. She has enough, 260
 Or mine aim fail'd me, to procure her passage
 To the eternal dwellings: nor is this
 Cruelty in me; I alone was worthy
 To have enjoy'd her beauties. Make good haste,
 Caropia, or my soul, if I have any, 265
 Will hover for thee in the clouds. [*Showing the handkerchief*]

This was
 The fatal engine which betray'd our father
 To his untimely death, made by Simanthes
 For your use, Abilqualit; and who has this
 About him, and would be a slave to your base mercy, 270
 Deserved death more than by daily tortures;
 And thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all! *Dies*

Tar. Damn'd desperate villain!
Abil. O my dear Caropia,
 My Empire now will be unpleasant to me
 Since I must lose thy company. This surgeon; 275
 Where's this surgeon?

Sel. Drunk, perhaps!
Car. 'Tis but needless,
 No human help can save me: yet methinks
 I feel a kind of pleasing ease in your
 Embraces. I should utter something,
 And I have strength enough, I hope, left yet 280
 To effect my purpose. In revenge for your
 Suppos'd death, my lov'd lord, I slew my husband—

Abil. I'm sorry thou hast that sin to charge thy soul with;
 'Twas rumour'd by the soldiers.

Sel. Cousins mine,
 Your necks are safe again now.

Car. And came hither 285
 With an intent to have for your sake slain your brother
 Abrahen;

Had not his courtesy and winning carriage
 Alter'd my resolution, with this poniard
 I'd struck him here about the heart. *Stabs Abilqualit*

Abil. O I am slain, Caropia,
 And by thy hand. Heavens, you are just ; this is 290
 Revenge for thy dear honour, which I murder'd,
 Though thou wert consenting to it.

Car. True, I was so,
 And not repent it yet ; my sole ambition
 Was to have liv'd an Empress ; which since Fate
 Would not allow, I was resolv'd no woman 295
 After myself should e'er enjoy that glory
 [With] you, dear Abilqualit ; which since my
 Weak strength has serv'd me to perform, I die
 Willingly as an infant. Oh now I faint !
 Life's death to those that keep it by constraint. *Dies* 300

Tar. My dear lord,
 Is there no hopes of life ? Must we be wretched ?
Abil. Happier, my Tarifa, by my death :
 But yesterday I play'd the part in jest
 Which I now act in earnest. My Tarifa, 305
 The Empire's thine, I'm sure thou'lt rule't with justice,
 And make the subject happy. Thou hast a son
 Of hopeful growing virtues to succeed thee ;
 Commend me to him, and from me entreat him
 To shun the temptings of lascivious glances. 310

Sel. 'Las, good Prince !
 He'll die indeed, I fear, he is so full
 Of serious thoughts and counsels.

Abil. For this slaughter'd body,
 Let it have decent burial with slain Mura's ;
 But let not Abrahen's corpse have so much honour 315
 To come i' th' royal monument ; lay mine
 By my dear father's : for that treacherous eunuch,
 And Lord Simanthes, use them as thy justice
 Tells thee they have merited ; for Lord Selinthus,
 Advance him, my Tarifa, he's of faithful 320
 And well-deserving virtues.

Sel. So I am,
 I thought 'twould come to me anon. Poor Prince,
 I e'en could die with him.

Abil. And for those soldiers, and those our most faithful
 Mutes, that my life once sav'd, let them be well 325

Rewarded ; Death and I are almost now
At unity. Farewell !

Dies

Tar. Sure I shall not
Survive these sorrows long. Mutes, take those traitors
To prison ; we will shortly pass their sentence,
Which shall be death inevitable. Take up
That fatal instrument of poisonous mischief,
And see it burn'd, Gaselles. Gentlemen,
Fate has made us your king against our wishes.

330

Sel. Long live Tarifa, Caliph of Arabia !

Tar. We have no time now for your acclamations ;

335

These are black Sorrow's festivals. Bear off

In state that royal body ; for the other,

Since 'twas his will, let them have burial,

But in obscurity. By this it may,

As by an ev'dent rule, be understood,

340

They're only truly great wh' are truly good.

Recorders. Flourish. Exeunt omnes

FINIS

EPILOGUE

I'm much displeas'd the poet has made me
The Epilogue to his sad tragedy.
Would I had died honestly amongst the rest,
Rather than live to th' last, now to be press'd
To death by your hard censures. Pray you say 5
What is it you dislike so in this play,
That none applauds? Believe it, I should faint,
Did not some smile, and keep me by constraint
From the sad qualm. What pow'r is in your breath,
That you can save alive, and doom to death, 10
Even whom you please? Thus are your judgments free;
Most of the rest are slain, you may save me.
But if death be the word, I pray bestow it
Where it best fits: hang up the poet.

NOTES



BUSSY D'AMBOIS

INTRODUCTION

Bussy D'Ambois, Chapman's most famous play, is the first in date of his surviving tragedies. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers, June 3, 1607, and was published in the same year with the following title-page: *Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie*: As it hath been often presented at Paules, London. Printed for William Aspley, 1607. A reissue in 1608 differs, so far as I have noted, only in the date upon the title-page. The second quarto, published in 1641, with the following title-page: *Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie*: As it hath been often Acted with great Applause. *Being much corrected and emended by the Author before his death*. London. Printed by A. N. for Robert Lunne, 1641, presents, however, a thorough revision of the play.

The date of composition of *Bussy* has been a matter of considerable dispute. For a detailed statement of my view on this matter and an exhibition of the evidence on which it is based I must refer the reader to an article in *The Modern Language Review* for January, 1908. Here I may be permitted merely to restate my conclusions. *Bussy* was, I take it, composed for the Children of the Chapel shortly after the death of Elizabeth, and in 1603 or 1604 was carried over in MS.—perhaps before it had been acted—to the rival company of boy actors, the Children of Paul's, by whom it was, as the title-page of the first edition tells us, 'often presented'. It was revised, probably for a new production at Whitefriars by Nat. Field, about 1610, and this revised form was transferred by him in MS. to the King's Men, Shakespeare's old Company, by whom it was performed at Court so late as 1634, about a month before Chapman's death. As the Prologue to the second quarto shows, another company had also performed the play, but the King's Men were by no means disposed to relinquish their claim, and revived it with Ilyard Swanston in the title-rôle. It remained in their possession till just before the closing of the theatres in 1642, when they allowed it to be printed.

The career of *Bussy* upon the stage did not come to an end with the closing of the theatres. It was brought upon the boards again after the Restoration. Mrs. Pepys saw it on December 30, 1661; but her report does not seem to have inspired the diarist with curiosity enough to attend a performance, although on November 15 of the following year he bought a copy, read part of it, and pronounced it a good play. Severer critics like Dryden¹ condemned it as a 'hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense'; but the performance of the part of *Bussy* by 'that eternally renowned and best of actors', Charles Hart, 'so attracted the town in general that they were obliged to pass by and excuse the gross errors in writing, and allow it amongst the rank of the Topping Tragedies of that time'.²

¹ See the *Dedication* of *The Spanish Friar*, 1681.

² See D'Urfey, *Dedication* of *Bussy D'Ambois or The Husband's Revenge*

After Hart's death in 1683 the play seems to have been laid aside for a time, until it was revived in D'Urfey's adaptation, *Bussy D'Ambois or The Husband's Revenge*, at the Theatre Royal in 1691. Scandalous as was D'Urfey's distortion of the old play, it was apparently well received by the audience, 'whose applause' says D'Urfey 'declared their satisfaction'. This was due, no doubt, in great part to the acting, for some of the best players of the time took part in the performance. The ill-fated Mountfort played Bussy; Kynaston, the last of the old boy-actors, took the part of Guise; Powell played Montsurry; Colley Cibber, then at the beginning of his career, had the nine-line part of Pyrrot, and the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle took the part of Tamyra. Only one performance of D'Urfey's travesty, however, is recorded by Genest, and it may well be that, in spite of the acting, the satisfaction of the audience was hardly so complete as D'Urfey would have us believe.

The exact source of Chapman's play has not yet been discovered. De Thou's *Historiae Sui Temporis* has been named as a source by Langbaine and others, but as Koepfel has shown¹ the portion of De Thou's work published before 1607 only comes down to the year 1574, whereas Bussy's death occurred in 1579. De Thou's account of this incident appears for the first time, according to Boas,² in the edition published at Geneva in 1620, Liber lxviii., 9. No account of Bussy's love and death has yet been found in print prior to the appearance of Chapman's play, and it must, therefore, be left undecided whether Chapman derived his materials from some source now lost or simply from the common knowledge of the day. The latter, though less likely, is by no means impossible, for Bussy was a figure of no inconsiderable importance in his time. He was the favourite of Monsieur, then heir-apparent to the throne of France, the lover of Marguerite of Valois, wife of Henry IV, and a personage famous even at the Court of Henry III for his amours, his insolence, and his fiery courage. He was mentioned in contemporary despatches by the agents of Venice and Florence at the Court of France, by Brantome, Pierre de l'Estoile, De Thou, D'Aubigné, Marguerite de Valois—in short by all the historians and memoir writers of that age. Chapman may, I think, have known quite enough of the life of such a personage to compose his drama without having had recourse to any printed documents.

A brief sketch of Bussy's life, founded in the main upon Joubert's monograph will put the reader, in whom Chapman's knowledge can hardly be presupposed, in possession of the main facts. Louis de Clermont d'Amboise, Seigneur de Bussy, was born in 1549. Like most young noblemen of his time he followed the wars, and at the early age of eighteen was commander of a company. During the massacre of St. Bartholomew he murdered his cousin, Antoine de Clermont, Marquis de Renel, a Huguenot, with whom he had been engaged in a law-suit. He was repeatedly wounded in the wars that followed the massacre, and in 1575 was appointed a colonel in the service of Monsieur, for whom he left the service of the King. He distinguished

¹ *Quellen und Forschungen: Quellen-studien zu den Dramen Chapmans*, 1897.

² *Bussy D'Ambois*, edited by F. S. Boas, 1905, p. xvii.

³ *Louis de Clermont, Sieur de Bussy d'Amboise*, André Joubert, Angers et Paris, 1885.

himself at Court, particularly by his ungovernable temper and his quarrels with the King's minions, and even became involved in a dispute with the great Duke of Guise. Monsieur appointed him Governor of his province of Anjou in 1575, and it was here, apparently, that he first met the lady who was to be the cause of his tragic death.

Françoise de Maridort, widow of the Baron de Lucé, married as her second husband Charles de Chambes, Comte de Monsoreau, Chapman's Montsurry. Monsoreau held at this time the post of Grand Huntsman to Monsieur, to which he seems to have been appointed by Bussy's influence. Bussy pursued his passion for the Countess with all the ardour of a Frenchman of the Renaissance, but, if the account of Rosset¹ may be trusted, without success. He finally, however, prevailed upon the lady to promise him an assignation, whereupon he wrote in high glee to Monsieur that he had trapped 'la biche du grand veneur'. Monsieur, either carelessly or weary of Bussy's wayward insolence, showed the letter to the King, who heartily detested his brother's favourite. Henry retained the letter, showed it at the first opportunity to Monsoreau, and advised him to have a care to his honour. Monsoreau returned at once to his chateau, La Coutancière, held a pistol to his wife's head, and forced her to invite Bussy to the chateau on the night of August 15, 1579. When Bussy came, unarmed and with but one companion, he was set upon by Monsoreau and a band of braves. He made a desperate defence, but was finally overpowered and slain while attempting to leap from the window. According to Rosset's account which Dumas has followed in his famous novel, *La Dame de Monsoreau*, Bussy sprang from the window, but was impaled on an iron railing and despatched by the murderers. The news of his death was carried to Monsieur in London where he was courting Queen Elizabeth, but affected him so little that he was gravely suspected of having been privy to the murder. At Court, however, Bussy was mourned, according to the letter of Saracini, to the Grand Duke of Florence, even by his enemies, who attributed to him, besides his excellence in arms, a singular degree of culture, grace, and courtesy.

Chapman, the reader of the play will have noticed, has departed in one material incident from the historic account of Bussy's death. Curiously enough Dumas makes the same alteration of facts. Both the English poet and the French novelist make Monsieur, not the King, the direct informant of Monsoreau, and both attribute Monsieur's wrath against his old favourite to his discovery of the fact that Bussy had outstripped him in the race for the favours of Monsoreau's wife. It is most unlikely that this common departure from history should be a mere coincidence, and it is quite incredible that Dumas, or the collaborator who supplied him with the materials for *La Dame de Monsoreau*, should have been acquainted with Chapman's play. It seems probable, therefore, that there should have been some common source as yet unknown. If any account of Bussy should be hereafter discovered which attributes his death to Monsieur's jealousy and thwarted passion for Monsoreau's wife, we may at once accept it as the direct source of the romance of Dumas and as representing, at least, a tradition familiar to Chapman.

¹ *Les Histoires Tragiques de Nostre Temps : De la mort pitoyable du valeureux Lysis*, 1615.

In the matter of construction *Bussy D'Ambois* is Chapman's masterpiece in tragedy. Mr. Boas rightly calls attention to 'the ingenuity and skill with which he has woven into the texture of his drama a number of varied threads'. The numerous incidents of Bussy's adventurous career are brought into one focus, and so arranged as to lead on step by step from his first appearance as a poor soldier to his rise to the position of the King's prime favourite, and again to his fall and death at the hands of Monsieur, Guise, and Montsurry. There is in the arrangement and combination of these incidents a complete departure from the old-fashioned epic method of dramatizing a hero's life. Chapman here reveals himself for what he was, a careful student of classical, especially of Senecan, tragedy, the worthy peer in this field of Ben Jonson in the realm of comedy. And the influence of Seneca is shown not alone in the condensation and interlinking of the incidents, but in various devices, familiar to all students of Elizabethan drama as signs of Senecan dominance, in the sententious prologue, in the substitution of the stately rhetoric of the Nuntius for the actual representation of such an incident as the duel, in the introduction of ghostly and supernatural agencies to add awe and dignity to the action. Yet Chapman is no blind follower of Seneca; his long experience as a hack-writer for Henslowe's company, his intimacy with such an actor as Field, had taught him something of the popular requirements in a tragedy. In *Bussy* he submits more readily than elsewhere to the popular demand, and by this very submission imparts to this play a realism and sense of vigorous life, which is noticeably absent in much of his graver work. The vivid realism of the Court scenes, especially of Bussy's quarrel with the minions and with Guise, the satiric humour of such dialogues as those between Bussy and the vain and greedy steward, Maffé, and between Maffé and his terrified master, the invocation of the Devil, couched in the manner of Marlowe, and, above all, the scenes of torture, of combat, and of murder in the last act, bear convincing witness to the fact that Chapman, in this play at least, was no closet dramatist.

The special glory of the Elizabethan drama is its power of characterization. Not only Shakespeare, but some even of the least distinguished of his fellows, possessed the Promethean heat that kindles into life the creations of the mind. Chapman, however, had less of this genuine creative power than many a meaner poet. With one or two exceptions the figures in *Bussy*, as in most of his tragedies, are stock figures, types, rather than strongly realized individuals. In the figure of the King, for example, there is not only no effort to realize the strange compound of sensualism, superstition, cowardice, and ferocity which characterized the last of the Valois, but there is apparently no effort to present any personality whatsoever. Henry is simply the King *qua* King, a mouthpiece for grave and lofty sentiments such as befit the mouth of a monarch. In the same way the Guise and Monsieur are only types, the first of the great noble offended by the upstart favourite, the second of the ambitious and villainous intriguer. And there is one scene, at least, the second of the fifth act, where even this pretence at characterization disappears, and Monsieur and the Guise become mere figures of a chorus to moralize and philosophize over the impending fate of Bussy. Yet there are touches even in these minor figures, such as the blending in Monsieur of fear and hatred of Bussy, or the revulsion of outraged love to savage cruelty

in Montsurry, which show plainly enough that Chapman did not wholly lack the Elizabethan gift of character divination and the power of character portrayal, obscured and interrupted as these were in him by other and, in his judgment, higher qualities.

The full-length portraits of the play are those of Bussy himself and his mistress Tamyra. In the latter Chapman has set himself one of the most difficult of tasks, the portrayal of a woman, not naturally vicious, but overcome by a sudden and irresistible passion, striving to the last to keep up appearances, and yet torn inwardly by the struggle between her passion and the sense of guilt. Such a character is by no means inconceivable, but to realize it within the limits of the drama would tax the powers of Shakespeare himself, and not the most enthusiastic of Chapman's admirers would claim that he has wholly succeeded in his task. A close study of the play will reveal touch after touch by which Chapman has striven to give reality to his conception, and it is, perhaps, impossible to point out a single flaw or inconsistency in the character; but it is laboriously composed rather than created. In the slang phrase of criticism it is not 'convincing'. Nor is it sympathetic, for the reader, who is attracted by the romantic passion of Tamyra, is repelled by her hypocritical insistence upon the proprieties and the cool effrontery of her denial of guilt. The truth seems to be that such a character as Chapman had conceived is wholly out of place in romantic tragedy.

It is otherwise with the figure of Bussy. The long and successful career of this play upon the stage is convincing proof of the sympathetic and dramatically effective character of the hero, for, from the point of view of the acting drama, Bussy is the whole play. His long tirades in Chapman's finest style of impassioned rhetoric must have furnished a splendid opportunity to an actor of the old declamatory school; and even after the Elizabethan delight in passionate and ornate speech had died out, the character of Bussy, as D'Urfey's testimony proves, continued to fascinate the house, mainly, we may believe, by its fiery energy of action.

This, indeed, is the first and most striking characteristic of Bussy. He is primarily a figure of the school of Marlowe: one of the Titan brood of Elizabethan drama, 'a spirit beyond the reach of fear', a character of unrestrained will and boundless ambition. There is, to be sure, no definite goal indicated for his ambition as in *Tamburlaine* or *Dr. Faustus*. The passion that dominates him is a desire for self-fulfilment, a lust to realize himself in and work his will upon the world in which he lives. And this passionate desire is attended by a self-confidence which, in the hero's mind, is the surest guarantee of success. Bussy is no man of doubts and scruples. Obstacles confront him only to be surmounted. If he meets an enemy, he must slay him; if he loves a woman, he must seize upon her. Conventions and moral laws alike go down before him.

It is this self-confidence which enables Bussy to run his brief but splendid career so triumphantly, to brave the Guise, to browbeat the heir to the throne, to confront the spirit of evil himself, and at the last, when trapped by treachery, to die like a Roman emperor, consenting rather than yielding to death.

If we look below the surface for the ground of Bussy's self-confidence, we come at once upon an element in his character which sharply distinguishes him from the Titanic, but simple, heroes of Marlowe. Bussy

is not a mere bustling man of action, much less a braggart or *miles gloriosus*. Rather he is the embodiment of an idea which Chapman derived from the Stoics, that of the self-sufficiency, the all-sufficiency, of the virtuous man. Bussy, it is true, is far from virtuous in our modern sense of the word, but he is the very incarnation of *virtus*, as the Romans understood it, 'the sum of all the bodily and mental excellences of man'. His bitterest enemy pronounces him 'young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full-mann'd'. It is his firm reliance upon virtue so understood, that gives Bussy his unquenchable self-confidence. He knows that

*Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.*

It is not by chance, nor as a mere literary ornament, that Chapman, as Mr. Boas¹ has shown, puts into the mouth of the dying Bussy lines borrowed from the death-scene of the Senecan Hercules. Like Hercules, Chapman's Bussy has been the self-reliant hero who pitted his own strength and 'virtue' against a hostile world, and like Hercules he falls at last a victim to inevitable, because unsuspected, fate. It is this philosophic conception of the 'noblesse' of man—to use a favourite term of Chapman's—that has transformed the splendid swashbuckler of the French court into a type of man at war with the world. That is the true theme of the tragedy of *Bussy D'Ambois*, not the hero's passion for Tamyra and its fatal consequences, for the amour is plainly enough only an incident in Bussy's career, but the struggle of such a character with his environment, the combat of the individualist against the world, and his fall—not so much at the hands of Guise and Monsieur, as of Death and Destiny. And the tragic lesson of the play is summed up in the last words of Bussy:

*O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,
In me (like warning fire upon the top
Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill)
Made to express it: like a falling star
Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt
Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament.*

¹ Boas, pp. xviii-xix.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

NOTES

Prologue. The Prologue does not appear in the Qq. of 1607 or 1608, and was in all probability composed not by Chapman at the time of his revision of the play, but by another writer for a late revival of the play by the King's Men.¹

The occasion of this revival seems to have been the performance of *Bussy* by another company than the King's Men. The latter, unwilling to quit their claim upon the play, brought it once more upon the stage, although, as is evident from the closing lines of the Prologue, they were uncertain whether the present impersonator of the hero would be able to maintain the traditions set by Field, and by 'one who came the nearest to him'. This latter actor, now too old to take the part of Bussy (ll. 16-9), has not been identified; but the 'third man' (l. 21), i.e. the present actor of the part, has been plausibly identified by Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 60), with Ilyard, or Elliard, Swanston, a member of the King's Men from 1625-42 (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* vol. i. p. 60), whose performance of Bussy is alluded to by Edmund Gayton in 1654 (*Pleasant Notes on Don Quixote*, p. 25). Swanston's 'Richard' (l. 23), may have been the part of Ricardo in Massinger's *The Picture* (which he is known to have played in 1629, licensed by Herbert, June 8, 1629; see Malone-Boswell, *Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 230), or possibly that of Shakespeare's Richard III.

Bussy D'Ambois was performed at Court, in the cockpit at Whitehall, by the King's Men on Easter Monday night, i.e., April 7, 1634 (Herbert's *Accounts*, in the Malone-Boswell, *Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 227). It may have been for this performance that the Prologue was written; the phrase 'gracious and noble friends' (l. 8) would be particularly appropriate to an audience at Whitehall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Monsieur, the familiar title of the next younger brother of the King of France. This was François, Duke of Alençon, and later of Anjou, the youngest son of Catherine de Medici, best known to English readers as the suitor of Queen Elizabeth.

The **Duke of Guise**, Henri le Balafre, the great leader of the Catholics in the Civil Wars, the assassin of Coligny, himself murdered by order of Henri III at Blois in 1588.

Montsurry. This is Chapman's curt English form for Charles de Chambes, Comte de Monsoreau, Grand Huntsman to Monsieur; the Monsorellus of De Thou's *Historiæ Sui Temporis*.

Comolet. Chapman may have taken this name, which he uses throughout in the first edition of the play (Qq. 1607, 1608) instead of 'Friar', from the historical Father Commolet, an accomplice before the fact in the murder of Henry III of France.²

Tamyræ. Chapman's name for Françoise de Maridort, wife of the Comte de Monsoreau.

¹ The allusion to Field in l. 15 shows that it was composed after his departure from the King's Men some time before 1625.

² See Grimeston, *General Inventory*, edition of 1611, p. 879.

- I, i, Enter Bussy . . . poor.** This description may have been suggested to Chapman by a well-known anecdote of Bussy's appearance at Court in a simple dress, followed by six pages in cloth of gold. See Pierre de L'Estoile, *Memoires-Journaux*, edition 1875-96, vol. i, p. 229. If so, Chapman can only have had a confused remembrance of it; his presentation of Bussy as a poor gentleman brought to Court by the favour of Monsieur is quite unhistorical.
- I, i, 2. Honour on his head: upside down.** The same phrase occurs in Chapman's poem, *A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy*, 1595:
- Th' inverted world that goes upon her head.*
- i, 7. Unskilful statuaries.** Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, iv, i, 179 ssq.
- i, 18. A torch . . . a shadow.** The first of these phrases has a parallel in Chapman's *Hymn to Christ upon the Cross*, 1612: *before the wind a fume* (*Poems*, p. 147); the second is the famous phrase of Pindar, σκιάς ὄναρ ἀνθρώπου. *Pythia* viii, 96-7.
- I, i, 23. To put a girdle round about the world.** Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i, 175-6:

*I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.*

This well-known phrase was probably suggested to Shakespeare by a device in Whitney's *A Choice of Emblems* (Leyden, 1586, p. 203), celebrating Drake's navigation of the world in the years 1577-80. It depicts the hand of Providence issuing from a cloud and holding a girdle which encompasses a globe. The other end of the girdle is attached to the bow of a ship which rests upon the globe, and the superimposed motto is *Auxilio divino*. The device was doubtless well known, and the phrase became a common one in Shakespeare's time. It is found not only in Shakespeare and Chapman, but in Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, I, i, and in Shirley, *The Humorous Courtier*, I, i. Whitney's device is reproduced by H. Green, *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, p. 413.

- I, i, 33.** The simile of a shipwreck in the haven seems to have been a favourite with Chapman. It occurs in *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 175, in *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 123), and in *A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda*.
- I, i, 40.** 'Impressions to serve as a precedent for the actions of inferior persons'.
- I, i, 50. To bear state: to bear himself proudly.**
- I, i, 57-81.** This speech affords a striking example of one of Chapman's methods of composition with which a careful student of his work becomes increasingly familiar. It is a mere mosaic of ideas, examples, figures even, taken directly from one of Chapman's favourite classic authors, Plutarch. The theme of this speech is the duty of public life and service, and the source is Plutarch's essay on this theme known as *De Latenter Vivendo*. Here we may find (I, i), the 'gourmandist' Gnatho, and the references to Themistocles, Camillus, and Epaminondas—the statement as to the dictatorships and triumphs of Camillus comes from the first lines of Plutarch's life of that hero. The simile of the burnish'd steel, ll. 75-6, is adapted from a quotation from Sophocles which appears in IV, 5, of Plutarch's essay, and ll. 76-81 are an expansion of a sentiment more briefly expressed by Plutarch in IV, 4.

Numerous instances of this method will occur hereafter, and in each case the passage in Chapman is so close to its original as to suggest that he composed it with the classic author open before him, or—more probably—that, like his friend Jonson, he kept a commonplace book into which he translated favourite bits and on which he drew at will when composing his plays and poems.

- I, i, 86-7. Set my looks . . . brake.** A brake is a vice. The phrase means to keep a steady, unmoved face. A parallel occurs in *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, i, 84:

See in how grave a brake he sets his vizard.

- I, i, 89-90.** There seems to be some reference in these lines to an old riddle such as schoolmistresses might ask their pupils, but I have not succeeded in identifying it.

- I, i, 102-3. Bussy insinuates that a courtier draws evil out of good. When he hears a sermon preached against certain vices, all that he learns from it is to practise those vices in such a way as to show their characteristic qualities, *l'unfold their art*.
- I, i, 113-4. I have not been able to trace any reference to such a representation of Fortune.
- I, i, 124. *Unswearing thrift*: cold-blooded economy, or calculation.
- I, i, 139. *When it cries clink*: when the hour strikes; cf. II, 134-5.
- I, i, 178. There is a play on the word *commanded*. Maffé uses it in the sense of 'to hold command', as of a body of troops; Bussy in the sense of 'to order', as, for example, a dinner.
- I, i, 187. *I am a poet*. Joubert, *Bussy D'Amboise*, pp. 205-9, prints a poem of Bussy's.
- I, i, 193. *Fair great noses*. This is no chance allusion. Monsieur's nose was a mark for the satirists of the time. Pierre de L'Estoile (*Journal de Henri III*, p. 250, edition Petitot) cites a quatrain composed at the time of Monsieur's attempt on Antwerp, 1583:
- Flamands ne soyez étonnez
Si a François voyez deux nêz :
Car par droit, raison, et usage,
Faut deux nêz à double visage.*
- To this quatrain Petitot adds a note: 'La petite vérole avoit extrêmement maltraité le visage de ce prince, qui paroissait avoir deux nez.' Elsewhere L'Estoile remarks that Monsieur was afflicted with a double nose, 'the sign of a traitor', in this case a most appropriate sign.
- I, i, 194-5. *Your chain and velvet jacket*: the symbols of his office as steward; cf. Sir Toby's advice to Malvolio: *Go rub your chain with crumbs*, *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 128-9. The velvet jacket seems also to have been part of the costume of the steward, or gentleman usher; cf. *A Mad World, My Masters*, III, iii, 60-62 (Middleton, Bullen's edition).
- I, i, 207. *His wooden dagger*. This stock property of the Vice in the old Moralities was sometimes carried by the Elizabethan fool or jester. Maffé who mistakes Bussy for a new jester engaged by Monsieur, consequently speaks of him as possessing this tool of his trade.
- I, ii, Pyra. This character appears here and in two other scenes, II, ii, and IV, i, but has not a single speech assigned her. This is one of several instances of Chapman's fondness for crowding the stage with insignificant figures.
- I, ii, 2. *That English virgin*: 'apparently Annable, who is the Duchess of Guise's lady in waiting (cf. III, ii, 234-40)',—Boas.
- I, ii, 44. Chapman plays in this line on the two meanings, 'travail' and 'journey'.
- I, ii, 82. The allusion to leap-year in this line serves to fix the date of the play. It cannot refer to the actual year of Bussy's presentation at Court, 1569, which was not a leap-year and which, in all probability, was quite unknown to Chapman. The passage is a 'gag', not of the cleanest, and is one of the anachronisms with which all students of Elizabethan drama are familiar. Since the allusion to a *knight of the new edition* in II, 140-1 is evidently to James I's wholesale creation of knights immediately after his accession in 1603, the play must have been written after that date. And since it was printed in 1607 the only leap year that suits the dates is 1604. See further the article already cited in *Modern Language Review*, January, 1908.
- I, ii, 97. *Turn the ladder*: probably 'turn off the ladder', 'be hanged to you.'
- I, ii, 101. *Groom-porters*. The Groom-porter was an officer of the English Royal Household, whose chief function was to regulate all matters connected with gaming within the Court, to decide disputes at play, etc. The office is mentioned as early as 1502 in the *Privy Purse Expenses* of Elizabeth of York, and was not abolished till the time of George III.

- I, ii, 112. *The Guisard*. This word has troubled the editors. Dilke suggests that it may be 'a jingling allusion to goose herd or gozzard'; Boas thinks it may be a variant of 'gizzard' 'in which case it would mean the Duke's throat'. It seems to me plain that the word means nothing more or less than a partisan of Guise, and is here applied contemptuously to the great Duke himself. Bussy addresses him in the same way in III, ii, 80.
- I, ii, 118-9. *Accius Navius*: or Attus Navius, the legendary Roman augur who at the command of Tarquin cut through a whetstone with a razor. See Livy, i, 36.
- I, ii, 124. Dramatic literature of the first decade of the seventeenth century is full of satirical allusions to the 'knights of the new edition', i.e. the knights so lavishly created by James I in the early years of his reign. A notable instance of this occurs in *Eastward Ho*, IV, i, 213-4, where the rascally Sir Petronel Flash is spoken of as one of the King's 'thirty-pound knights'.
- I, ii, 135. *The knight's ward* was a part of the Counter, a London prison where debtors were confined; cf. *Eastward Ho*, V, 2, 54. There is here a contemptuous allusion to Bussy's former poverty.
- I, ii, 146. *Out o' th' presence*: beyond the limits of the Court, within which specially severe penalties were inflicted for brawling. Readers of Scott will remember the punishment that threatened Nigel Olifaunt for striking Lord Dalgarno within the limits of St. James's Park.
- I, ii, 151. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times the floors even of palaces were strewn with rushes. There are countless allusions to this practice in Elizabethan drama. Perhaps the best known is Shakespeare's

*Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*

Romeo and Juliet, I, iv, 35-6.

Compare also the comic scene in *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, where Bassiolo teaches Vincentio how to strew the floor.

- I, ii, 160-1. *Of the place the divers frames*: I take *frames* to denote the conformation of the ocean bed, the *place*, which contributes to making the sea *bristled with surges*.
- I, ii, 173. *New denizen*: newly naturalized. The allusion is, of course, to the Scotch lords and gentlemen who flocked to London upon the accession of James I, and were not unnaturally regarded by the English as intruders. The question of the union of the kingdoms and, in particular, of the naturalization of the Scotch in England excited much attention in the first years of James's reign, and was stubbornly opposed by the popular party in Parliament.
- I, ii, 180-2. A reference to Aesop's fable of the ass in the lion's skin; *no.* 333, Teubner edition.
- I, ii, 187. *Carry it off*: get the better of the quarrel.
- I, ii, 209-10. *Descants . . . ground*. Bussy plays on the technical and the ordinary senses of these words. A 'descant' in music was the 'melodious accompaniment to a simple theme', i.e., 'the ground'; but it also means a comment, or observation on some topic. Cf. *Richard III*, III, vii, 49: *On that ground I'll make a holy descant*. *Ground*, of course, means 'basis' or 'subject' as well as 'a musical theme'.
- I, ii, 228. *Musk cats*: the perfumed courtiers with whom Bussy has been quarrelling. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 65-6, where Corin speaks of *the courtier's hands perfumed with civet*.
- I, ii, 229. *This privilege*: the Court limits. See note on I, ii, 146 above.
- II, i, 5-10. With this comparison of Envy to the kite feeding on carrion compare a passage in *Chabot*, IV, i, 14-6, and the note thereon. In *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 117) Chapman compares idle men to kites who *stoop at scraps and garbage*.
- II, i, 12-3. *Bruits it . . . Being sound and healthful*. Boas paraphrases this passage; 'proclaims it through the world to be sound and wholesome'. But I think it is better to take the participial clause as modifying *she*,

i.e., Envy, in l. 11, who feasts soundly and healthfully on the evil that she finds in men, but sickens (*surfeits*, l. 15) at the taste of good.

II, i, 15-7. There is an almost verbal parallel to these lines in Chapman's *Invective against Jonson* (*Poems*, p. 433).

II, i, 35 *ssq.* The account of the duel between Bussy and his two friends on the one side and the three courtiers on the other was probably suggested to Chapman by some report of the famous duel fought by three of Henry III's minions, Quelus, Maugiron, and Livarot, with three partisans of the Duke of Guise, D'Entragues, Ribérac, and Schomberg, on April 27, 1578. Maugiron and Schomberg were slain on the spot; Ribérac was mortally wounded and died the next day; Quelus, who had received nineteen wounds, lingered for a month and then died; and Livarot was confined to his bed for six weeks. D'Entragues alone survived unhurt (as Bussy does here), escaping with a mere scratch. Dumas, whose romance, *La Dame de Monsoreau*, touches Chapman's play at many points, also gives in the last chapter of that work a narrative founded upon this famous duel. According to Dumas Bussy was to have taken part in the duel, but was assassinated on the evening before by Monsoreau. See Brantome (*Sur les Duels*, p. 312, edition of Société de L'Histoire de France) and Pierre de L'Estoile (*Journal de Henri III*, p. 167, edition Petitot).

II, i, 51. *Pyrrho*: or rather *Pyrrhon*, a Greek philosopher of the time of Alexander the Great. He was one of the early sceptics and taught that since we can know nothing of the realities of things we should be indifferent to all things. See Cicero, *Fin.* ii, 13, 43. An anecdote in Montaigne gives a characteristic view of his attitude toward death.

'Pirro, the Philosopher, finding himself upon a very tempestuous day in a boat, shewed them whom he perceived to be most affrighted through feare, and encouraged them by the example of an hog that was amongst them, and seemed to take no care at all for the storme.'

Montaigne I, 40 (Florio's translation).

II, i, 54-8. The reference is to the *Iliad*, not, as Mr. Boas says, to the seventh book, but to the third, ll. 76-83.

'His amendsful words did Hector highly please,
Who rush'd between the fighting hosts and made the Trojans cease
By holding up in midst his lance.

Chapman's *Iliad*.

II, i, 60. *Ripp'd up the quarrel*: discussed the cause of the quarrel. Or, continuing the simile of Hector in ll. 54-8, it may mean, separated the combatants.

II, i, 78-80. Lamb, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*, says: 'One can hardly believe but that these lines were written after Milton had described his warring angels.' Cf. *Paradise Lost*, VI, ll. 330-1 and ll. 344-9. Milton and Chapman, of course, go back to a common origin, the mediaeval conception of spiritual bodies.

II, i, 84-90. The confusion of personal pronouns makes this passage somewhat difficult; he in l. 84 is Bussy; him and himself in l. 85 refer to Barrisor; he in ll. 86 and 87 refers again to Bussy; his, l. 90, to Barrisor.

II, i, 92. *Redoubled in his danger*: 'thrusting himself a second time into danger'.—Boas. Cf. the use of *redoubled* in l. 190 below.

II, i, 94. *Arden*: the forest of romance par excellence in Elizabethan literature. It is mentioned by Spenser, *Astrophel*, and Lodge, *Rosalynde*, as well as by Shakespeare and Chapman.

II, i, 94-101. With the simile in these lines compare the well known passage in the *Æneid*, ii, 626-63:

*Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Ernuere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
Congemuit traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.*

'Even as when on the height of the mountains, labourers press on with rival zeal to cut down from the roots an ancient ash, hewn around with the steel and with repeated blows of the hatchet; it ever threatens to fall, and quivering nods the foliage on its tossing top, until by degrees quite vanquished by blows, it heaves aloud its last groan, and torn away from the crag, brings down a ruinous mass.'

Translation of Lonsdale and Lee.

We have here an instance where Chapman is not so much paraphrasing a passage from a classical author as writing under the inspiration of a reminiscence. One or two of his phrases in these lines seem directly suggested by Virgil.

II, i, 104. *Navarre*; Henry of Navarre, at the height of his fame as a victorious king when Chapman composed this play. He had, however, done little to justify Chapman's praise as *the sole soldier of the world*, before the death of the historical Bussy in 1579.

II, i, 108. *Thy fell report calls on*: thy report heard with interest provokes a desire to hear the conclusion of the fray.

II, i, 119-23. The unicorn's horn, *the treasure of his brow*, was long supposed to be a most valuable remedy. Aelian (*De Nat. Animal.*, III, 41) says that bowls of this substance nullified the force of any poison that might be cast therein. David de Pomis (Pomerarius), the Jewish physician, declares that it is good against deadly poisons and pestilent fevers, and gives an interesting experiment whereby the true horn may be distinguished from a counterfeit. Sir Thomas Browne (*Vulgar Errors* Book III, ch. 23) records that Julius III gave many thousand crowns for a unicorn's horn, and he himself believed it to be efficacious against 'venoms proper'.

The usual method of capturing the unicorn was by inducing him to charge the hunter who then slipped behind a tree. The furious animal would charge the tree and bury his horn in it beyond all possibility of extrication, and thus became an easy prey. That this method was not without danger is shown by the anecdote in the text. A safer method in which a virgin was employed is related by Samuel Bochart in a delightful chapter on the Unicorn in *Hieroicoicon* (book III, chap. 26, *Quid veteres et recentiores scripserint de animalibus unicornibus*). The well-known reference in *Julius Caesar*, II, i, 203-4, alludes to the first method. See also *The Faerie Queene*, II, v, 10, where the lion is said to catch the 'prowd rebellious unicorn' by means of a tree.

Sylvester (*Little Bartas*, ll. 505-6), also alludes to the medicinal qualities of the unicorn's horn—

The fell monocerote

Bears in his brow a souveraine antidote.

II, i, 130. *Hunt honour at the view*: press hard after honour, like hounds that have caught sight of the chase. Chapman uses the phrase 'hunt at view' again in *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iv, 53.

II, i, 141-8. A difficult passage. *Nature*, I take it, means the natural tie of blood, as between brothers; the clause, *when the trial . . . springing*, may be rendered 'when a contest occurred between a king and a subject, both children of one parent'; *virtue* means the power, the effective quality, of the tie of blood, and *greatness* its closeness. Monsieur pleads that Henry will let the *virtue* of this tie 'prevail over his [natural] scruples and grant Bussy, for Monsieur's sake, that which he could not grant were he not a king, i.e., a free pardon.

II, i, 190. *On my knees redoubled*: kneeling a second time.

II, i, 203-4. Chapman is never weary of repeating that a virtuous man is above the law. A striking expression of this idea occurs in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, iv, 56-60:

*And what's a prince? Had all been virtuous men,
There never had been prince upon the earth,
And so no subject; all men had been princes;*

*A virtuous man is subject to no prince,
But to his soul and honour.*

Compare also *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, iii, 140-5 and *Caesar and Pompey*, V, ii, 8-10.

II, i, 213. *In hand for shew I held*: 'to hold, or bear, in hand' is to deceive with false hopes. Bussy means that his courtship of the Duchess of Guise was a mere mask for his passion for Tamyra.

II, ii, 45. *As good cheap as it*: literally, 'at as good a bargain', hence as well as it, i.e. the necklace of pearls which Monsieur offers her.

II, ii, 58. *You are at your books*. It seems to have been customary for a worldly-wise waiting woman to pretend to busy herself with a book when a lover was courting her mistress. In *All Fools*, II, i, 282-5, Chapman speaks of

*A well-taught waiting woman
Turning her eyes upon some work or picture,
Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
While her kind lady takes one to her lap.*

A similar allusion, with reference to Petrarch as a useful book on such occasions, appears in *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, i, 190-200.

II, ii, 103-4. The book which Pero had been reading was probably a book of devotions. Tamyra takes it from her with the remark that she (Tamyra) would use it to better purpose than the maid.

II, ii, 115. *The centre*: 'the unmoved central point of the earth according to the Ptolemaic system'.—Boas.

II, ii, 132. *Cast myself off, as I ne'er had been*. Mr. Boas interprets, 'undress, as if I had never been watching here'. It seems to me that the context demands something in a higher key than this. Dr. Bradley suggests 'renounce my former self'. If this be taken to mean that she renounces her intention of meeting Bussy, it may perhaps be correct, for her exit here, taken in connexion with her words on her next entrance (II, 192-7), seems to indicate a temporary intention on her part of renouncing the rendezvous with her lover.

II, ii, 148. *The first orb move*. The construction is rather awkward, but I think *move* is dependent on *must*, l. 147. We have here 'an allusion to the *Primum Mobile*, which, in the Ptolemaic system, was the tenth sphere . . . which revolved in twenty-four hours, and carried round in its course all the inner spheres'.—Boas. So Bussy is to move first and set Tamyra's latent passion for him in action.

III, i, 21. *In his truest valour*: 'if his valour be rightly estimated'.—Boas. Perhaps we might interpret the phrase, 'at his best', 'at his highest point of valour'. *Valour* in this line and *value*, l. 40, seem to be used almost interchangeably.

III, i, 23-5. These lines recall the well-known scene where Hamlet points out to Polonius a cloud *that's almost in shape of a camel*, yet is *backed like a weasel*, and *very like a whale*. A passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* of later date than Bussy seems to show that Shakespeare in turn may not have disdained to take a hint from Chapman:

*Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometimes like a bear or lion.*

Antony and Cleopatra, IV, xiv, 2-3.

There is another parallel in *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, ii, 92-4.

III, i, 26. *When they hold no proportion*: when there is not the least resemblance.

III, i, 27-30. Compare

*We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole.*

Macbeth, V, viii, 25-6.

The reference in both cases is, of course, to the painted picture hung outside a tent or booth where a 'monster' was on exhibition.

III, i, 33. *Our three powers*: 'the vegetative, sensitive, and reasoning faculties'.—Boas.

- III, i, 69-71.** Mr. Boas gives the following interpretation of this passage, derived from Dr. J. A. H. Murray : That (Nature) brings our powers into accordance with its own will, or working, just as the stone (laid by the builder) should be apposed, or brought into accord with the line, not the line (which is straight and not to be shifted) made to lie along the stone'.
- III, i, 81.** 'Must defer his shining until such time as the vapours he has raised up from the earth have passed away.'
- III, i, 119.** We have in this line the first intimation of Monsieur's envy of Bussy's sudden rise to favour, which contributes so largely to bringing about the catastrophe.
- III, ii, 3-4.** *Kites that check at sparrows* : worthless or badly-trained falcons that forsake their proper game to follow sparrows. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III, i, 71-2.
- III, ii, 4-5.** An allusion to Jove's eagle. Cf. Chapman's note on *Eugenia* (*Poems*, p. 336).
- III, ii, 13.** Bands of hay were sometimes rolled round the legs to protect the hose of a rider. Boas quotes Jonson's *Every man in his Humour*, I, iii. Stephen : *But I have no boots*. . . . Brainworm : *Why, a fine wisp of hay rolled hard, Master Stephen*.
- There is a modern allusion to this custom of protecting the legs with wisps of hay in Hardy's *Woodlanders*, chapter xx.
- III, ii, 18.** *The poison of a red-hair'd man* : red hair, or Judas-coloured hair, was greatly disliked at this time. It was thought to denote deceitfulness. A passage in Middleton's *The Witch*, V, ii, 55, shows that the fat of a dead red-haired person was considered a poison, or at least an ingredient of a poison.
- III, ii, 28.** 'That affects the manner of a king although born a beggar.'
- III, ii, 29.** *By his suffering king* : by his king's sufferance, or permission.
- III, ii, 35.** *His own counsel keeping* : keeping his own private lawyer, like Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, to assist him in his extortions and trespasses on the rights of others.
- III, ii, 44.** *His superfluous cures* : his too numerous spiritual charges. Bussy is thinking of a pluralist clergyman.
- III, ii, 46.** Hebrew is read backwards. For a curious parallel to these lines, see Teufelsdröckh's epitaph on Count Zähdarm, *Sartor Resartus*, II, 4 : '*quinquies mille perdices plumbo confecit : varii cibi centum pondia milies . . . in stercus palam convertit*'.
- III, ii, 69.** *That popular purple* : an allusion to Guise's popularity with the Parisians, who showed him more honour than they did the King.
- III, ii, 79.** Georges D'Amboise, Cardinal and Archbishop of Rouen, died in 1510, thirty nine years before Bussy was born. As a matter of fact he was Bussy's great-uncle, through whose gift the estate of Bussy came into the possession of the Clermont family.
- III, ii, 86-7.** *Be a duke, and lead me* : a pun on the original meaning of *Dux*.
- III, ii, 105.** *The world of Saturn* : the Saturnian or Golden Age, when men were equal, and fraud and violence were unknown.
- III, ii, 108-10.** *The Hermean rod* : the caduceus. Hyginus (*Poeticon Astro-nomicon*, II, vii) tells the legend of Mercury's having parted two fighting serpents with his rod, whereupon he called his rod a peacemaker. The caduceus was often represented with two serpents wreathed about it, and was borne by heralds as a symbol of their office.
- III, ii, 138.** *Has she met you ?* : Is she even with you ?
- III, ii, 145-7.** *This giant*. The reference is to Typhon, the hundred-headed monster who challenged Jove. According to one account he was the child of Tartarus and Earth ; in another he was the child of Juno alone. Jove overcame him by means of the thunderbolt and buried him under Mount Aetna (see Hyginus, *Fabulae*, clii).
- III, ii, 146.** *Jove's ordinance* : the thunderbolt, elsewhere styled 'Jove's artillery', see IV, ii, 37.
- III, ii, 155-6.** Cf. 'Who that worst may shall hold the candle', Heywood's *Proverbs*, edited by Sharman, 1874, p. 97. Camden (*Remains*, p. 324)

gives this as : 'He that worst may *must* hold the candle.' Candle-bearers looked on at gaming, dancing, etc. (cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 38), hence the proverb, 'A good candle-holder proves a good gamester' (Ray, edited by Bohn, p. 3), and the modern, 'a looker-on sees most of the game'. It seems to be in this last sense that Chapman uses the phrase. Women, who hold the candles because of their inferiority to men, none the less know well how the game is going.

III, ii, 176. *Your chaste lady* : Tanyra.

III, ii, 179. *Take say* : or 'take the say', a hunting phrase meaning to make a cut in the belly of a dead deer to see how fat it was ; hence, to make trial of, to assay.

III, ii, 186. *An uncle* : Guise is the uncle of Charlotte's mistress, Beaupré.

III, ii, 219. *This conveyance* : this contrivance to secure a meeting with Bussy.

III, ii, 236. *Dry palm* : a sign of a cold temperament, as a moist palm was of an amorous or liberal disposition. Cf. *Chabot*, II, iii, 172-3, and *Othello*, III, iv, 36-9.

III, ii, 237. *Liver* : the seat, according to Elizabethan physiology, of various emotions. Here, of course, the reference is to love.

III, ii, 257. With this riddle compare that of Cupid in *Byron's Tragedy*, II, i, 88-95.

III, ii, 272. *Comes most near you* : touches you, or afflicts you most.

III, ii, 299. *Creaming in their faces* : Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 88-9 :

*There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool.*

III, ii, 314. *Train D'Ambois to his wreak* : lure Bussy within reach of his, Montsurry's, revenge.

III, ii, 321. Monsieur's call, the entrance of Maffé in answer to it, and Monsieur's order to close the doors, l. 323, all show that this scene, which had begun at Court, has been imperceptibly shifted to Monsieur's private rooms. An interesting article by R. Koppell, *Englische Studien*, vol. xxxiv, p. 1 ssq., points out that similar changes of place within the limits of a scene are not infrequent in Elizabethan drama. I know of few so striking as this present case.

III, ii, 359. *Angel of my life* : guardian angel, or rather tutelary genius. Cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, II, iii, 38 and IV, iii, 3.

III, ii, 367. *Without a circle* : without describing the magic circle used in the evocation of spirits. Unless this were done and the performer remained within the circle, he was exposed to the fury of the spirits. Cf. a parallel passage in *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 120).

III, ii, 373. *The man of blood*. Grimeston (*General Inventory*, p. 818, edition of 1611) calls Bussy, 'a bloody, wicked, and a furious man'. As this line does not occur in the first edition of *Bussy*, the phrase may have been suggested to Chapman by his reading of Grimeston for the Byron plays.

III, ii, 378. *Titan* : the Sun god.

III, ii, 382. *Sole discourses* : solitary communings.

III, ii, 397-8. Bussy is said to play the cuckoo since he harps for ever on one note, the *killing of the King*. The cuckoo, however, sings in the spring, Bussy in his *fall of friendship* ; hence the word, *unseasonable*.

III, ii, 411-12. 'Do not think themselves wise, unless they hear their praises sung by others, who, in reality, are but making fools of them.'

III, ii, 432-3. Ajax went mad with rage when the arms of Achilles were voted to Ulysses rather than to himself, and in his madness attacked and slaughtered a flock of sheep, taking it for the Grecian army.

III, ii, 437. *To make them of a piece* : to harmonize, and so make them useful.

III, ii, 445. *Hath reference* : is carried.

III, ii, 449. 'Probably an allusion to the adoration of Alexander the Great as the son of Jupiter Hammon'.—Boas.

III, ii, 469. *A murdering piece* : cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 95. Chapman uses

- the expression 'make a lane', elsewhere to describe the effects of a cannon shot. See *Poems*, p. 154, and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, I, iii, 16-7.
- III, ii, 483. *The purest crystal*: used here for the diamond, the conventional type of hardness.
- III, ii, 484. *To that wall*: 'at the distance of that wall.'—Boas.
- III, ii, 486. This line re-appears with slight change in *The Revenge of Bussy*, I, ii, 32.
- III, ii, 487. *Lernean fen*: the swamp near Argos, where dwelt the Hydra slain by Hercules.
- III, ii, 491. *Clotho*: the first of the three Fates. She is said to spin the thread of man's life from her *breathing rock*, i.e., her distaff.
- III, ii, 492. *Lachesis*: the second of the Fates, who draws out the thread she receives from Clotho.
- III, ii, 493-4. The passage is somewhat obscure, but I think it may be understood as follows: As Lachesis draws out the thread of your life, she dips her fingers in a bowl, *crown'd*, i.e. brimming (cf. *All Fools*, IV, ii, 34) with the foul liquor wrung out of tortured virtue (i.e. with all the vice of mankind) with which liquor the thread of your life is, therefore, stained.
- IV, i, 28. *Which*: i.e. times. Grief now *proves*, i.e. claims, these times as his own.
- IV, i, 52. *In high forms*: 'on stools of disgrace.'—Boas.
- IV, i, 55. Monsieur here uses sneeringly the epithet of *eagle* which the King had bestowed on Bussy. See III, ii, 4.
- IV, i, 57. See note on III, ii, 237. The double reference to the *eagle's beak*, l. 55, and *the liver*, l. 57, implies an allusion to the story of Prometheus.
- IV, i, 60-4. There is a bit of by-play in this passage that is not evident on first reading. When the King says that Tamyra's appearance and reputation deter *all men else* from attempting to court her, he means all other men as well as Bussy. Monsieur, who knows of the love of Tamyra for Bussy, pretends to agree, but really implies that these qualities deter all men *but* Bussy. His sneer is so evident that Tamyra at once challenges him to speak out. He declines, whereupon the King, who perceives that some aspersion is cast on the lady, remarks that in his mind her behaviour, *courtship*, is more *pure*, i.e. sincere, unaffected, than before, probably with reference to the snub she had given Bussy on their first meeting.
- IV, i, 75. See note on I, ii, 209-10.
- IV, i, 87. 'The flame of Monsieur's glories, i.e., his overweening vanity, is fed with the uncovered heads and bending knees of courtiers.'
- IV, i, 91. *A box-tree*: emblematic of lowness. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 13-14, where box-trees are contrasted with the cedar of Lebanon. Gerard in his *Herball*, 1597, speaks of the root of the box-tree as harder than the timber and more fit for dagger hafts, etc.
- IV, i, 98. *Armenian dragons*: Chapman may be thinking here of the gold-guarding griffins of Scythia mentioned by Herodotus, IV, 27.
- IV, i, 115-6. This passage seems to have been suggested by Virgil's *Georgics* II, 325-6.
- IV, i, 120. An insult similar to this of Monsieur was offered by the King of Denmark to the Lord High Admiral during the former's visit to King James in 1606. See Von Raumer, *Letters from Paris, etc.*, vol. ii, p. 215.
- IV, i, 126. *Cynthia*: a title of Diana, who was not only the goddess of chastity, but also the moon goddess. It is in this latter character, that she *fashions horns*.
- IV, i, 131. Monsieur here offers Montsurry a letter which contains the proof of Tamyra's guilt. Presumably it was a love-letter of Bussy's which Pero had stolen from her mistress and conveyed to Monsieur. It corresponds in the play to the letter which the historical Bussy wrote to Monsieur boasting of his conquest of Montsurry's wife. See *Introduction to Bussy*, p. 543.
- IV, i, 138. *Herod*: see Acts xii, 23.
- IV, i, 144. *Some proud string*: *proud* here means 'wanton', 'lascivious' (cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 147-8). *String* refers to the *discords* of l. 143.
- IV, i, 153-4. *Irish wars*. This phrase does not appear in the first edition.

If the allusion is specific, the only wars to which it can allude are the conspiracy of Tyrone and Tyrconnel in 1607, and the revolt of Sir Cahir O'Doherty in 1608, both of which were *more full of sound than hurt*. After these Ireland was at peace till the Great Rebellion of 1641, by which time Chapman had been dead for seven years. This helps us to date the revision of *Bussy*, shortly after these events.

- IV, i, 166. *Being best inform'd*: when I am at peace with myself, not reduced to chaos (l. 163) by suspicion.
- IV, i, 181-3. 'Is it from him, Monsieur, that this stain upon my good fame comes? Then it is no stain (since abuse by the wicked is an honour) but a beauty, and proves to be the same innocence that, etc.'
- IV, i, 183. *Chimæra*: the fire-breathing monster slain by Bellerophon. He had been sent out against the monster by the machinations of a lustful queen whose advances he had repelled. According to Chapman it was his innocence that gave him the victory.
- IV, i, 183. *Peleus*: according to an obscure Greek myth Peleus, falsely accused by the wife of Acastus, whose proffered love he had rejected, was robbed of his weapons by the angry husband and exposed to the wild beasts on Mount Pelion. Chiron, the centaur, who knew his innocence, rescued him.
- IV, i, 185. *The chaste Athenian prince*: Hippolytus, the son of Theseus. His step-mother, Phædra, sought his love, and when he repelled her, denounced him to his father, who prayed Neptune to destroy him. Hippolytus was in consequence killed by his own horses who were frightened by a bull sent by Neptune. He was raised from the dead by Æsculapius after his innocence was discovered.
- IV, i, 187. The cleansing of the Augean stable from its accumulated filth was one of the labours of Hercules. The phrase may have been suggested to Chapman by a line in Marston's *Scourge of Villany* (1599), book iii, Proem, l. 21:

To purge this Augean oxstall from foul sin.

- IV, i, 190. *Where thou fear'st, art dreadful*: 'inspirest terror even in those of whom thou art afraid.'—Boas.
- IV, i, 192. *The serpent*: Monsieur. Tamyra goes on to compare his slanders to the dragon's teeth sown by Jason and Cadmus from which there sprang a host of armed men.
- IV, i, 203-4. Tamyra insinuates, I think, that the paper which Monsieur had offered her husband was a forgery in Monsieur's own hand.
- IV, i, 211. *Cerberus*: the guardian of the gate of Hades is here contrasted with the sun as being a representative of darkness and night.
- IV, i, 217. *This touch*: this blow, i.e. Monsieur's accusation.
- IV, i, 227. *Cut a Gordian*: a knot tied by Gordius in a Phrygian city. An oracle declared that whoever unloosed it should rule Asia. Alexander the Great being unable to untie it cut it with his sword. See Plutarch's *Lives—Alexander*, chap. xviii.
- IV, ii, 6. 'He (Monsieur) is hot upon the scent of him (Mischief).'
- IV, ii, 24. 'By which all things capable of terror are frightened.'—Boas.
- IV, ii, 31-2. The reference is to Epimetheus, the foolish brother of Prometheus, who opened Pandora's box and let loose its plagues upon mankind.
- IV, ii, 36. *To wreak the sky*: to avenge Uranus, deposed from his throne by Saturn and the Titans. In the war of Jove against the Titans the Cyclops aided the former by forging thunderbolts for him. Chapman seems to have been rather pleased with l. 37. He repeats it in *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 4. Cf. also *Hymnus in Noctem* (*Poems*, p. 4).
- IV, ii, 46-7. 'I will obtain an answer from a spirit which I shall invoke.'
- IV, ii, 52-9. 'Emperor of the legions of the spirits of the West, mighty Behemoth, appear, appear, attended by Ashtaroth, thy unvanquished lieutenant! I adjure thee by the inscrutable secrets of the Styx, by the irretraceable windings of Hell, be present, O Behemoth, thou for whom the cabinets of the mighty lie open. By the secret depths of Night and Darkness, by the wandering stars, by the stealthy march of the hours

and Hecate's deep silence, come! Appear in spiritual form, gleaming, resplendent, lovely.'

- IV, i, 53. The name, Behemoth, as that of an evil spirit, occurs in the pronouncement of the University of Paris on the visions of Joan of Arc, and in the trial of Urbain Grandier, burnt in 1634. There is a note on Astaroth in Reginald Scott's *Discourse of Devils*, appended to his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, chapter xx.
- IV, ii, 82. *Cartophylax*: guardian of papers.
- IV, ii, 85. The old stage direction in this line shows that when the play was first presented the demons attendant on Behemoth stood about him like torch-bearers. As *Cartophylax* spoke, one of these spirits departed with his torch.
- IV, ii, 93. *Great in our command*: Mr. Boas interprets this: 'powerful in exercising command over us;' but I should prefer to attach the phrase to *spirit*, l. 92, and interpret, 'great in our host.' See for this use of *command* l. 52 above, and *The Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 243.
- IV, ii, 98. The characters named in the stage direction that follows this line enter on the balcony. Although they speak and act in the following lines, they are not supposed to be really present, but only made visible and audible to Bussy and Tamyra by the Friar's art. Two similar situations occur in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, II, iii, and IV, iii.
- IV, ii, 108. *Beyond reflection*: beyond all possibility of his being turned back.
- IV, ii, 109. *A glass of ink*: a letter which, like a mirror, reflects Tamyra's unfaithfulness.
- IV, ii, 112. *Fame's sepulchres*: the tomb of her good name.
- IV, ii, 125. 'Whom all our efforts have been unable to discover.'
- IV, ii, 165-6. 'Lest your rage, rising from your premature knowledge of the evil plotted against us.'
- IV, ii, 181. 'Monsieur's plot shall be outflanked by my own against him.'
- IV, ii, 182. *The feeling centre*: the conscious earth, which was then thought of as the centre of the universe.
- IV, ii, 184-5. Possibly Chapman is thinking here of the famous passage in the *Odyssey*, XX, 351-4, where the walls of Ulysses' house sweat blood before his approaching vengeance on the suitors.
- V, i. The *one bearing light*, etc., is supposed to be a servant of Montsurry. His appearance here is caused by the fact that there was no curtain for the front stage where this scene was played, and the properties were required for the letter which Tamyra was to write, ll. 176-7.
- V, i, 6. *Your revengeful blood*: the gratification of your lust for revenge.
- V, i, 17. *The stony birth of clouds*: the thunderbolt. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* xv, 40) says that the laurel alone of domestic trees is never struck by lightning, and records a tradition that Tiberius crowned himself with laurel during thunderstorms for fear of the lightning. Whitney's *Choice of Emblems*, p. 67, shows a man clinging to a laurel tree for protection against the bolts of Jove. Pierre Matthieu, *Histoire de France* (1605) vol. ii, p. 145 verso, has the marginal comment on a speech of the Duke de Biron: *Les hommes en dormant ne sont jamais frappez du foudre*. Chapman may have seen this.
- V, i, 20. *The wild seed of vapour*: the lightning.
- V, i, 55-6. 'Anticipating the last blast that is to kill those who live, and to give life anew to the dead.'—Boas.
- V, i, 64. Cf. the *Aeneid*, iv, 173-5: *Fama . . . viresque acquirit eundo*.
- V, i, 67-8. *My rocks*: my revenge, or, perhaps, the ambush I am preparing. *Thy ruffian galley*: Bussy, thy swaggering gallant, spoken of in l. 71 as *the spawn of Venus*.
- V, i, 71. 'To dance in a net' was a proverbial phrase meaning 'to delude oneself into the belief that one's actions were concealed when in fact they were known.' It may perhaps go back to the story of Mars and Venus caught in a net by Vulcan. Similar phrases occur in the *Spanish Tragedy*, IV, iv, 118, and in *King Henry V*, I, ii, 93. Compare also *All Fools*, II, i, 252, and *Chabot*, IV, i, 136.

- V, i, 84. *For all the comets*: 'in spite of all the comets,'—Boas. Comets were thought to portend disasters.
- V, i, 91. *Nor in human consort*: nor do men lost in the wilderness of a woman's beauty find human fellowship.
- V, i, 93. *Pelion and Cythæron*: Pelion, or Pelium, a mountain in Thessaly, the haunt of many wild beasts.
Cythæron, or Cithæron, a range of mountains in Greece, abounding in game. Lions and wolves are said to have been found there in prehistoric times. See Chapman's note on Cytheron in the *Gloss* to *The Shadow of Night* (*Poems*, p. 17).
- V, i, 128-30. 'Where all these bounds of manhood, noblesse, and religion have been broken, they are *kept*, i.e. preserved, or restored, by the infliction of the penalties that their violation duly demands, even if these penalties are comparable in cruelty to the original violation.' The point, somewhat obscured by Chapman's diction, is that Montsurry's sullied honour can only be washed clean in blood.
- V, i, 142. *Thus I express thee yet*: 'thus I give a further stroke to my delineation of thee.'—Boas. This does not seem satisfactory. Dr. Bradley suggests that, as 'express' is used, as an adjective, of one person who is 'the portrait' of another—'the express image of his person', *Hebrews* i, 3—it may have here a similar meaning as a verb, and we may render the passage 'I will make the likeness between us perfect, make myself the image of cruelty, as thou art of adultery, l. 140.
- V, i, 143. 'The image of thy unnatural depravity is not yet fully completed.'—Boas.
- V, i, 145. *This other engine*: the rack.
- V, i, 151. 'Tamyra thinks that some evil spirit has taken her husband's shape.'—Boas.
- V, i, 156. The sudden and apparently uncaused death of the Friar is a curious anticipation of Browning's method of killing off the characters in his early dramas by the violence of their own emotions. The use which Chapman makes of it, however, to break down the resolution of Tamyra which all her husband's tortures had not been able to overcome, seems to me a stroke of true dramatic genius.
- V, i, 163-72. This passage at once grotesque and grandiose is eminently characteristic of Chapman. The sudden appearance of the Friar through the secret vault has revealed to Montsurry with the suddenness of a flash of lightning that it was this trusted man of God that had been the *close and most inennumerable pander* to Tamyra's sin. In his amazement at this discovery, the very frame of things seems to him turned upside down. The bias toward sin has caused the world to turn over; now her back part braves that part of the heavens, *this hemisphere*, which her hypocritical face had so long mocked. And this revolution has exposed to view all her long-concealed illusions, so that men may see how she is held together and maintained in being by hypocrisy.
- V, i, 181. *His*: i.e. man's, anticipating *man* in l. 182.
- V, i, 191. *In, I'll after*: Montsurry is addressing the corpse of the Friar, which he here drags to the secret vault.
- V, ii, 12-15. A difficult passage, rendered almost hopeless by the corruption of the usually standard text of the second quarto. I follow the first quarto here and interpret as follows: usually when Nature gives a man the qualities which we call meritorious and believe should lead him (*arrive him*) to riches, etc., those very qualities prove to be his ruin.
- V, ii, 20. *With terror*: 'inspiring terror in their enemies.'—Boas.
- V, ii, 36. 'Her treasury of noble qualities so largely expanded in the endowment of a single man,' i.e. Bussy.
- V, ii, 46-53. This passage is borrowed, as Boas notes, direct from Seneca, *Agamemnon*, ll. 64-72.

*Non sic Libycis Syrtibus æquor
 Furit alternos volvere fluctus, etc.*

The old translation (*Seneca—His Tenne Tragedies*, 1581) renders the passage as follows:

*Not so the raging sea doth boyle upon the sand,
Where as the southern winde that blowes in Africk lande,
One wave upon another doth heape with sturdy blast :
Not so doth Euxine Sea his swelling waves upcast :
Nor so his belching stream from shallow bottom roll,
That borders hard upon the ysy frozen poall :
Where as Boötes bright doth twyne his wayne about
And of the marble seas doth nothing stande in double.
O how doth Fortune toss and tumble in her wheele
The staggring states of kynges, that readdy bee to reele.*

- V, ii, 57. 'Will try the strength of your hidden armour.' Cf. note on V, iv, 41-6.
 V, iii, 17. *His upper weed*: his outer garment, i.e. the Friar's gown which Montsurry had taken from the corpse, V, i, 191.
 V, iii, 23. *This embodied shadow*: this ghost when it was still a mortal body.
 V, iii, 28. *My set brain*: my mind set, or determined, on knowing how things stand.
 V, iii, 41-7. As Lamb (*Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*) pointed out, Bussy in this passage calls upon Light [or rather on the Sun god, the *King of flames*, cf. Chapman's *Homer* p. 118], and on Darkness [or rather on Behemoth, the *Prince of shades*] to solve the mystery that troubles him. It is characteristic of the metaphysical mind of Chapman that the final appeal is to the prince of shades who sees best *where men are blindest*.
 V, iii, 71. 'If my death fulfils his prediction.'
 V, iii, 103. *The signs*: the signs of the heavens, with particular reference to the stars which govern man's life.
 V, iv, 9. 'Before he be overtaken by your husband's vengeance.' This is a peculiar use of the verb *revenge*; but a similar use occurs in *The Trial of Chivalry* (Bullen, *Old Plays*, vol. iii, p. 326);

*I know the villayne Burbon did the deed
Whom my incensed brother will revenge.*

The context shows that the meaning here is: my brother will take revenge upon Burbon for this deed.

- V, iv, 23. The stage direction after this line shows that Monsieur and Guise enter upon the balcony, which is here supposed to be a gallery overlooking the room in Montsurry's house to which the vault gives entrance.
 V, iv, 27-8. 'What bugbear such as this threat of murder does not shrink in fear from the very sleep of Bussy.'
 V, iv, 41-6. As the murderers enter at one door, the ghost of the Friar appears at the other and warns them back. All flee except the first, whom Bussy attacks. Bussy's sword fails to pierce his privy coat of mail, so Bussy strikes him in the face and slays him.
 V, iv, 52. *A speeding sleight and well resembled*: a successful trick which gave him (Montsurry) the very resemblance of the Friar. Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, V, iv, 20.
 V, iv, 65. *Enforce the spot*: 'emphasize the stain on your honour.'—Boas.
 V, iv, 82. 'Then the preachers who tell us of the supreme importance of the soul deal only with forms, not with facts.'
 V, iv, 83-4. 'Man is composed of two devoted friends (body and soul), who stand in the same relation to each other as lover and mistress.'
 V, iv, 90-3. The anecdote comes originally from Suetonius, *Vespasian*, 24.
 V, iv, 100-8. Adapted, as Boas notes, from Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, ll. 1522-30:

*O decus mundi, radiate Titan,
Cujus ad primos Hecate vapores, etc.*

which the old translation renders as follows:

' O Titan crownd with blazing bush whose morning moystures make
The Moone her foamy bridell from her tyred teame to take,
Declare to th' Easterlinges whereas the ruddy morne doth rise,
Declare unto the Irishmen aloofe at western skies,
Make knowne unto the Moores annoyed by flaming axentree,
Those that with the ysv Wayne of Archas pestred bee,
Display to these that Hercules to th' eternal ghosts is gone
And to the bauling mastiffes den from whence returneth none.

V, iv, 119-21. We may, perhaps, paraphrase this passage as follows: May my tragic death when laid in the scales of your temper (or judgment), no longer partial, outweigh whatever fault there was in the love I worthily bore your lady.

V, iv, 134-140. This is a passage to which it seems almost impossible to attach any definite meaning. *This killing spectacle* is, of course, the wounds inflicted on Tamyras. She is the *sun* of Bussy's life, and the sun is now turned to blood. But we may well ask with Mr. Boas what Pelion and Ossa symbolize, and what their melting means. I think in a general way the sense of the passage is that under the beams of this bloody sun Bussy feels his life departing and pouring like a stream into the ocean where all human life flows, to add more bitterness to that sea of Death. But the grandiose imagery quite obscures the meaning.

V, iv, 149. D'Ambois like Hercules is to become a star in the heavens. See Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, ll. 1568-79:

Sed locum virtus habet inter astra, etc.

V, iv, 151. *The vast crystal*: the highest, or crystalline, sphere in which the star of Bussy will be set.

V, iv, 203. *Arriv'd*: i.e. at my goal of death.

V, iv, 211-14. The figure of the wax taper, started in l. 209, is still continued. The sweet taste of the honey, from which the wax came, has passed into the perfume, *savour*, of the candle, and so retains a *spice of his first parents*, the bees, until, like departing life, the light of the candle flashes up and then goes quite out, *it sees and dies*.

V, iv, 218. *His own stuff puts it out*: the melted wax of the inverted candle extinguishes the flame. Cf. Grimeston, p. 969: 'These two noblemen [Biron and D'Auvergne] were like two torches which being held downward are quenched with the wax which did nourish them and give them light.' The original of this is in Pierre Matthieu, vol. ii, p. 129, where it is applied to the sudden extinction of Biron and the Count D'Auvergne.

Epilogue. This first appeared in the 1641 edition. It has evident reference to the performance and the actor alluded to in the *Prologue*, and must have been written at the same time.

TEXT NOTES

In the preparation of this text I have made use of the following editions, denoted in these pages by the symbols which here accompany them: the first quarto, 1607 (A); the quarto of 1641 (B); Dilke's edition, *Old Plays*, 1815, vol. iii. (D); the edition contained in the *Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, Pearson, 1873 (P); that contained in *The Works of George Chapman*, edited by R. H. Shepherd, 1874-5 (S.); and the edition of Mr. Boas in *The Belles-Lettres Series*, 1905 (Bo.). Essentially I have followed B, modernizing the spelling and punctuation, and introducing a few readings from A, and modern emendations. For an elaborate study of the text see *Englische Studien*, v. 38, p. 359, ssq. In the Q, the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes.

Prologue. Wanting in A.

Dramatis Personae. No such list appears in the Qq. That given here is based, with a few differences, on that of Boas.

I, i, 5. A, *incessant*; B, *continual*.

8. A, *forging*; B, *forming*.

10. A, *our tympanouse statists*; B, *men meereley great*.

20. A, *powers*; B, *wealth*.

25. A, *glad*; B, *faine*.

31. A, *world*; B, *earth*.

36. AB, *words*; P, *misprints worde*.

40. A, *poore*; B, *meane*.

43. A, *likely*; B, *possible*.

44. A, *fit I*; B, *good to*.

57. A, *Think'st*; B, *Callest*.

80. A, *doth*; B, *doe*.

82. A, *wish me doe*; B, *wish me*.

83. A, *as*; B, *where*.

92. A, *portly*; B, *humorous*.

110. A, *eies*; B, *loves*.

113. A, *rude*; B, *old*.

117. A, *rul'd*; B, *wise*.

122-5. Wanting in A.

126. A, *But hee's no husband heere*; B, *To fit his seed-land soyl*.

130. A, *with*; B, *for*.

153. In the margin to the right of this line B has the direction *Table, Chesbord, & Tapers behind the Arras*. This is a direction to the stage manager to place the properties required for the next scene (cf. I, ii, 167) behind the curtain which concealed the rear, or alcove, stage. This is one of numerous indications that B was printed from a stage-copy of the play.

153. A and B, *the*; P, *misprints tha*.

156. A, *A passe*; B, *His passe*.

157. A, *good fashion*; B, *respect*.

167. A, *his wise excellencie*; B, *your great masters goodnesse*.

170. A, *bad*; B, *rude*.

180. A, *highnes*; B, *Graces*.

187. A, *scholar*; B, *poet*.

192. A, *excellence*; B, *bounteous Grace*.

193. A, *to your deserts The reverend vertues of a faithful Steward*; B, *to you of long ones*.

196. A, *merrie*; B, *pleasant*.

197. A, *beleeve it*; B, *berlady*.

199. A, *my Lord*; B, *his Grace*.

208-10. A omits these lines.

212. A, *Serve God*; B, *If you be thriftie and*. I have preferred the reading of A, as more likely,

the true text. The weak and unmetrical version of B represents an alteration to avoid the penalty fixed by the law of 1606 for the abuse of the name of God in stage-plays.

222. A, *sown*; B, *set*.

their fruit. The copy of B in the Bodleian reads *the fruit*. Two copies in the British Museum *their fruit*.

I, ii. I have added to the original stage direction at the beginning of this scene, which consists only of the names of the characters, two phrases based upon a previous stage direction. See above note on I, i, 153.

I, ii, 2. A, *this*; B, *that*.

4. A, *under hand*; B, *under the hand*.

10. A, *Court forme*; B, *Court-fashion*.

11. A, *semi-gods*; B, *demi-gods*. 14-5 A omits.

18. A, *boast*; B, *vaunt*.

20. A, *rudenesse*; B, *clowneries*.

32. A, *deformitie*; B, *confusion*.

47. A, *first borne*; B, *sole heire*.

53. A, *and we*; B, *and we more*.

54. A, *to be the pictures of our vanitie*.

56. A omits.

58. A, *this Gentleman t' attend you*. B, *a Gentleman to court*.

60-61. Printed as prose in Qq.

62. A, *I like*; B, *we like*.

63. A, *I have*; B, *we have*.

67. In this line I follow B. A has *He that will winne, must wooe her*; *shee's not shamelesse*, which Bo. prefers.

68-75. Printed as prose in Qq.

71. A, *my love*; B, *sweet heart*.

72. A, *Beaupres*; B, *Beaupre*.

76. A omits.

84-6. A omits.

93. The stage-direction after this line comes after the words, *another riddle* (l. 133) in A. B has the misprint *Pyrлот* in this direction.

94-105. A omits.

114. A, *Sir*; B, *Duke*.

114-5. A, *madam*; B, *princely mistresse*.

115. A omits *another riddle*.

118. A, *good*; B, *young*.

121-6. These lines, plus a speech by Guise, *So, sir, so*, cancelled in B, appear after the words, *Another riddle* (l. 133) in A.

128-33. B prints this speech as verse, the lines ending *many, of, owne, talk*. Bo. prints it as prose; I think the arrangement in the text justifies itself.

133. A, *more courtship, as you love it*; B, *Another riddle*.

160. A, *Ardor*; B, *Their heat*.

181. A, *roaring*; B, *braying*.

187. A omits the stage direction after this line.

192. Qq, *how*; the *who* in Bo. is a misprint.

201, 204, 206. A gives the speeches beginning with these lines to Pyrhot, Barrisor, and L'Anou respectively. I follow the arrangement of B.

201-3. Qq. print this speech as verse, the lines ending *selfe, into, you*. I think the passage is prose, though with an echoing rhythm of the preceding verse.

201. A, *strange credulitie*; B, *miraculous jealousy*.

202-3. A omits the *matter of*.

207. A, *with*; B, *in*.

212. A omits *else*.

II, i. In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene A has *Beaumont, Nuncius*; B, *Montsurry and Attendants*. I have retained *Beaumont* as the speech beginning *Such a life*, II, 105-6, is assigned to him in B. Bo., who follows the stage directions of B, assigns this speech to Montsurry. Brereton in a review of Boas's edition published in the *Sydney Bulletin* (Australia) suggests that *Beaumont* is the name of the Nuntius who enters after I, 24; but I think that Chapman in this Senecan passage would be more like to introduce a nameless Nuntius.

II, i, 11. A, *When*; B, *Where*.

27. A, *his*; B, *their*.

70. A, *sparkl'd*; B misprints *spakl'd*.

120. A, *quicke an eie*; B, *swift a foot*.

128. I follow A, *the tw' other*, in preference to the unpronounceable *th' tw' other* of B.

129. I follow A, *spirits*, in preference to B, *spirit*.

133. A omits the words *but he* in the King's speech. It is possible that they may have crept into B by mistake, but I incline to

think that they were added deliberately.

135. A, *feebled*; B, *freckled*.

136. A, *cheekes*; B, *lips*.

166. A, *full*; B, *true*.

185. A, *violent*; B, *daring*.

193. I prefer the A reading, *God*, to the B, *Law*, which I take to be an alteration of the original to comply with the law of 1606.

204. A, *King*; B, *Law*.

207. B omits the words *Mort Dieu*, probably for fear of the censor. I restore them from A.

210-18. These lines appear for the first time in B. They were evidently added to motivate the following scene. In their stead A has two lines:

Buss. *How shall I quite your love?*

Mons. *Be true to the end:*

I have obtained a kingdom with my friend.

II, ii. In A this scene opens with fifty lines (not forty-nine, as Bo. states) which are omitted in B. Most editors restore them to the text, but as they seem to have been deliberately omitted, I have preferred to follow B in the text and reprint them here. The scene opens in A with the direction, *Montsur, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Pyrha*.

Mont. *He will have pardon sure.*

Tam. *Twere pittie else:*

For though his great spirit something overflow,

All faults are still borne, that from greatnesse grow:

But such a sudden courtier saw I never.

Beau. *He was too sudden, which indeede was rudenesse.*

Tam. *True, for it argued his no due conceit.*

Both of the place, and greatnesse of the persons:

Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers

To his encounter) should have made more maners

Deserve more welcome.

Mont. *All this fault is found*

Because he lov'd the Dutchesse and left you.

Tam. *Ahlas, love give her joy; I am so farre*

From Envie of her honour, that I sweare,

Had he encounterd me such proud
sleight :
I would have put that project face of
his

To a more test, than did her Dutches-
ship.

Be. Why (by your leave my Lord)

Ile speake it heere,
(Although she be my ante) she scarce
was modest,

When she perceived the Duke her
husband take

Those late exceptions to her servants
Courtship

To entertaine him.

Tam. I, and stand him still.

Letting her husband give her servant
place :

Though he did manly, she should be
a woman.

Enter Guise.

D'Ambois is pardon'd : wher's a
king ? where law ?

See how it runnes, much like a tur-
bulent sea ;

Heere high, and glorious, as it did
contend

To wash the heavens, and make the
stars more pure :

And heere so low, it leaves the mud of
hell

To every common view ; come count
Montsurry

We must consult of this.

Tam. Stay not, sweet Lord.

Mont. Be pleased, Ile strait re-
turne.

Exit cum Guise.

Tamy. Would that would please me.
Beau. Ile leave you Madam to
your passions.

I see, ther's change of weather in your
lookes. Exit cum suis.

Tamy. I cannot cloake it ; but ; as
when a fume,

Hot, drie and grosse : within the
wombe of earth

Or in her superficies begot :

When extreame cold hath stroke it to
her heart,

The more it is comprest, the more it
rageth ;

Exceeds his prisons strength that
should containe it,

And then it tosseth Temples in the
aire ;

All barres made engines, to his inso-
lent fury :

So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy
Riots within me : not my name and
house

Nor my religion to this houre observ'd
Can stand above it : I must utter
that

That will in parting breake more
strings in me,

Than death when life parts : and
that holy man

That, from my cradle, counseld for
my soule :

I now must make an agent for my
blood.

Enter Monsieur.

Mons. Yet, is my mistresse gra-
tious ?

Tamy. Yet unanswered ?

This passage does not, I think,
contain anything of dramatic
importance, and was advisedly
cancelled.

21. A, weighing a dissolute ; B,
joyning a lose.

26. A, solemne ; B, common.

61. A gives Tamyra's speech in this
line to Mont[surry].

85. A, profit ; B, honour.

86. A and B, no ; P, not, a mis-
print.

96. A omits.

97. Qq. wave. This palpable mis-
print was corrected by D.

108. A, the ; B misprints yee.

122. A, that that ; B, that which.

123. A, For love is hatefull without
love againe.

126. A omits the stage direction ;
B places it after l. 123.

127-31. For these lines A has :

See, see the gulfes is opening that
will swallow

Me and my fame forever ; I will in.

132. A omits the stage direction
Ascendit, etc., after this line.

133. For Friar A has Comolet, and
so throughout the play.

191. A omits the words with a book
in the stage direction after this
line.

216. A, sits ; B, wakes.

224. A, Was something troubled.

B, Made some deep scruple.

225. A, hand ; B, honour.

228-30. A omits the words from
his long to pe'fections inclusive,
also ready in l. 230.

236. A, comfort ; B, good.

245-6. A omits the stage directions
after these lines.

III, i. The stage direction at the begin-
ning of this scene in A is simply
Bucy, Tamyra.

III, i, 1-2. A omits.

28. A, *Goddesse* ; B, *servile*.
 34. A, *our one soul* ; B, omits *our*.
 35. A, *truth* ; B, *selfe*.
 37. A, *men* ; B, *one*.
 45-61. These lines, with the stage directions after l. 50 and l. 61, are wanting in A, which has after l. 44 *Exit D'Amb. manet Tamy*.
 92. A, *thy beauties* ; B, *thine eyes*.
 118. A, *underneath the King*.
 B, *under our King's arme*.
 III, ii. Stage direction. The text follows B. A has after *Guise*, *Mont. Elenor* [i.e., the Duchess] *Tam. Pero*.
 III, ii, 1. A, *Speake home my Bussy* ; B omits *my*, thus giving the line a syncopated first foot. As this is a variation of which Chapman was rather fond, I think the change may have been made by the poet for the sake of the emphasis secured thereby.
 4. A, *nothing* ; B, *sparrowes*.
 16. A, *truth* ; B, *man*.
 29. A, *than* ; B, *by*.
 53. A, *oppressed* ; B, *besieged*.
 58. A, *the tother* ; B, *the rest*.
 67. A, *charge* ; B, *bout*.
 76. Qq. *nobly* ; I accept Bo.'s emendation *noblier*.
 89. A, *equall* ; B, *honour'd*.
 96. A, *eminence* ; B, *empire*.
 104. A, *out one sticke* ; B, *one stick out*.
 105. A, *was compris'd* ; B, *bound our lifes*.
 107. A, *ingenuous* ; B, *ingenious*.
 These two are mere variants of the same word in Elizabethan English. I prefer the sense of A, and therefore print *ingenuous*.
 117. A, *proove* ; B, *hold*.
 A, *rodde* ; B, *vertue*.
 121. A, *Engender not* ; B, *Decline not to*.
 131-8. These lines are wanting in A, as is the stage-direction following. For this A has after l. 130 *Exeunt Henry, D'Amb., Ely., Ta.*
 140. A, *proper* ; B, *worthy*.
 149. A, *gadding* ; B, *ranging*.
 152. A, *and indeed* ; B, *for, you know*.
 154. Qq. *advantage*. I restore the s which I think has dropped out. Sense and metre seem to me to demand this.
 160-1. A, *being old, And cunning in his choice of layres* ; B, *the hart*
 Being old and cunning in his layres.
 163-4. A, *where his custome is To beat his vault, and he ruts ; B. where (behind some Queich) He breaks his gall and ruttleth*.
 168. A, *greatest* ; B, *chiefest*.
 172. A, *an excellent* ; B, *cunningst*.
 174-80. For these lines A has :
 Mons. *I have already broke the ice, my Lord,*
With the most trusted woman of your Countesse,
And hope I shall wade through to our discovery.
 Mont. *Take say of her, my Lord, she comes most fitly*
And we will to the other.
 181. A omits *indeed*.
 185. Bo. prints *Nay, pardon me, etc.*, recording *Pray* as an A reading. But the copies of B at the Bodleian and the British Museum both have *Pray*.
 187-90. Printed as verse in Qq., but it seems plainly prose.
 189. A, *concerning thy* ; B, *of thy*.
 190. A, *promised* ; B, *sworne to thee*.
 191. A, *that you have sworne* ; B, *your assurance*.
 195. A, *so it be not to one that will betray thee* ; B, *so wee reach our objects*.
 199. A omits the exclamation mark after *Excellent*.
 200. A, *into earth heere* ; B, *to perdition*.
 202. A, *wondring* ; B, *watching*.
 A omits *up* after *stole*.
 206. A, *she set close at a banquet ; B, her selfe reading a letter*.
 209. A, *No, my Lord* ; B, *I sweare*.
 211-2. A omits the words from *Why, this to Oh* the inclusive.
 216. A omits the words *never dreaming of D'Amboys*.
 219. A, *his conveyance* ; B, *this conveyance*.
 220. A, *could* ; B, *should*.
 A, *performed* ; B, *made*.
 226. A lacks the stage direction after this line.
 227. Before this line A has two speeches cut out in B.
 Char. *I sweare to your Grace, all that I can conjecture touching my Lady your Neece, is a strong affection she beares to the English Mylor.*
 Gui. *All quod you ? tis enough I assure you, but tell me.*

234. Between *life* and *especially*
A has the words *if she marks*
it.

235. A, *put off* ; B, *disguise*.

238. A, *at* ; B, *from*.

244. A, *We be* ; B, *We are*.

259. Qq. *in it* ; Bo. reads *thin it*.

263. A omits *great*.

268. A, *end of you* ; B, *end of it*.

273. A, *I leave* ; B, *we leave*.

274. A, *my mercies* ; B, *our mercies*.

281. A omits *thought*.

288. A, *horrible* ; B, *miraculous*.

293. A, *My Lord, tis true, and* ; B,
Well, my Lord.

295-6. A omits this speech.

301. A, *monster-formed cloudes* ;
B, *dark and standing foggs*.

304. Qq. in Bodleian and British
Museum have *Not Cerberus*. P.
and Bo. print *Nor*.

306-75. Instead of this long pas-
sage A has only the following
lines ;

*I will conceale all yet, and give more
time*

*To D'Ambois triall, now upon my
hooke ;*

*He awes my throat ; else like Sybillas
cave*

*It should breath oracles ; I feare
him strangely,*

*And may resemble his advanced
valour*

*Unto a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly
rais'd him,*

*And for whose furie he hath learn'd
no limit.*

375. B, puts the stage direction
*Enter Bussy in the margin after
leap'st thou at l. 376.*

378. A, *head* ; B, *browes*.

381. A, *Sir* ; B, *Prince*.

384-92. A omits.

393. A, *This still hath made me
doubt thou do'st not love me*.

394. A, *for me then* ; B, *therefore
now*.

397-400. For these lines A has only
D'Amb. *Come, doe not doubt me,
and command mee all things*.

401. A, *and now by all* ; B, *to prove
which by*.

403. A, *affection* ; B, *still flourish-
ing tree*.

404. A omits.

409. A omits.

422. A, *begin, and speake me simply ;*
B, *pay me home, ile bide it
bravely*.

425. A, *to feed* ; B, *misprints so feed*.

431. A, *wife* ; B, *strumpet*.

444. A, *that valour* ; B, *thy valour*.
A, *my dunghill* ; B, *the dung-
hill*.

445. A, *I carrie* ; B, *hath reference*.

483. A, *A perfect* ; B, *The purest*.

485-6. Qq. have no point after
tender and a semi-colon after
lust. I think the present punc-
tuation brings out the true sense
of the passage.

IV, i. In the stage direction at the
beginning of the scene A omits
with a letter.

IV, i, 5. A, *fare* ; B, *foule*.

16. A, *images* ; B, *idols*.

21. A omits.

24. A, *motions* ; B, *faculty*.

26-9. In A these lines belong to
Bussy.

28. A, *predominance* ; B, *divided
empires*.

29. A, *claime* ; B, *prove*.

38. A, *tyrannous* ; B, *priviledge*.

65. A, *but* ; B, *and*.

70-8. For these lines A has :

Buc. *No, I thinke not,*

Mons. *Not if I nam'd the man
With whom I would make him
suspicious*

His wife hath armd his forehead ?
Buc. *So you might*

*Have your great nose made lesse
indeed : and slit.*

92. A, *toughness* ; B, *roughnesse*.
Possibly B is a misprint. The
root of the box-tree was famous
for its hardness.

96. A omits *the*.

103. A, *spirit* ; B, *minde*.

104. A, *effect* ; B, *desert*.

112. A, *is comming to afflict* ; B,
steales on to ravish.

117. A omits and *Ladies* in the
stage direction.

132. A puts this stage direction
after *under* in l. 134, and omits
Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.

147. A omits this stage direction.

151-4. A, *Sweete Lord, cleere up
those eyes for shame of noblesse :*
*Mercilesse creature ; but it is
enough*.

B, *Sweet Lord, cleare up those
eyes, unbend that masking fore-
head,*

*Whence is it you rush upon her with
these Irish warres*

*More full of sound then hurt ? But
it is enough*.

- I restore the words *for shame of noblesse*, which I believe to have been accidentally dropped, and rearrange so as to bring out the metre.
180. A, *hand* ; B, *fingers*.
 190. A, *art* ; B misprints *are*.
 193. A, *Even to his teeth* (whence, in mine honors soile.
 205-9. *papers hold . . . for it*.
 For these lines A has:
 Be not nice
For any trifle, jeweld with your honour,
To pawne your honor.
 212. A, *much* ; B, *well*.
 217. A, *my Lord* ; B, *this touch*.
 232. A, *Ile attend your lordship*.
 B, but *I will to him*.
 234. A, *Speake* ; B, *Meet*.
 236. A omits.
- IV, ii. A omits lines 1-18 inclusive, opening with the stage direction *She enters, her maid*, for which B has *Musick: Tamyra enters with Pero and her maid, etc.*
21. A omits *curs'd*.
 24. After this line A has *Father*, followed by the stage direction *Ascendit Bussy with Comolet*.
 27-30. *Our love . . . fool but he*.
 A omits this passage, reading instead:
D'Amb. What insensate stocke,
Or rude inanimate vapour without fashion.
 50. A, *ye see* ; B, *you see*.
 51. A omits the stage direction after this line.
 66. A, *calledst* ; B, *call'dst*.
 77. A, *one* ; B, *on*.
 99. The Qq. wrongly give the speech, *No . . . see*, to Monsieur. Dilke gives it to Behemoth. Boas correctly to the Friar.
 107-8. Both A and B give *Pre* as the speaker of these lines, probably a mere misprint for *Beh[emoth]*.
 109. A, *wherein you see* ; B, *where you may see*.
 132. A omits the stage direction after this line.
 135. I have followed Bo.'s arrangement of the stage direction in this line. A has only *Exit Mont.* after *i' faith*, l. 136, and B, *Exit Mont. and stabs Pero*.
 136. A, *ill* ; B, *cruelly*.
 139. A, *be, at least, if not a* ; B, *rather be a bitter*.
141. A omits the words *To you . . . To me*.
 144. A omits the stage direction.
 151. A, *stay* (perhaps a misprint for *stayne*) ; B, *die*.
 152. A, *with* ; B, *in*.
 his forc'd. Qq. Dilke and Boas read *her*. This gives a plainer sense, but I think *his* may stand.
 158. A, and let him curb his rage with policy.
 189. A, *print* ; B, *taint*.
 193. A, *from* ; B, *by*.
- V, i. In the stage direction A omits the words *by the haire*.
 1-4. These lines are wanting in A.
 21. A, *than it* ; B, *than that*.
 24. Qq. *no more* ; P, *to more*, a misprint.
 28. A, *hateful* ; B, *secret*.
 32. A, *touch* ; B, *tread*.
 35. The words *your terrors* are wanting in A. When added in B, the full stop after them was forgotten, which gave rise to S.'s reading, *your terrors Tempt not a man distracted*. I follow Bo.'s punctuation.
 40. A, *God* ; B, *Heaven*. I follow A.
 A, *ye* ; B, *you*.
 42-4. A omits.
 45. A, *heart* ; B, *breast*.
 46. A, *ope the seven-times heat furnace*. I follow B, which has been needlessly emended to *Or stand*, (D.) and *stand in the* (Bo.).
 48. A, *cares* ; B, *woes*.
 51. A, *enraged* ; B, *devouring*.
 60. A, *God* ; B, *Heaven*. As in l. 40, I follow A, taking B to be a change to avoid the law of 1606.
 68. A, *laden for thy* ; B, *rig'd with quench for*. On the significance of this new reading see *Modern Language Review*, January, 1908, p. 138.
 91. A, *distract* ; B, *devoure*.
 A, *state* ; B, *consort*.
 95. A, *sins* ; B, *faults*.
 129-30. A omits the words from *with to cruelty*. L. 130 reads in B *Of the like cruel cruelty: thine arms have lost*.
 I omit *cruel* which I take to be a printer's error, harmful to sense and metre.
 140. A, *still* ; B, *ever*.
 141. A, *like in ill* ; B, *parallel*.
 146. A omits the stage direction ; B places it after l. 144.
 154. A omits *with a sword drawne*

in the stage direction, also the direction *Falls and dies* after l. 155.

174. A, *innocent*; B, *worthy*.

193. A omits stage direction at the close of this scene except the word *Exeunt*.

V, ii. This whole scene, except ll. 54-9, which are wanting in A, was originally placed at the beginning of V, iv.

V, ii, 3. A, *who makes*; B, *that makes*.

7. *Not knowing what they say*. Instead of these words A has the following lines:

*In whose hot zeale a man would
thinke they knew*

*What they ranne so away with, and
were sure*

*To have rewards proportion'd to
their labours;*

*Yet may implore their owne con-
fusions*

*For anything they know, which often-
times*

It falls out they incurre.

8. A, *masse*; B, *deale*.

13-7. This passage is so badly printed in B as to make nonsense which has puzzled most editors. I have followed the perfectly clear reading of A for these lines. The variants in B are: l. 13 for *wee call, she calls*; l. 14 for *believe, beliefe*; for *should, must*; l. 16 for *Right, Even*; for *men thinke, me thinks*; for *gard them, guard*. Any one who tries to reconstruct the passage in the text along these lines will, I think, feel as I do, that Chapman had made certain corrections, which the printer misunderstood, and to which the printer added changes of his own with a result of reducing the passage to hopeless unintelligibility.

25. A, *decorum*; B, *proportion*.

28. A, *an absolute*; B, *a perfect*.

29. A, *whole*; B, *full*.

32. A, *Why you shall*; B, *Yet shall you*.

38. A, *let it*; B misprints *let's it*.

40. A, *rages*; B, *rage*.

41-3. For these lines A has only:
*So this full creature now shall
reele and fall.*

44. A, *purblind*; B, *blind borne*.

48. A, *euxine*; B, *Euxian*.

53. A omits the stage direction after this line and l. 54-9.

V, iii. A omits *with tapers* in the stage direction at the beginning of this scene, also *Thunder* after l. 6, and *Thunders* after ll. 53 and 69.

8. A, *Crackes*; B, *Nods*.

9. A, *my*; B, *deare*.

15-6. A omits.

17. A, *almost*; B, *upper*.

19. A, *see*; B, *shine*.

50. A, *sense is*; B, *men are*.

54. Qq. 'give *Sp.* (i.e. *Spirit*) as the speaker. I keep the abbreviation *Beh.* i.e. *Behemoth*, from IV, ii.

76. A, *and force*; B, *or force*.

82. A omits stage direction *knocks*.

84. A omits *with a letter written in blood* in the stage direction.

85-98. *O lying spirit . . . calls him*: for this passage in B, A has:

Bussy. *O lying Spirit: welcome,
loved father,*

How fares my dearest mistresse?
Mont. *Well as ever,*

*Being well as ever thought on by her
lord:*

*Wherof she sends this wisse in her
hands*

*And praies, for urgent cause, your
speediest presence.*

V, iv. For the stage direction at the beginning of this scene A has *Intrat umbra Comolet to the Countesse, wrapt in a canapie*.

V, iv, 1-6. These lines are not in A, which has instead:

Com. *Revive those stupid thoughts,
and sit not thus,*

*Gathering the horrors of your servants
slaughter*

*(So urg'd by your hand, and so
imminent)*

Into an idle fancie; but devise.

9. A, *engaged*; B, *revenged*.

14. A, *i'have*; B, *have*.

15-22. Instead of these lines A has;

*Tis the just curse of our abus'd
creation,*

*Which wee must suffer heere, and
scape heereafter:*

*He hath the great mind that submits
to all*

He sees inevitable; he the small

*That carps at earth, and her founda-
tion shaker,*

*And rather than himselfe, will mend
his maker.*

22. The stage direction following this line is wanting in A, in which

- Monsieur and Guise are on the stage, presumably in a gallery, from the beginning.
- 33-6. These lines are wanting in A.
41. Wanting in A.
42. The stage direction is wanting in A.
43. The words *all but the first* are wanting in A in the stage direction.
53. The Qq. put the question mark after *lord*.
66. In the stage direction A has *others* for B *all the murtherers*.
71. A omits the stage direction after this line.
73. The stage direction is wanting in A; B puts it before l. 72.
- 90-3. These lines are wanting in A.
91. The stage direction, wanting in A, occurs before l. 94 in B.
105. *The burning axletree*. P. misprints *curning*; which S. further distorted to *cunning*. The Century Dictionary not aware that *curning* was a misprint, takes the word as a variant spelling from 'quern', 'a handmill', and glosses it as grinding. *Burning* is a translation of the Latin *ferventi*; see note on this passage, p. 561.
119. Before this line A repeats the name of the speaker, *Bus[sy]*, and for *Now* has *And*.
135. A, *gainst*; B, *in*.
136. A, *endless*; B, *drifts of*.
146. For Qq. *stuck*, Bo. emends *struck*. This does not seem necessary; cf. the use of *stick* in the sense of 'pierce' in V, iii, 48.
- 147-53. These lines, preceded by three others, cancelled in B, constitute the closing speech of

the play in A. The cancelled lines are:

My terrors are strook inward, and no more

My pennance will allow they shall enforce

Earthly afflictions but upon my selfe.

147. A, *relicts*; B, *reliques*.

149. A, *Joine flames with Hercules*; B misprints *Jove flames with her rules*.

151. A, *continent*; B, *chrystall*.

154. Before this line B repeats the name of the speaker, *Frier*.

155. After this line A has the following cancelled in B:

Since thy revengefull spirit hath rejected

The charitie it commands, and the remission

To serve and worship the blind rage of bloud.

163. A, *sitting*; B, *kneeling*.

167. The exit of the *Umbra* is not noted in the Qq.

173. After this line A has the following, cancelled in B:

My soule more scruple breeds than my bloud sinne,

Vertue imposeth more than any stepdame.

186-7. These lines with the following stage direction are wanting in A.

192. The word *are*, wanting in the Qq., was added by D. It was probably omitted by mistake after *here*, or joined with that word in pronunciation, i.e. *here* pronounced as a dissyllable was understood as equivalent to *here are*.

201. A omits *a* before *hunted*. The Epilogue is wanting in A.



THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS

INTRODUCTION

THE *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* was entered in the Stationers' Registers on April 17, 1612, and published in 1613, with the following title-page: *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois. A Tragedie. As it hath beene often presented at the private Play-house in the White-Fryers.* Written by George Chapman, Gentleman, London. Printed by T.S. and are to be solde by John Helme, at his shop in S. Dunstones Church-yard, in Fleetstreet, 1613. The statement of the title-page, together with what is known of one of the sources, enables us to fix the date of composition for this play within tolerably narrow limits. The Whitefriars' Theatre was opened by the Queens' Revels Company,¹ under the management of Rossiter, with Nat. Field as leading actor, early in the year 1610.² Chapman seems to have written for this company almost exclusively since his break with Henslowe in 1599,³ and for them he composed, probably after a revival of his tragedy of *Bussy* at their new theatre, this sequel, *The Revenge of Bussy*.⁴ We may, therefore, safely place the composition of this play late in 1610, or in 1611, which would leave time for the frequent performances mentioned on the title-page before the entry in the Stationers' Registers.

The sources of the main plot of *The Revenge* are as uncertain as those of *Bussy*. De Thou⁵ states that the murder of Bussy led to a nine years' feud between his friends and the partisans of his slayer, in which Bussy's sister, Renée, took a principal part. But this statement first appeared in print seven years after the publication of Chapman's play, and cannot have served as its source. As a matter of fact, when we consider the unhistorical character of the main plot of this play, we may reasonably conclude that no direct source for it ever existed. I take it that Chapman, perhaps as a result of the successful revival of *Bussy*, decided to compose a second part, or sequel, to that play. This naturally assumed the form of a revenge tragedy, a type notably popular in the first decade of the seventeenth century. How little connexion the main plot of this play has with the truth of history is shown by the fact that in reality there was neither revenger nor revenge for the murder of Bussy. Chapman's figure of Clermont D'Ambois cannot be identified with any historical character; his very name, indeed, is composed of names and titles belonging to Bussy himself: Louis de Clermont,

¹ The old Children of the Chapel, who had taken the name of the Children of the Queen's Revels in January, 1604. Fleay and Maas distinguish this company after their reorganization and migration to Whitefriars as the Second Queen's Revels Company.

² Maas *Aüssere Geschichte der Englischen Theater-truppen*, pp. 60, 167.

³ The apparent exception is *Bussy*, which was at one time performed by Paul's Boys; but see my article, *The Date of Bussy*, in *Modern Language Review*, January, 1908.

⁴ For the probable revival of *Bussy* at Whitefriars see my article quoted in the preceding note.

⁵ *Historiæ sui temporis*, vol. iii, lib. lxvii, and vol. v, lib. cxliii.

Sieur de Bussy D'Amboise.¹ And the revenge taken by this imaginary hero upon his brother's murderer is as imaginary as the hero himself, for the feud was composed by order of Henry III shortly before his death,² and the historical Montsurry, whom Chapman represents as dying under Clermont's sword, was actually alive at the time his death was being represented on the stage of Whitefriars, and survived to receive Marie de Medici at Angers as late as 1616.³

If the main plot of *The Revenge* may, therefore, be considered as Chapman's invention, the source of two striking episodes of the play has been definitely ascertained. Professor Koepfel showed long since⁴ that the ultimate source of Chapman's account of the arrest of Clermont was to be found in Pierre Matthieu's *Histoire de France*, 1605, and that of the murder of Guise in Jean de Serres' *Inventaire Général*, and Mr. Boas has since pointed out⁵ that the immediate source drawn on by Chapman for both of these was Grimeston's *General Inventory of the History of France*, 1607. The death of Guise was taken over with little change from Grimeston's narrative, but the account of Clermont's arrest was adapted in all its details, but with a complete change of characters, from the seizure of the Count D'Auvergne, the bastard son of Charles IX, as told by Grimeston under the date 1604. It is not unlikely that this extraordinary wresting of the facts of history moved certain critics, the 'poor envious souls' of Chapman's dedicatory epistle, to cavil at the want of truth in his play.

Mr. Boas⁶ makes the ingenious suggestion that the story of D'Auvergne's arrest in Grimeston was the 'inspiring source' of Chapman's play. This, I must confess, seems to me a misuse of terms. In *The Revenge of Bussy* the arrest of Clermont is purely episodic, and has so little vital connexion with the main plot of the play that I cannot imagine how Chapman's perusal of the story in Grimeston could in any way have suggested to him the composition of a tragedy of revenge for Bussy's murder. I should conceive Chapman's method of composition to have been something as follows. Having determined to write a sequel to his successful play of *Bussy*, and to give it the form of a revenge tragedy, he began to construct a scenario and at once found himself confronted with a very practical difficulty. A tragedy of revenge must be built up along fairly fixed lines. The charge of revenge, the inciting motive, must be laid upon the revenger as early as possible, so as to get the action promptly under way. On the other hand, the accomplishment of this charge, which constitutes the proper catastrophe, must be deferred until the last act, so as to wind up the play properly. This leaves a yawning chasm of three acts which must somehow be filled, and in such a way as to maintain the interest of the audience. Kyd, in the play which served as the first model for the Elizabethan tragedy of revenge, evaded this diffi-

¹ Mr. Boas' notion that Chapman took the name Clermont from a mention of the town Clermont in Grimeston seems to me most unlikely. Boas' *Bussy*, p. xxxv.

² De Thou, vol. iii, lib. lxvii.

³ Joubert, *op. cit.*, pp. 198-9.

⁴ Koepfel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897, p. 43.

⁵ Boas, *Bussy*, p. xxxii, ssq.

⁶ Boas, *Bussy*, p. xxxiv.

culty by deferring the incitement to revenge until the third act¹; and as a consequence *The Spanish Tragedy* drags woefully through the first two acts. Shakespeare in *Hamlet* found a real solution of the problem by filling the interval between the Ghost's demand for vengeance and Hamlet's final accomplishment of his purpose, with a series of scenes which reveal the character of the revenger and show how it is to the peculiar constitution of this character that the long postponement of the revenge is due. Chapman was in 1610 too experienced a playwright to fall into the mistake of Kyd, but he was by no means a subtle enough psychologist to repeat the splendid success of Shakespeare. Searching for some matter to fill up the space between the first and last acts of his projected play, which should serve as an objective obstacle to hinder the performance of the revenge, he hit upon the story of the arrest of D'Auvergne, fresh in his mind from his work on the Byron plays, in which this character had already appeared, and to which this story, as told by Grimeston, was in some sort an epilogue. This incident seemed to Chapman to possess a double value. It would, in the first place, interest his hearers, since it presented under the thin disguise of fictitious names a recent exciting episode in French politics. Such an interest was assured to the poet by the marked success of the Byron plays, due, we may well believe, rather to the interest of the audience in contemporary French politics and court gossip than to their appreciation of Chapman's poetry and philosophy. And secondly, while explaining the long delay of the revenge, it would illustrate the character of the hero, and reveal his qualities of unworldliness, courage, and patience in adversity.

The connexion between *Hamlet* and *The Revenge of Bussy* is a commonplace of criticism; but it does not seem to have been noticed that this relation, except in certain details, is not one of imitation.² On the contrary, it is one of deliberate and carefully planned contrast. It is hardly too much to say, I think, that such a disciple of the Stoic doctrines as Chapman must have felt something like contempt for the character of *Hamlet*. The very qualities which humanize *Hamlet* and render him more sympathetic to our modern minds, his irresolution, his self-contempt, his excess of emotion, his incapacity for deliberate action, his sudden and spasmodic bursts of energy, must all have unfitted him in Chapman's mind for the high position of a tragic hero. And, if *Hamlet* were unworthy, what must Chapman have thought of the other heroes of the contemporary tragedy of revenge, Antonio, Hoffmann, and Vendice, brutal, reckless, half-mad, and wholly lacking in that self-restraint which is the first of Stoic virtues. Over against *Hamlet* and such characters as these Chapman, writing at a time when the tragedy of revenge had already run its course, set up his ideal figure of the revenger, the 'Senecal man', Clermont D'Ambois.

A brief comparison of Clermont's action in this tragedy with the behaviour of *Hamlet*, Hoffmann, and the rest will show the difference of Chapman's conception. Here are no frantic self-accusations, no madness real or feigned, no slaughter of innocent victims in default

¹ Bellimperia's letter to Hieronimo in III, ii, may be taken as constituting this incitement.

² The scene between Clermont, Guise and the Umbra, V, i, is, as Koeppl has pointed out, a patent imitation of that between *Hamlet*, his mother, and the Ghost.

of the true object of vengeance. Clermont receives the charge of revenge from his brother's ghost.¹ He accepts the task, prohibits all other attempts at revenge on the part of Bussy's kindred, and loathing any course but the noblest and most manly, sends a challenge to the murderer. When Montsurry refuses to receive it, Clermont bides his time in patience. To the reproaches of his sister, giving utterance to the unschooled passion for revenge—the cry of blood for blood that dominated the old tragedy—he answers calmly that a virtuous action need not be hastened, and that no virtuous action can 'proceed from vicious fury' (III, ii, 110-2). Confronted with his sister's elemental passion, Clermont seems, indeed, almost ready to renounce revenge altogether as unfit for the philosopher; 'I regret', he says, 'that e'er I yielded to revenge his murder'; and the reason for this repentance strikes down to the very heart of Chapman's conception of the philosophic hero, 'never private cause should take on it the part of public laws'. In this mood, apparently, Clermont remains till toward the close of the play. It is not until the second appearance of Bussy's ghost calling for revenge that he reassumes his task. But this reassumption is not in consequence of any reproaches on the part of the ghost, nor to any outburst of natural emotion, but simply in obedience to the rules of conduct that guide his life, re-stated by the ghost and applied to his present situation in a speech remarkable for its close-packed and logically developed thought (V, i, 78-99). It closes by repelling Clermont's reason for abstaining from revenge by the argument that the individual is bound to act where public justice has failed,

*what corrupted law
Leaves unperform'd in kings, do thou supply.*

Nothing, again, could be more unlike the whirlwind of passion in which Hamlet sweeps his enemy from the stage of life than the cool and almost disinterested fashion in which Clermont forces his brother's murderer to meet him sword in hand, strikes him down, and then dismisses him to the other world with his blessing, 'for all faults found in him . . . this end makes full amends . . . rest, worthy soul.' Othello's phrase, 'an honourable murderer,' may be more justly applied to Clermont than to Othello himself, for Clermont in very truth does 'nought in hate, but all in honour'.

The play closes with the suicide of Clermont, and here again we may note Chapman's deliberate divergence from the convention of the revenge tragedies. From Hieronimo to Vendice² the revenger had waded so far into a sea of blood that he was overwhelmed by its waves. The fate of each one of them is intimately connected with and brought about by the revenge, to the accomplishment of which he has sacrificed so much. In Chapman we find an entirely new motive entering after the accomplishment of the revenge to determine the hero's fate. No sooner has Clermont finished with Montsurry than he hears of the murder of his friend and patron, the Duke

¹ This is the stock convention of the tragedy of revenge, but it is interesting to note that even here Chapman departs from the convention in that he does not bring the ghost upon the scene, but only refers, and that most briefly, to his appearance and cry for revenge, see I, i, 83-5.

² An exception must be made, of Marston's Antonio, who retires to a convent.

of Guise, by order of the King. It is impossible for Clermont to undertake a new revenge for this murder, since he holds that

*There's no disputing with the acts of kings,
Revenge is impious on their sacred persons*

—a sentiment, by the way, which savours rather more of Stuart politics than of Stoic doctrine. Unable, therefore, to revenge his friend, he chooses rather to lay down his own life and rejoin him than to remain exposed 'to all the horrors of the vicious time.' Like Cato or Brutus when the Republic had fallen, Clermont chooses a Roman death rather than a servile life.

Fully to understand Chapman's conception of the ideal hero in the rôle of the revenger, it would be necessary to analyse the play scene by scene, for the whole play is little else than an elaborated portrait of the hero, painted with numerous and carefully planned strokes. These are to be found not so much in the actions of the hero—Chapman had but a small part of Shakespeare's gift of character portrayal by means of action—as in the speeches of Clermont himself in the eulogies of his friends, and in the reluctant admissions of his enemies. He is, first of all, a man of fiery temper and dauntless courage, restrained and guided by a strong and disciplined will. He is 'as true as tides or any star' in his devotion to his friends. A scholar, as well as a soldier, he possesses 'the crown of life, which learning is'. Yet he is no bookish pedant, but 'holds all learning but an art to live well', and practises that art in his daily life. A follower of the Stoics, he has the words of their great teacher, Epictetus, in his mouth, and his precepts in his heart. He despises the common objects of men's desire, riches, courtly favour, popular applause, sensual gratification, and seeks, in true Stoic fashion, to identify himself with the moral order of the Universe.¹ Fixing his eyes upon the things of the mind, Clermont is wholly indifferent to outward things, captivity, poverty, death itself—

*If any man
Would neither live nor die in his free choice,
But as he sees necessity will have it
(Which if he would resist, he strives in vain)
What can come near him that he doth not will?
And if in worst events his will be done,
How can the best be better? All is one.*

In short, we have in this play Chapman's full length portrait of the perfect man of Stoic doctrine placed in a Renaissance setting, the court of the last Valois, in which, to Chapman's mind, there were but too many analogies with that of the first Stuart King of England.² It is easy enough to point out Chapman's inferiority to Shakespeare as a dramatist, particularly in the matter of characterization. Yet it is, perhaps, quite as capable of demonstration that in *The Revenge of Bussy* Chapman has set up an ideal of character and conduct that, regarded from the ethical point of view, is stronger and loftier than any to be found in contemporary drama. And if we would judge Chapman by his own standard, we must remember that to him, as

¹ See especially the speeches adapted from Epictetus, III, iv, 58 ssq. and IV, i, 131 ssq., and notes *ad loc.*

² See especially I, i, 32-70, and the note thereon.

to Sidney and most Renaissance critics, the ethical standpoint was the only possible one for the true poet. Even Homer, he held, wrote with a moral purpose,¹ and in the drama he believed that 'material instruction, elegant and sententious exhortation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary' were 'the soul, limbs, and limits of authentical tragedy'.²

In the composition of *The Revenge* Chapman subordinated everything else to the characterization of Clermont, and this fact explains the curious transformation undergone in this play by some of the characters who had already appeared in *Bussy*. The King, Guise and Montsurry have no longer any interest in themselves for Chapman, but are regarded simply as foils to bring out the character of Clermont. Thus Henry III, who in the earlier play appears as the royal and generous patron of Bussy, reappears in *The Revenge* as the enemy of Clermont. As a consequence, his character is depicted in a wholly different light, and he is shown—no doubt with a closer approach to historical truth—as sensual, vacillating, treacherous, and bloody. On the other hand Guise, who had been *Bussy's* chief opponent at Court and one of the accomplices in his murder, appears here as the bosom friend, at once patron and disciple, of Clermont. Consequently Chapman completely reverses his portrayal of this proud and turbulent noble, depicts him in *The Revenge* as 'a true tenth worthy', and strains all his powers of paradox to wipe from his reputation the one blot which in all English minds would forever 'distain' him, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.³ Montsurry, again, who in *Bussy* commands in a measure, at least, our respect for his faith in his wife, his horror at the discovery of her guilt, and his resolute determination to have revenge at any cost, becomes, in the later play, a poltroon clinging desperately to his wretched life until shamed into some semblance of manhood by the generosity of Clermont. Such a transformation can only have been caused by Chapman's desire to exalt Clermont's stoical indifference to death by contrast with his enemy's behaviour. Finally, such minor figures as Baligny, Maillard, and Charlotte, with their treachery, perjury, and passion, are mere foils for the fidelity, sincerity, and self-command of the hero.

Enough has been said, I think, to demonstrate the central and shaping idea of *The Revenge of Bussy*. As a drama, it is markedly inferior in action, variety of characterization, and buoyant energy of verse to Chapman's first tragedy. It is neither easy nor entertaining reading, and it must have taken all Chapman's reputation as a poet and all Field's ability as an actor to obtain for it on the stage the numerous performances referred to in the title-page. Yet for the intelligent reader *The Revenge of Bussy* has a double interest. Recording Chapman's protest against a popular type of contemporary tragedy, it reveals his own conception of the tragic hero, and thus throws a flood of light upon the ideals which governed his own life. And it embodies these ideals in verse of such grave and solemn music as to leave on every reader capable of appreciating philosophic poetry an indelible impression of 'the wealth and weight of its treasures of ethical beauty'.⁴

¹ See the interesting passage on this point in III, iv, 14-25.

² Dedication to *The Revenge of Bussy*.

³ See II, i, 196-234.

⁴ Swinburne, *Essay on Chapman, Works—Poems*, p. xliv.

THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS

NOTES

Dedication. Sir Thomas Howard, the second son of the first Earl of Suffolk, and himself first Earl of Berkshire, was a distinguished figure at the Courts of James I, Charles I, and Charles II. His daughter Elizabeth married Dryden, and her brother, Sir Robert, was the well-known dramatist and critic of the Restoration. One of the sonnets attached to his translation of the *Iliad* by Chapman is addressed to Sir Thomas Howard. Here the poet praises the courtier's patronage of 'humblest merit,' and compares him to Homer's Antilochus, 'valiant and mild and most ingenious'.

The scenical presentation : the stage performance. From Chapman's tone in this passage it would seem that the play had not met with unanimous applause, and it may be that its slight success was one of the reasons which led to its being surrendered by the company, when they united in 1613 with Henslowe's men, to the author, who published it with this apologetic dedication.

Of their side : on the side of the *maligners*.

The authentical truth. It would seem from this sentence that one of the objections urged by the *maligners* was that this play was untrue to history. It is against the claim that a drama should present an accurate account of historic facts that Chapman protests in the following passage, which gives us his theory of tragedy.

Some other of more general account : the dedication of another work which will be more generally acceptable. Perhaps the reference is to the approaching appearance of Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey*, 1614.

Most divine philosopher. Epictetus, whose *Discourses*, as Boas has pointed out, strongly influenced this play.

Matter of my faith. With this confession of his belief in immortality it is interesting to compare the elaborate argument on this theme put into Cato's mouth in *Caesar and Pompey*, IV, v, 90-141.

The Actors' Names. This is the heading of the list of *dramatis personae* in the first edition. Many of the characters have already appeared in *Bussy*. Of the new names *Renel, a Marquesse*, was probably suggested by the title of Antoine de Clermont, Marquis de Renel, murdered by Bussy on the night of St. Bartholomew. Bussy's sister, Renée (not Charlotte), married Jean de Montluc, Seigneur de Balagny (hence Chapman's *Baligny*) and Marshal of France. Chapman may have got a hint as to her haughty and impatient character from Grimeston, who relates that she died the very night after her husband signed the capitulation of Cambrai, 'not able to endure that so precious a jewel as Cambrai (whereof she was newly created princess) should fall into the Spaniards' cruel hands' (Grimeston, ed. 1611, p. 934). The name of the usher, *Perricol*, is taken from Grimeston, p. 724, who gives the name of Guise's secretary as Pericart. The *Ghost of Chattilion* is that of the great Huguenot leader, Coligny, frequently referred to by English contemporaries under his family name of Chattilion. The name of the servant, *Riova*, may be a misprint for *Riona*, which in this case would come from the town, Ryon, mentioned in Grimeston, p. 1048.

I, i, 5-6. *Given by suit, etc. :* permission given to suitors to murder for their personal aggrandizement.

I, i, 32-70. It is not difficult to see in these speeches Chapman's lament over the degeneration of English character during the peace that followed C.D.W. 577 P P

the accession of King James. Chapman's sympathies, as became an old Elizabethan and a panegyrist of that 'thunderbolt of war', Sir Horace Vere,¹ were all with the war party.

- I, i, 34. *Ends ought rewarded*: ends by obtaining any reward.
- I, i, 64. Cf. IV, i, 104.
- I, i, 71-2. Baligny's appeal to Guise is only a bait to elicit an expression from Renel which might be construed as treasonable. As appears later on, Baligny is a spy and tool of the King, and finally an accomplice in the murder of Guise (V. ii, 36-9).
- I, i, 96-7. Renel, the *decayed lord*, has been forced by a lawsuit of Montsurry's to offer his last remaining property for sale. Montsurry wishes to buy it, but the price has not yet been agreed on between them.
- I, i, 128. *His Guisean greatness*: his importance in the Guisean faction or, perhaps, his intimacy with Guise.
- I, i, 134. *That sincerity*: that very impossibility of becoming dishonest, i.e. treasonous.
- I, i, 140-1. 'The more black we paint the best men, the more our statecraft is thought to be acute and penetrating'.
- I, i, 144. *Stage direction*. Henry only passes over the stage here. The quarto does not mark his exit, but as no speech is given him, it is plain that he goes off immediately. Monsieur's leave-taking is in dumb show.
- I, i, 145. Monsieur's connexion with the Low Countries began as early as 1577. In 1580 he accepted the sovereignty of the provinces that had revolted from Spain, and in 1582 he was installed Duke of Brabant. He threw away his position by his treacherous attack on Antwerp in 1583.
- I, i, 152-3. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 47-8.
- I, i, 180. *I'll part engendering virtue*: I'll separate Clermont from Guise, in whom he is begetting his own virtue. The words, of course, are spoken with a sneer.
- I, i, 205. *His worst thoughts of me*: cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 462 *seq.*
- I, i, 236. *A French crown*: a coin of varying value. The 'crown of the sun' of Louis XII served as a model for the English coin.
- I, i, 241-2. The poverty of Epaminondas, mentioned by Plutarch (*Pelopidas*, iii) was a commonplace of later moralists. Aelian's anecdote (*Var. Hist.*, V, 5) no doubt suggested Chapman's phrase, *no more suits than backs*.
- I, i, 254. A *keel* was a boat used for conveying coal from the North to London, hence the common term 'sea-coal.' This taunt of Monsieur's, quite inapplicable to the circumstances of the real Bussy, would have a special meaning to Chapman's audience, who probably had seen more than one Scotch gentleman of longer pedigree than purse arrive at Court by this cheap conveyance.
- I, i, 260-1. Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 108-11.
Use not my lordship nor yet call me lord,
Nor my whole name Vincentio, but Vince,
As they call Jack or Will; 'tis now in use
'Twixt men of no equality.
- I, i, 267. A puzzling line. I suspect some corruption in the text. Dr. Bradley suggests that we might read 'sucks' for *seeks*. *Emrods*, an old variant of 'hemorrhoids', might in that case be applied figuratively to such sores on the body politic as Monsieur. Mr. Boas thinks there may be a reference in this speech to the 'poor knights' of Windsor, pensioners on the royal bounty.
- I, i, 277. *Swisser*: a hireling soldier. Switzerland was at this time the great recruiting ground for mercenaries, and the term 'Switzer' is often used to denote a hired soldier, especially in some royal guard. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 97.
- I, i, 278-87. Clermont echoes here his brother's phrase (cf. *Bussy*, III, ii, 395, 400); but the quiet fashion in which he answers Monsieur's insolence and unveils the hollowness of his claims for men's respect is characteristic

¹ See Chapman's poem, *Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymae*, 1622.

- at once of the speaker and of the tone of this play—as characteristic as Bussy's outburst of abuse (III, ii, 462 *seq.*) is of Chapman's earlier work.
- I, i, 303. *Won to their hands*: already secured to them by their ancestors.
- I, i, 330. Cf. *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto*. *Heaut. Tim.* 77.
- I, i, 332. It is not necessary to suspect an allusion to *As You Like It* in this line. The idea is as old as the Greek Anthology, (X, 72), with which Chapman is quite as likely to have been acquainted as with Shakespeare's play, first printed in 1623.
- I, i, 335. *The good Greek moralist*: Epictetus. The following passage, to l. 342, is an adaptation of the *Discourses*, IV, vii, 13. As Mr. Boas has pointed out, Chapman mistook the sense of the word, *ὑποκρίτης*, in this passage for 'actor' in the technical sense, not understanding that Epictetus used it here only for one who plays a part in life. On this mistake Chapman builds up his illustration.
- I, i, 349. *Innovating Puritan*. An elaborate study of the long struggle between the Puritans and the stage, marred somewhat by its own puritanical bias, is given by E. N. S. Thompson: *The Controversy between the Puritans and the Stage*, Yale Studies in English, No. XX, 1903.
- I, i, 354. *The splenetic philosopher*: Democritus, called also 'the laughing philosopher'. Seneca, *De Ira*, II, 10, says: *Democritum aiunt nunquam sine risu in publico fuisse*.
- I, i, 356-74. This passage may have been suggested by Juvenal, *Satire* X, ll. 33-53:

*Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ache ;
Tho' in his country town no Lictors were,
Nor Rods, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear,
Nor all the foppish gravity of show
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.*

*He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears,
At their vain triumphs and their vainer tears,
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.*

Dryden's translation.

- The elaboration of the idea, with the instances of the lawyer, the tradesman, the hypocrite, and the widow, is Chapman's own work.
- I, i, 357. *He so conceited*: he saw in such a light.
- I, ii. In order to connect Tamyra with the revenge taken for the murder of her lover, Chapman has brought her back to her husband's house. He can hardly have contemplated this when he wrote, or even when he revised Bussy, for there the separation of the guilty wife and the murderous husband is looked upon as eternal; cf. Bussy, V, iv, 191-221.
- I, ii, 9. *Prevent that length*: anticipate the length of time that must elapse before the murder of Bussy is revenged.
- I, ii, 18. *The sphere of fire*: cf. Bussy, V, iv, 148-53.
- I, ii, 25. *Still on this haunt*: still brooding on this theme. Cf. Byron's *Tragedy*, III, i, 173.
- I, ii, 27. *Cockatrice-like*. The cockatrice was thought to be hatched from the eggs of an old cock brooded over by some 'venomous worm'. See Trevisa, *Barth. de Prop. Rerum*, XII, 16.
- I, ii, 27-32. The diction of this passage is so reminiscent of two passages in Bussy that it must almost certainly have been written after them. One of these (III, ii, 486) occurs in both versions of Bussy; the other (V, i, 68) only in the later version represented by the quarto of 1641. It seems fair to conclude from this, that the later version was made before *The Revenge of Bussy* was written, i.e. before 1611-2. I have discussed this point fully in an article on the date of Bussy, *Modern Language Review*, January, 1908.
- I, ii, 53-61. These lines occur with but few changes in Chapman's poem

A Good Woman (*Poems*, p. 151) included in Petrarch's *Penitential Psalms*, etc., 1612. This poem, a paraphrase in heroic couplets of portions of Plutarch's *Conjugalia Praecepta*, must have been written before *The Revenge of Bussy*.

- I, ii, 65. *Conditions of most large contents*: most liberal conditions of surrender.
- I, ii, 75. Cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 124-31.
- I, ii, 76. 'Still retain in their wounds the right to demand that you shall beg forgiveness. This you have not yet done, and so the right is *unobserv'd*.'
- I, ii, 80. *The fiction*. This fable appears in Aesop (no. 82, Teubner ed.), but Chapman probably found it in the same essay of Plutarch from which ll. 53-61 are drawn, viz., *Conjugalia Praecepta*, xii. Here we have not only the fable, but the same application to the proper treatment of wives by husbands as in Chapman.
- I, ii, 106. 'Consideration for her, i.e. for her desire of revenge, is the chief cause of this design.'
- I, ii, 108. *His guard*: the guard Montsurry has set at his door; cf. I, i, 94-5.
- I, ii, 124-5. Renel. for some reason which Chapman has not troubled to explain, pretends here to take Montsurry's part against Baligny. Perhaps he wishes to conceal from his creditor, Montsurry, the fact that Baligny has gained admission through his (Renel's) device.
- I, ii, 130. Cf. *Othello*, IV, ii, 27-30; and *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 388-9.
- II, i, 40-4. 'Since they (i.e. God's universal laws, l. 38) make good that guard, and preserve both heaven and earth in their order and for their original purpose, it follows that no wrong imagined by any individual as inflicted upon him by these laws can really be held a wrong, even though it seems a wrong to all human reason, law, and conscience'.
- II, i, 66. 'Tis well conceived: that is a good conception, or idea.
- II, i, 88. *For his valour's season*: to modify, or temper, his valour.
- II, i, 104. *Of industry*: on purpose, deliberately, after the Latin phrase *de, or ex, industria*. Cf. III, iv, 14-17. Milton uses the same phrase, *Tenure of Kings*, p. 4, 'a dissembled piety, fain'd of industry to beget new commotions'.
- II, i, 105-6. Euphorbus, a Trojan hero who inflicted the first wound on Patroclus, and was slain in the battle over that hero's body by Menelaus (see *Iliad*, XVI, 805-17; XVII, 9-52). On this latter passage Chapman notes in his translation: 'This Euphorbus was he that, in Ovid, Pythagoras saith he was in the wars of Troy.'

*Ipse ego—nam memini—Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.*

Metamorphoses, XVI, 160-1.

- II, i, 108-22. Baligny is, of course, playing up to Guise in this speech in justification of conspiracy and rebellion. It is characteristic of Chapman, however, that the speaker drops out of his rôle almost at once and becomes a mere mouthpiece of the poet himself.
- II, i, 114. *The grave Greek tragedian*: Sophocles. The reference is to the *Antigone*, ll. 446-57. Antigone, who has just been seized while performing the funeral rites for her brother, is asked by Creon whether she did not know that an edict had forbidden this, and if she had dared to transgress that law. She replies: 'Yes; for it was not Zeus that had published me that edict; not such are the laws set among men by the Justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such force, that a mortal could override the unfailing and unwritten statutes of heaven. For their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth'.

Jebb's translation.

- II, i, 134. 'Both king and subject in such cases are exempt from criticism and objection.'
- II, i, 135-6. Chapman himself calls attention in his marginal note to the source of this dictum, i.e. Sophocles, *Antigone*, ll. 175-7.

'No man can be fully known, in soul and spirit and mind, until he hath been seen versed in rule and law-giving.'

Jebb's translation.

II, i, 140. 'The overflowing contents of great vessels cannot be contained by smaller ones.'

II, i, 156-62. The marginal reference shows that this passage was suggested to Chapman by Epictetus, *Discourses*, IV, i, 25: 'Men keep tame lions shut up, and feed them, and some take them about; and who will say that this lion is free? Is it not a fact that the more he lives at his ease, so much the more he is in a slavish condition (*quo mollius degunt, eo servilius*)?'

Long's translation.

II, i, 165-7. Domitian's practice of catching flies is mentioned by Suetonius, *Domitian*, iii.

II, i, 176-81. This seems to be Chapman's alteration of a fable of Aesop (no. 184, Teubner edition). There it is related how the camel begged horns from Jove, who, angered at his request, took away even his ears. I have not been able to discover a version of this fable which corresponds to that in the text. The allusion in *Byron's Conspiracy*, IV, i, 138-9, may quite well be to the original form. The marginal note, *simil.*, opposite l. 181 is meant to call attention to the simile, not, as Mr. Boas thinks, to indicate that the passage is drawn from the same source—the *Discourses* of Epictetus—as that to which the previous marginal note refers. For a like use of such a marginal note, *simil.*, see *A Hymn to Hymen*, appended to Chapman's *Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn* (Pearson's reprint, vol. III, p. 120).

II, i, 184. *The foolish poet*: Suffenus. The whole passage, ll. 184-92, is an adaptation of Catullus, xxii: 'That Suffenus, Varus, whom you know very well, is a charming fellow, and has wit and good manners. He also makes many more verses than any one else. I suppose he has got some ten thousand, or even more, written out in full . . . imperial paper (*chartae regiae*) new rolls, new bosses, red ties, parchment wrappers; all ruled with lead and smoothed with pumice. When you come to read these, the fashionable well-bred Suffenus I spoke of seems to be nothing but any goatherd or ditcher, when we look at him again; so absurd and changed is he. How are we to account for this? The same man who was just now a dinner-table wit . . . is more clumsy than the clumsy country whenever he touches poetry; and, at the same time, he is never so complacent as when he is writing a poem, he delights in himself and admires himself so much.'

Translation of F. W. Cornish.

II, i, 189. *Ape-lov'd*: foolishly loved. The allusion is to the old story of the she-ape who hugged her child to death out of pure love. See Whitney, *Choice of Emblems*, p. 188: 'With kindness, lo, the Ape doth kill her whelp'; and Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, VIII, 80.

II, i, 204. *The Massacre*: of St. Bartholomew, 1572, in which Guise played a leading part. Professor Koeppl (*loc. cit.* pp. 49-51) has called attention to the sophistical defence of the Massacre here put into the mouth of Clermont, and sees in it, along with other passages—Strozza's apology for pilgrimages and votive offerings in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, ii, 31-44, and Byron's eulogy of Philip II in *The Tragedy of Byron*, IV, ii, 116-55—signs of a gradual approach on Chapman's part to the Roman Church. It is certain that Chapman never entertained the hatred of that church felt by some of his contemporaries, notably Marlowe and Peele, but his love of paradox and of flouting received opinions would, I think, be sufficient to account for such passages. The whole spirit of Chapman's work is rather that of a freethinker of the Renaissance than of a Catholic of the Reaction.

II, i, 211-32. As Mr. Boas has pointed out, this passage is 'freely adapted and transposed' from Epictetus, the *philosopher* of l. 231 (*Discourses*, I, xxviii, 11-20): cf. especially I, xxviii, 13—'If, then, it had happened to

Menelaus to feel that it was a gain to be deprived of such a wife [as Helen], what would have happened? Not only would the *Iliad* have been lost, but the *Odyssey* also',—with ll. 229-32.

II, i, 246-9. This reference to Clermont's horse is borrowed, as Koeppel (*loc. cit.* p. 44) has shown from Matthieu's account of the arrest of the Count D'Auvergne, which Chapman found in Grimeston.

II, i, 266-70. These lines are taken directly from the speech put by Ovid into the mouth of Pythagoras—

*juvat terris et inertī sede relictis,
Nube vehi, validique humeris insistere Atlantis :
Pallantesque animos passim ac rationis egentes
Despectare procul, trepidosque, obitumque timentes.*

Metamorphoses, XV, 148-51.

*I mind to leave the earth and up among the stars to sty,
I mind to leave this grosser place, and in the clouds to fly,
And on stout Atlas' shoulders strong to rest myself on high,
And looking down from heaven on men that wander here and there
In dreadful fear of death as though they void of reason were,
To give them exhortation thus.*

Golding's translation.

III, i, 5-6. Bacchus is said to have erected pillars in India. Hercules did the same on either shore of the Straits of Gibraltar. The epithet *insulting* is applied to these pillars, because they were supposed to mark the extreme limits to east and west of man's conquest or discovery.

III, i, 42-5. Aumale, who is a bit of a philosopher, sees a just cause, *merit*, for Clermont's fall in his brother's sin, which has infected the whole family.

III, i, 57-8. *Hold colours* : offer a pretext.

III, i, 69-74. This device, like most of the details of Clermont's arrest, is taken from Grimeston.

III, i, 82-6. 'Who does not know how Statecraft stuffs up a huge bugbear in order to exalt his own wisdom in dealing with it, even though the encounter be as slight as a combat with a shadow, so long as the individual whom Statecraft desires to render suspected is harmed thereby.'

III, i, 87. 'Such a thing might happen once, but not continually.'

III, i, 92-3. 'This [Clermont's support of Guise's ambition] must outweigh shadows, and is, in fact, a capital crime.'

III, ii, 1. This refers to the *shows* of the stage direction. These were pageants, or masques, to greet Renel.

III, ii, 12-16. *The Locrian princes* : Locri, a Grecian colony in Southern Italy, was famous for its good laws and dislike of alterations (Demosthenes, *adv. Timocrat.* 139-41). This account of the punishment inflicted there on newsmongers comes from Plutarch, *De Curiositate*, viii.

III, ii, 17-21. There is a close parallel to this simile in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614 (*Poems*, p. 183).

III, ii, 32. *That*, i.e. to esteem honour as the *price* and *value* of service.

III, ii, 39. *In any rate of goodness* : in any estimation of virtue.

III, ii, 41. *Demetrius Phalereus* : an Athenian orator who was placed at the head of affairs in Athens by Cassander. His administration was so popular that the citizens erected three hundred and sixty statues to him. After ten years of rule, however, he was expelled from Athens, and his statues, all but one, were destroyed. See Diog. Laert. *De Clar. Philosoph.*, V, 75-7.

III, ii, 47. *Demades* : an Athenian orator of the time of Demosthenes. Plutarch, *Demosthenes*, x, says it was generally confessed that his extempore orations surpassed the studied speeches of Demosthenes. In a passage in *Præcept. Gerend. Reipub.* xxvii, Plutarch couples the names of Demetrius Phalereus and Demades and tells how the statues of the latter were melted into 'matulæ.' This is, of course, the source of Chapman's lines.

- III, ii, 61-84.** Chapman based this scene of the anonymous letter upon a statement in Grimeston, that D'Auvergne had intelligence that there was a plot to seize him.
- III, ii, 91.** 'In postponing the revenge due to my brother.'
- III, ii, 107.** *No time occurs to kings*: time is not a matter that kings need consider, or, perhaps, taking *occurs* in the legal sense, time does not run for kings.
- III, ii, 114.** 'To endure all ill which cannot be avenged by good deeds,' i.e. where revenge would necessitate a crime.
- III, ii, 121-2.** 'Montsurry's refusal of the challenge justly exposes him to every advantage you can take of him.'
- III, ii, 129-37.** This description of Madame Perigot may have suggested to Fletcher a character, Leucippe, and a broadly comic scene, II, iii, in his *Humourous Lieutenant*, 1619.
- III, ii, 152.** *Arden*. There is more likely to be a direct reference to the Ardenne here than in *Bussy* II, i, 94; see note *ad loc.*
- III, ii, 154-5.** 'This report of an attempt to seize me is not due to my apparent neglect of my duty; that [i.e. my revenge] will be as certainly accomplished in the future as it is unfulfilled at present, even if this report be true.'
- III, ii, 163.** *Strip off my shame with my attire*: cf. the parallel in *A Good Woman* (*Poems*, p. 151). This expression, quoted by the Wife of Bath's fifth husband, is as old at least as Herodotus. See *Herod.* I, 8.
- III, ii, 170.** *This letter's truth*: the actual fact referred to in this letter as likely to happen.
- III, ii, 179.** 'If the report be as true as it is extraordinary.'
- III, ii, 206-231.** Chapman built up this episode of the search from a hint in Grimeston, p. 1048: 'He [D'Auvergne] hath since confest that hee was ready to call the two brothers of Murat into his cabinet, and to cause them to be searcht, for that he was well advertised that they alwayes carried the King's letters and his commandments.'
- III, ii, 223-5.** Another hint from Grimeston: 'D'Eurre [one of the conspirators against D'Auvergne] thanked him for the paine it had pleased him to take to see his companions, beseeching him to thinke, that he desired it with great affection, to the end the King might know they were not in so bad estate as at the voyage of Metz.'
- III, ii, 247-53.** Cassandra, daughter of Priam, was wooed by Apollo. She promised to listen to his suit, if he would grant her the gift of prophecy. He did so, but she refused to keep her word, whereupon the god laid upon her the curse that her prophecies should never be believed. Cf. *Æneid*, II, 247:

*Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
Ora dei jussu non unquam credita Teucri.*

'Then Cassandra opened her lips to speak the doom that was to be, by heaven's command, never believed by the Trojans.'

Lonsdale and Lee's translation.

- III, iii, 24.** A variant of the proverb, '*Ne Hercules quidem adversus duos*.' Guise uses it later on, V, iv, 34-5, and it appears in the Latin form in *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, II, iii, 86.

- III, iv, 14-25.** These lines had already appeared among the poems added to Chapman's *Petrarch's Seven Penitential Psalms*, etc. (ed. 1612, p. 92), under the heading, *Of Great Men*. For some reason they have been omitted by Shepherd in his edition of Chapman's *Poems*, 1875. The adjectives applied here to Achilles may perhaps have been suggested by the famous line of Horace—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

Epist. II, iii, 121.

- III, iv, 20.** *For disposing these*: 'for regulating these gifts of fame, strength, noble birth, and beauty. *These* is used loosely to qualify the nouns implied by the adjectives in l. 19.'—Boas, *Bussy*, p. 301.

III, iv, 29-31. 'Ignorant populi, si non in morte probaris,
An scieris adversa pati.

—Pharsalia, VIII, 626-7.

III, iv, 40. 'That our nature shrank from accepting it.'

III, iv, 56-7. 'You cannot pursue the outward care of things, i.e. the care of externals, without neglecting the things of the mind.'

III, iv, 58-75. As Boas has pointed out, these lines are an elaboration of a passage in Epictetus, *Discourses*, IV, vii, 6-11. They had already appeared as part of a poem headed, *Please with thy Place*, appended by Chapman to his translation of Petrarch's *Penitential Psalms* (p. 68, edition of 1612, not reprinted in *Poems*).

III, iv, 95. *The Earl of Oxford*: Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford (1550-1604), a famous patron in his day of art and letters. He maintained at one time (1581) a company of actors, and was himself a poet of considerable talent. (See Grosart, *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library*.) Lyly dedicated *Euphues and his England* to him in a highly laudatory letter, and Spenser addressed to him one of the Sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*. I know of no special reason why Chapman should have chosen this opportunity to panegyrize the deceased Earl.

III, iv, 96. *Duke Casimer*: John Casimer, Count Palatine (1543-92), one of the chief leaders of the Protestant cause during the religious wars of the sixteenth century. His invasion of France in 1575 brought about the 'Peace of Monsieur'. It must have been immediately after this that Oxford, who returned from Italy in 1576, was offered the opportunity to review his army.

III, iv, 105-6. *Cast it . . . world*: rejected it, as a vain honour, in order that he might continue to serve the world. So, at least, I understand the passage.

III, iv, 112. *A Sir John Smith*: probably Sir John Smith of Little Badow, 1534-1607. Although a soldier and statesman of considerable merit, he was unpopular at court, and Oxford seems here to refer to him as one of the baser sort.

III, iv, 114-5. 'Desiring such slavish attentions as if the final cause of nobility consisted in them.'

III, iv, 127. *Says one*: Epictetus. The whole passage, ll. 127-41, is a close translation of the *Discourses*, IV, x, 20-22.

III, iv, 133. *Twelve rods*: the twelve *fascas*, bundles of rods bound up around an axe, were the mark of the consul's office and authority.

III, iv, 134. *Sit for the whole tribunal*: the original Greek, ἐπὶ βῆμα καθίσαι, means simply to sit upon the bench as judge. Chapman seems to have been misled by a Latin translation, *pro tribunali sedere*.

III, iv, 138-9. *For constancy*: for the sake of being constant in mind. Chapman's rendering of the passage is far from clear. The Latin version, which probably lay before him, has: *Ergo pro vacuitate perturbationem, pro constantia, pro eo ut dormiens dormias, vigilans, vigiles, etc.*

III, iv, 152. The *Lieutenant* is Maillard. Mr. Boas thinks Clermont is called *Colonel* here because, in the corresponding passage in Grimeston, D'Auvergne is spoken of as the 'colonel' of the 'companions' about to be reviewed. I think it possible also that Chapman may have thought of Clermont as holding the rank of colonel, like his brother, Bussy.

IV, i, 11-39. This account of Clermont's desperate struggle is, as Mr. Boas points out, invented by Chapman. D'Auvergne, to the surprise of his captors, suffered himself to be seized without resistance.

IV, i, 16. *Bore himself*: stood up, equivalent to the Latin *se sustinere*.

IV, i, 77. Clermont repeats here Maillard's own words in III, ii, 239.

IV, i, 81-4. This is another of the many details borrowed from the seizure of D'Auvergne (Grimeston, p. 1048): 'He was moved to see himself so entreated by lackies, entreating D'Eurre to cause two of his companions to light, and that he might not see those rascals any more. Nerestan said unto him that they were soldiers so attired to serve the King in this action.

IV, i, 99. *Organ of his danger*: 'instrument of his dangerous designs'.—Boas.

- IV, i, 109. *The trumpet's*: the trumpeter's horse. D'Auvergne after his capture was mounted on the trumpeter's horse and conducted to a neighbouring town.
- IV, i, 116. The Countess of Cambrai takes the place in this play of a lady whose name is not mentioned in Grimeston, but who, he says, loved and was loved by D'Auvergne. Clermont's speech, ll. 120-24, is based upon one of D'Auvergne's in Grimeston.
- IV, i, 137-57. These lines form, with a few verbal differences, the last half of the poem, *Please with thy Place*, already referred to; see note on III, iv, 58 *seq.*
- IV, ii, 13-4. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, ii, 246:
Flatterers look like friends, as wolves like dogs.
- IV, ii, 30. This line, I think, refers to the projects mooted in the Guisean party for deposing Henry III. Baligny is, of course, playing in this scene the rôle of a partisan of Guise, and feigning an indignation which he does not feel.
- IV, ii, 37. *The Sicile gulf*: Charybdis, the famous whirlpool in the Sicilian Straits.
- IV, iii, 37. *Guiltlessly*: without guilt on his part. Cf. Udall, *Eras. Par. I Pet.* 1-2: Whom the raging cruelty . . . hath guiltlessly driven out, etc.
- IV, iii, 45. 'The lawless precedents set by kings are full of danger to the State.'
- IV, iii, 69. *Him . . . he*: the King . . . Clermont.
- IV, iii, 70-6. These lines are taken almost verbally from Grimeston (p. 1048): 'If I knew (said she), that I might save him in forcing through your troop, I would willingly do it, and if I had but ten men of my courage and resolution, you should not carry him where you think. But I will never die till I have given D'Eurre a hundred shot with a pistol, and to Murat a hundred blows with a sword.'
- IV, iii, 78-9. 'He would have purchased his freedom with their blood.'
- IV, iii, 83. Cf. *Iliad* IX, 312-13:
*Like Hell-mouth I loathe
Who holds not in his words and thoughts one undistinguished troth.*
Chapman's *Iliad*.
- IV, iii, 87. *Ancilla*: i.e. Riova, the Countess's maid.
- IV, iii, 108. 'If she had given him these jewels before I would have been spared the charge [i.e. care] of keeping watch over them.' I fancy this line may be a comic 'gag' inserted in the text for stage effect.
- IV, iv, 5. 'The only pretext being Clermont's intimacy with me.'
- IV, iv, 28. *Would present most hard*: would make it most difficult.
- IV, iv, 42-3. 'He is so perfect a Stoic after the model of Seneca that he may be compared to the immortal gods.'
- IV, iv, 50-1. Cf. *Homer VIII*, 266-72:
*He [Teucer] still fought under Ajax' shield who sometimes held it by,
And then he look'd his object out, and let his arrow fly,
And whomsoever in the press he wounded, him he slew,
Then under Ajax' sevenfold shield he presently withdrew.
He fared like an unhappy child that doth to mother run
For succour, when he knows full well he some shrewd turn hath done.*
Chapman's *Iliad*.
- IV, iv, 51-3. The story of Cacus, the monstrous son of Vulcan, who lived in a cave on Mt. Aventine, is told by Virgil, *Aeneid*, VIII, 190, *seq.*; Ovid, *Fasti*, I, 542 *ssq.*; and Livy, I, 7. I cannot find any reference, however, to Cacus cutting his thieveries to his den's length. Possibly Chapman was thinking for the moment of Procrustes.
- V, iv, 57-8. 'It were better for a man to be buried alive than to live a mere fool of state, and ruin others in order to thrive himself.' Baligny's moral reflection is apparently caused by the collapse of his plot against Clermont.
- IV, v, 22-5. These four lines occur also in a poem added to *Petrarch's Psalms* (1612), headed *Of Plenty and Freedom in Goodness*. It is not included in the *Poems*.

- IV, v, 34. 'Spend their time and thought upon those verses.'
- IV, v, 37. *Upright gasping*: a curious phrase. Perhaps we should interpret it as equivalent to 'complete incapacity'.
- IV, v, 63. 'To ransom you.'
- IV, v, 70. 'My wrong mounted higher than any man could expect.'
- IV, v, 84-5. Cf. I, i, 83-5.
- IV, v, 93. *With return of this*: i.e. the casket of jewels, which Clermont sends back to the Countess by Aumale.
- IV, v, 98-102. Monsieur died in 1584. There is no prophecy of the death of Monsieur and Guise in *Bussy D'Ambois* unless, as Mr. Boas suggests, we may so interpret V, iv, 76-8. I should doubt such an interpretation, and fancy that Bussy's prediction was simply invented for this passage.
- V, i, 1-32. This speech is modelled upon such Senecan prologues as those of *Thyestes* and *Agamemnon*. The first line echoes a phrase from the Senecan *Medea*, I, 9: *Noctis aeternae chaos*.
- V, i, 8. *Chained shot*. See note on Bussy, V, i, 98. Cf. also *The Duchess of Malfi*, IV, ii, 326-7:

your vengeance,
Like two chain'd bullets still goes arm in arm.

- V, i, 18-21. There is a parallel to this expression of Chapman's dislike of the religious differences then distracting Christendom in *Caesar and Pompey*, II, i, 38-41.
- V, i, 37-9. 'At the Barricades [i.e. on the day of the Barricades, May 10, 1588] this voice was heard: 'It is no longer time to dally, let us lead my lord [i.e. Guise] to Rheims.' Grimeston, p. 722.
- V, i, 53. *The cause alike*: the same cause, i.e. the abnormal activity of the *imagining power*, l. 43.
- V, i, 55-61. 'Advertisements were come to him [Guise] from all parts both within and without the realm, from Rome, Spain, Lorraine, and Savoy, that a bloody catastrophe would dissolve the assembly' [i.e. of the States-General at Blois]. Grimeston, p. 723.
- V, i, 63-8. 'The Archbishop of Lion, attending a Cardinal's hat within a few days from Rome, "Retiring yourself from the Estates," said he [the Archbishop] to him [Guise], "you shall bear the blame to have abandoned France in so important an occasion, and your enemies, making their profit of your absence, will soon overthrow all that which you have with so much pain effected for the assurance of religion."' Grimeston, p. 723.
- V, i, 90. *By death*: because of the existence of death.
- V, i, 102. Cf. l. 41 of this scene.
- V, i, 111. *Since you to me supply it*: the parenthesis is a little obscure, but I think it refers back to *love* (l. 110), and the whole phrase may be interpreted: 'Since you supply a brother's love to me'.
- V, i, 121-7. A difficult passage. We may paraphrase it as follows: 'One can hardly believe—if only because of the fact that a man's looks are turned toward the skies, not downwards like a beast's—that any man could partake so far of the devil's nature as to esteem good worthless because of the vain and transitory favour of a king.'
- V, i, 134-5. Repeated with slight change from IV, ii, 17-8.
- V, i, 144-8. Grimeston, p. 1048, says that D'Auvergne's mistress shed so many tears for his capture that she lost the sight of one eye for a time.
- V, ii, 18-20. 'For you do not merely neglect, or render useless, the counsels that you allow to be disclosed, but even open a way to the destruction of your own hopes.'
- V, ii, 38-9. An allusion to the story of Typhon. See note on Bussy, III, ii, 145-7.
- V, iii, 55. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 89.
- V, iv, 3-6. 'The eve before his death the Duke himself sitting down to dinner found a scroll under his napkin, advertising him of this secret ambush.' Grimeston, p. 723. Also on the morning of his death the Duke sent

back to his rooms for a handkerchief, and 'Pericart, his secretary . . . ties a note to one of the corners thereof, saying, "Come forth and save yourself, else you are but a dead man."' Grimeston, p. 724. As Mr. Boas points out, Chapman has combined these two incidents.

- V, iv, 11. *My slave*: my body with its fears.
- V, iv, 27. *He will not dare*: on the warning scroll mentioned above Guise wrote with his own hand: 'They dare not', and threw it under the table. Grimeston, p. 723.
- V, iv, 34-5. 'Does the proverb say "Not even Hercules can match two foes"? [See note on III, iii, 24, above.] Guise will encounter two with Hercules to aid them.'
- V, iv, 61-3. Guise's youngest brother, Louis, better known as Cardinal Guise, was arrested at the same time that his brother was slain, and murdered shortly afterwards by the King's order.
- V, iv, 70. Aumale's entrance is not specifically indicated in the text. He is one of the *others* in the stage direction after l. 37.
- V, v, 33-4. Cf. *Busby*, V, iv, 114-8.
- V, v, 41-2. 'I resemble the Lapwing, who, fearing her young ones to be destroyed by passengers, flyeth with a false cry far from their nests, making those that look for them, seek them where they are not.' Lyly, *Epistle Dedicatory to Euphues and his England*. This trick of the lapwing is a commonplace in Elizabethan literature.
- V, v, 85. *At all*: an exclamation in gambling at dice, used when a player threw for all the stakes on the table. See *All Fools*, V, ii, 86.
- V, v, 87. *Stick in his hands thus*: cannot Clermont finish Montsurry? Cf. a variant of the same phrase, l. 95, below.
- V, v, 118-9. Cf. Ovid:

*Ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna,
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.*

Amores, III, ix, 67-8.

- V, v, 119. The stage direction following this line probably represents an attempt on the part of the management of the Whitefriars theatre to add a little spectacular divertissement to what must have seemed to most of the audience an appallingly heavy play. The entrance and dance of the ghosts certainly serves no dramatic purpose.
- V, v, 128. *The act*. This may mean Clermont's act, *this just revenge*. I am inclined to believe, however, that it refers to Guise's act in murdering Coligny. The fact of the Admiral's ghost appearing hand in hand with that of Guise goes to show that the former now condones *the act*. This is a startling paradox, but along the lines of Clermont's speeches in II, i, 200-34.
- V, v, 134-8. This seems to be a reminiscence of *Phaedo*, 81; but Plato is there speaking only of the souls of the wicked, 'dragged down by the corporeal element'. These, he says, 'prowl about tombs and sepulchres, near which . . . are seen certain ghostly apparitions'. Cf. also *Comus*, 463 *ssq.*
- V, v, 208. Tamyra apparently thinks of her own head as crowned with snakes like that of a Fury, or spirit of revenge.
- V, v, 216-7. With this speech compare that of Caesar over the body of Cato, *Caesar and Pompey*, V, ii, 179-85.

TEXT NOTES

In preparing this Play for the press I have made use of the only contemporary edition, i.e. the quarto of 1613, which I designate by Q., of the Pearson reprint (P.), of Shepherd's edition (S.), and of Professor Boas' edition in the Belles Lettres Series (Bo.). I have noted some interesting variations between the copy of Q. in the Bodleian (Bod.), and those in the British Museum (B.M.). I

shall record these in their proper places, note all deviations from the original text—except in spelling and punctuation—and note the most important emendations proposed but not accepted. For an elaborate study of the text I would refer to my article in *Englische Studien*, vol. 39, p. 70 seq. In the Q. the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes.

- I, i, 11. Q. *cities*. This might represent the modern form *city's*, but I have preferred to take it as plural.
55. Q. *hearing*. Strict syntax would seem to demand *hear*, but Chapman's syntax is far from strict.
70. Q. *true*. I have ventured the slight change to *truth*, which seems to me necessary to make sense.
74. Q. *my self*. An evident misprint for *yourself*, probably due to the following *my lord*.
144. The stage direction after this line is placed in Q. in the right-hand margin after l. 145. The name *Soissons* is misprinted *Foisson* in Q.
167. Q. *as twere not all*. S. inserts at before *all*, a necessary emendation.
216. Q. *ingenuous*: see note on *Bussy*, III, ii, 107.
257. Q. *cast my cast ward-robe*. One might be inclined to drop the second *cast* as a printer's error, if the sense did not seem to require its retention.
- 265-7. *Well, sir, 'twere, etc.* S. carelessly omits the name of the speaker, *Clermont*, before this speech.
- 268-9. Q. omits the name of the speaker, *Mons.*, before this speech. One of the B.M. copies (C. 34, c. 6) shows this correction in an old hand, and Bo. has rightly introduced it into the text.
- 278-84. Q. prints this passage as nine short lines, ending *King, see, selfe, better, Right, True, too, upon you and deedes*. This is a mere matter of typography; the metre requires the arrangement in the text.
285. Q. *you're*. S. and Bo. print *you were*. This is, no doubt, the meaning, but to expand the contraction alters the metre of Q., which shows the syncopated first-foot, common in Chapman.
335. Q. *Moralists*. S. corrects to *moralist*, an emendation justified by the fact that the allusion is not to the Greek *moralists* in general, but to Epictetus. See note *ad. loc.*
361. *Selling of his wares*: Q. encloses these words in a parenthesis. If this be taken to indicate the construction, *thriftily* modifies *swearing*. Possibly this is right, but I have found the use of the parenthesis so often plainly wrong in old copies of Chapman, that I have preferred in this case to follow Bo. and take *thriftily* as modifying *selling*.
379. Q. *friend*. S. emends *brother*, a correction required by both metre and context. The allusion is to Clermont's brother, *Bussy*. The Q. *friend* is probably due to an officious proof reader, who noticed the word *brother* applied to Baligny in l. 380, and thought that the phrase *slaine brother* was wrong.
- I, ii, 4. Q. *humors*, an evident misprint. S. emends *honour's*.
24. In the stage direction after this line Bo. notes that Q. has *Monsieur*. The Bod. copy, however, has *Montsur.*, i.e. *Montsurry*. In ll. 25, 62, 131, 136, and in stage direction, l. 138, it has *Mont.*, elsewhere *Mons.*, evidently a misprint.
28. Bo. notes that Q. has *dye*. But the Bod. copy has correctly *dry*.
100. Q. *tis*. Bo. expands to *it is*, but this alters the metre, which shows syncopation after the caesura.
- 115-6. Q. prints as three lines ending *Lordship, here, I*.
123. Q. *Ye'are*. I do not think this means to indicate a dissyllabic pronunciation, and have followed S. in printing *Y'are*.
- 134-6. Q. prints as four lines ending, *this challenge, then, murther murther, off*.

- II, i, 50. S. omits *at* in order to regularize the metre.
255. After *journey* Bo. puts a question mark. This is not needed.
277. Q. *Exit*. A common error in old texts for *Exeunt*.
- III, i, 48. *I swear*. This is set off in Q. by commas, and S. and Bo. follow. But this punctuation is evidently wrong, as *to touch*, l. 49, depends upon *swear*.
- 58-9. In Q. the stage directions which follow these lines are placed in the margin after the words *come* and *foote* respectively. Q. prints, l. 59 as two lines ending *come* and *foote*.
103. For *Exeunt* after this line Q. has *Exit*.
- III, ii, 12. Q. *Rubers*. S. emends *rulers*.
43. Q. *he*. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, 1896) suggests *she*, i.e. Athens, but this does not seem to me probable.
74. Q. *you*. S. emends *your*.
- 97-9. Q. prints as seven short lines ending *equall? be, villaines? reason? evermore, Reason, is*. The passage may be variously arranged, but will not give normal lines in any arrangement.
146. Q. *be armes*. S. emends by inserting *in* between these words.
149. Q. *drossie*. The emendation *drowsy* has been proposed, but it does not seem necessary.
152. Q. misprints *Acden*.
- 159-60. Q. misprints *Cler*. as the speaker of these lines. S. corrects to *Ch.*, i.e. *Charlotte*.
175. Q. *Exit* for *Exeunt*.
188. *Rang'd in battalia*. The B.M. copies omit *rang'd*, as does Bo., who printed from them. But it appears in the Bod. copy, and is necessary to the metre.
253. The Q. lacks a stage direction after this line.
- III, iv, 57. Q. *things outward care*. Mr. Brereton suggests *things out* [i.e. external] *worth care*.
59. Q. *men then that are*. In the original from which this line is taken (see notes, p. 584) the reading is *that be*. I have restored this, and with it the apparently intended rhyme.
71. Q. *i' invert*. P. misprints *i' invert*.
114. Q. *as the end . . . were*. Bo. emends *as't*, etc. This does not seem necessary.
135. Q. *Circean*, a misprint, or perhaps a mere variant of *Circene*.
152. The B.M. copies have *Lieutenant, Colonel*; the Bod. *Lieutenant Colonel*. Hence S. prints *lieutenant-colonel*, while Bo. follows the B.M. copies. The latter is probably correct; see note, p. 584.
165. In the stage direction after this line Q. has *Pediss*, i.e. *Pedissequis*; the *ss* denoting the plural.
- IV, i, 6. After this line Q. has merely *Exit*, that is *Exit Maillard*, leaving, presumably, the two soldiers disguised as lackies on the stage. If we follow the Q., as previous editors do, these soldiers, are now approached and addressed by Chalon. But it seems impossible that these soldiers, who had been informed in III, iii, of all the details of the plot, should here in ll. 8-9 profess ignorance of it to the very man who had informed them. I think, then, that we must take *r* and *z*, the numbers prefixed to the speeches in these lines in Q., as indicating two fresh soldiers who enter with Chalon. I have modified the stage directions accordingly.
10. After this line Q. has *Exit* for *Exeunt*.
34. This line was accidentally dropped in P. and is also wanting in S.
44. Q. *I made you sport yet, but I pray*, etc. Bo. punctuates *sport*. *Yct, but I pray*, etc. This seems to me an unnecessary change.
54. Q. *IVe' are*. Cf. note on I, ii, 123.
65. Q. *sworne, married to the publique good*. S. rightly substitutes a dash for the full stop at the end of this line. Bo. reads *sworne - married*, and has the same compound word in l. 69, where the Bod. copy and one of the B.M. Qq. (C. 12, g. 6) have *sworne or married*, metrically a better reading. The

- other B.M. Q. (C. 34, c. 16) supports Bo.'s reading.
79. Q. *thy*. P.'s *thine* appears to be an error.
104. Cf I. i, 64; *acts* may be a misprint for *arts*.
- IV, iii, 5. This line shows a variation in the Qq. The Bod. and C. 12 g. 6 have *some brack's in*; C. 34, c. 16 reads *some brack in*.
20. The Bod. Q. and C. 12, g. 6 have the correct punctuation and should; *expresse it all*. C. 34, c. 16 spoils the passage by punctuating *should expresse, etc*.
- 44-5. Q. *let them feare*,
Kings Presidents, etc.
Bo. deletes the comma after *feare*. It seems to me that this confuses the passage. I have altered the comma to a full stop, to which it is often equivalent.
- IV, iv, 1. Q. *you're*, an evident misprint, corrected by S., for *your*.
18. Q. *the lest* [i.e. least] *persuasion*. S. wrongly alters to *best*.
51. Q. *Caucusses*; Bo. emends *Cacusses*.
- IV, v, 11. Q. *well*. The context, especially l. 12, seems to show that *will* is required.
68. Q. *usurpe*. S. needlessly alters to *usurp'd*.
105. Q. *Leade to'th Court*. S. and Bo. *Leade to the Court*. The expansion is not necessary, as we may scan with the synco-pated first foot.
- V, i, 39. Q. *lets lead (my lord) to Reimes*—an interesting example of the improper use of the paren-thesis. The source of this line (see note, p. 586) shows that *lord* is the object of *lead*.
- V, i, 53. Q. *of like fictions*. Bo. has emended to *oft*. This seems to me necessary.
58. Q. *Soccaine*. Bo. corrects *Lorraine*.
176. Q. *Or*. S. emends *On*, which the context seems to require.
- V, iii, 2. Q. *lov'd*. S. expands, *metris causa*, to *loved*.
4. Q. *her vertuous service*. S. rightly deletes *vertuous* as a mistake caused by the presence of *vertuous* in l. 3.
- 47-8. Q. prints as three lines ending *Bussy, embrace, which*.
- V, iv, 46. Q. *is a rocke*. P. misprints as for *is*, and is followed by S.
- V, v, 5. Q. *opes*. B. alters to *opens*, but here as elsewhere the line shows the syncopated first foot, and requires no change.
44. Q. *braves*. Bo. emends *bravos*. I venture to print *braver's*, a word found in Nash, *Greene's Menaphon* (Arber's edition, p. 16).
- 68 and 111. Before these lines Q. repeats *Mont*, as the speaker's name.
- 73-4. Q. prints as three lines ending *conquest, it and fortune*.
144. Q. *accurst*. S. corrects *accursed*.
201. Q. closes the line with *brother*. Bo. completes it by adding *none*.
- 210-3. Q. assigns this speech to *Cler*. S. correctly gives it to *Charlotte*.

THE CONSPIRACY AND TRAGEDY OF BYRON

INTRODUCTION

CHAPMAN'S double tragedy, *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*, is the second in date of his tragedies that have come down to us, following *Bussy D'Ambois* and preceding *The Revenge of Bussy*. The date of its composition may be established within comparatively narrow limits. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on June 5, 1608, and published in the same year, with the following title-page: *The Conspiracie And Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. Acted lately in two playes, at the Black-Friers. Written by George Chapman, Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Thorpppe*, and are to be sold at the Tygers head in Paules Churchyard, 1608.¹ Its dependence upon Grimeston's *General Inventorie of the History of France*,² a relation discussed below, p. 594, proves that Chapman cannot have begun the composition of his drama before the appearance of Grimeston's work in 1607. It is, therefore, evident that we must date *The Conspiracy and Tragedy* late in 1607 or early in 1608, not in 1605 as stated in *The Dictionary of National Biography* under the article on Chapman.

An interesting contemporary reference to the play enables us to fix the date of its production in the early Spring of 1608. This is the letter of the French Ambassador, La Boderie, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale (MS. FR. 15984, p. 240, *seq.*), first printed in a German translation by F. von. Raumer (*Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung der Geschichte, etc.*, Leipzig, 1831) under the date of April 5, 1608,³ and retranslated into English in *History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries Illustrated by Original Documents* (F. von Raumer, London, 1835) with the misprint of 1605 for 1608. The English translation, pronounced by a friend who has compared it with the original despatch to be substantially accurate, is as follows: 'April 8, 1608, I caused certain players to be forbid from acting the history of the Duke of Byron; when, however, they saw that the whole Court had left the town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The former, having accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them [*i.e.* the players] were arrested, but the principal person, the author, escaped'.

¹ The title-page of Q₂, published 1625, inserts the phrase 'and other publique stages' after *Black-Friers*. It was printed by N. O. for Thomas Thorpe.

² First pointed out by Professor Boas, *Athenæum*, Jan. 10, 1903.

³ The date in the MS. appears to be April 8.

In spite of the fact that no such scene as the quarrel here described appears in *The Conspiracy and Tragedy* there can be no doubt but that the reference is to Chapman's play. The D'Entragues of the *Tragedy* is, of course, the De Verneuil of the despatch, and there are two evident allusions to the quarrel in the second act of *The Tragedy* (II, 18-19, 128-9). It is evident that the scene which gave such natural offence to the French Ambassador was struck out by the censor, probably Sir George Buck, Deputy Master of the Revels, before he gave the necessary license for printing. A spirited protest against the long delay in granting this license occurs in the collection of letters, apparently by Chapman, discovered by Mr. Dobell,¹ and in the dedication prefixed to the plays the poet speaks bitterly of 'these poor dismembered poems'. And, indeed, the censor's hand fell heavily upon these plays. The fourth act of *The Conspiracy* was practically struck out; all that remains is a dialogue reporting Byron's visit to England in which some fragments of the original speeches appear. The close of the first and the beginning of the second act of *The Tragedy* were also expunged by the censor, including apparently the notorious quarrel scene. In all probability it was only Chapman's favour with the heir-apparent—he was at this time 'sewer in ordinary to Prince Henry'—that saved him from more serious punishment. But the damage inflicted upon the plays was irreparable. When they were reprinted in 1625 the poet either could not, or dared not, restore the excised passages, and the wounds made by the censor's hand remain unhealed to-day. It is a thousand pities, for the missing scenes were apparently the most effective from a dramatic point of view in the whole work. One would gladly have sacrificed much dramatic rubbish that has come down to us to have seen how Chapman treated such situations as Marie de Medici driving her husband's mistress from the stage with bitter words and blows, or Elizabeth pointing out to the haughty Marshal the blackening heads of Essex and his fellow-traitors.²

The great noble, whose overweening ambition and sudden downfall Chapman chose as the subject of his second tragedy, must have been much better known to an English audience in 1608 than either the historical Bussy D'Amboise or his imaginary brother, Clermont. Some of Chapman's hearers had, no doubt, served with him or under him in the French wars; not one of them but had heard of his splendid embassy to Queen Elizabeth, of her neglected warning, and of his tragic death within the year. Charles de Gontaut, Baron de Biron, was one of the most characteristic types produced by the Wars of Religion. Born in 1562, the oldest son of a famous soldier, the young Charles was bred up in camps, and, it would seem, to the end of his life conceived of war, civil war especially, as the normal and necessary condition of a soldier's existence. An old adversary of Henry of Navarre, he was, along with his father, one of the first to recognize him as King after the murder of Henry III, and he completely won his master's heart by his fiery activity and reckless daring. He fought at Arques, Ivry, and Fontaine Française, took part in the sieges of Rouen and Amiens, and held independent commands in the campaigns of Flanders and of Savoy. Uniformly successful and repeatedly wounded, his victories

¹ Printed in the *Athenæum*, April 6, 1901.

² It is not certain, however, that such a scene actually occurred in Chapman's play. See my note on *Conspiracy* IV, i, p. 607, below.

and his blood were repaid by a profuse shower of honours and rewards from the hand of the grateful King. He was made Admiral and Marshal of France, Duke of Biron, and Governor of Burgundy. But no accumulation of honours could satisfy his ambition, and from an early date (1595) he seems to have commenced a long series of intrigues with the enemies of France with a view of carving out for himself an independent sovereignty on the French border. Yet with a reckless inconsistency which seems to have been an underlying trait of his character he was always ready to take the sword against those with whom he was plotting. Thus in the campaign of 1599-1600 he took fort after fort from the Duke of Savoy, whose daughter he was under promise to marry, and with whom he kept up a treasonable correspondence during the entire campaign. Henry, who seems to have been perfectly informed of his intrigues, induced him shortly after this war to make a full confession and ask forgiveness, but the King's pardon was no sooner given than the restless Biron began the formation of a new plot, looking to an invasion of France by Spain and Savoy and a general uprising of all the discontented elements of the kingdom, Protestant and Catholic alike. The plot was betrayed by an agent, La Fin, and Henry made a last effort to save his old comrade-in-arms by summoning him into his presence, intimating his knowledge of the plot, and insisting upon a frank and full confession as the sole condition of a second pardon. Biron, however, obstinately closed his ears to the King's persuasion. He was ignorant that the plot had been betrayed, and so blinded with the conceit of his necessity to the kingdom as to think it impossible that in the worst event any serious punishment would be inflicted on him. When Henry found that he could not bend Biron, he resolved to break him and to show by a great and terrible example that the days of the turbulent, self-seeking and treacherous noble, a Constable Bourbon, or a Duke of Guise, were numbered in France. He had Biron arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. He refused to see him again, or to listen to the intercession of his powerful friends. The only mitigation of the sentence that he accorded was that the execution might take place in private, so as to spare his old comrade the last shame of perishing as a criminal under the eyes of the mob of Paris. The story of the death of Biron, as told by contemporary chroniclers, is one of the most tragic in that age of tragedies. Self-confident to the last, the wretched man had treated his sentence as a mere form which the King would not dare enforce. Only when commanded to prepare for instant death did he realize the fate that had overtaken him; he then sank into the blackest despair, wasted his few remaining hours in reproaches and vain appeals for pardon, and turned a deaf ear to the ministrations of the priests sent to prepare his soul for death. Led to the scaffold, he insisted on proclaiming his innocence to the guards, threatened to lay violent hands upon the headsman, and was with the greatest difficulty persuaded to kneel that the sentence might be performed. No sooner was he down than the executioner, fearful of another outbreak, struck off his head at a blow before he could give the appointed signal. Few stories in ancient or modern history give such a poignant and ineffaceable impression of the Nemesis that attends overweening pride.

The details of Biron's life, particularly of his conspiracy and death, were promptly registered by the historians of France, Jean de Serres, Pierre Matthieu, and Palma Cayet, and translated into English by

Grimeston in his *General Inventory*. Here Chapman found and fastened at once upon them as a fitting theme for a great tragic poem. There cannot be the slightest doubt that he used Grimeston and not the French originals, for he reproduces at times the very words of the English translator with a closeness that reminds us of Shakespeare's versification of long passages in North's translation of Plutarch. Apart from the scenes dealing with the quarrel and reconciliation between Henry's wife and mistress which Chapman probably based upon contemporary gossip—no trace of the story appears either in Grimeston or his French originals—and part of the scene narrating Biron's embassy to England,¹ Grimeston was Chapman's sole and sufficient source. But however closely Chapman at times follows the text of his author, he was by no means content merely to dramatize Grimeston's history. On the contrary he treated his source with considerable freedom, omitting details that he could not fit into his plan, rearranging the sequence of events to secure dramatic effectiveness, and expanding mere hints into highly wrought passages of noble poetry.²

I have spoken of this work of Chapman's as a tragic poem, and, indeed, if we are to do justice to its many noble qualities, it must be judged as a dramatic poem rather than as a drama proper. It is little less than amazing to observe how completely in this work Chapman has dispensed with the machinery of the Senecan tragedy so evident in the plays of *Bussy* and *The Revenge* that precede and follow it. The motives of crime and revenge, the scenes of blood and torture, the messenger and the ghost, all are wanting. And with them is gone much that is characteristic of Elizabethan drama, its vigorous and bustling action, its delight in scenes of physical or psychological struggle, its frequent surprises and sharp contrasts. Nor is it possible, I think, to maintain that in discarding these Chapman was anticipating the psychological drama of a later age where, in the words of a French critic on Browning, the stage is the soul and the actors are the passions themselves. M. Jusserand, it is true, in a highly appreciative notice of the Byron plays³ extols the scene in which Savoy disgusts the King by his excessive praise of Byron as the work 'd'un psychologue et d'un maître dramaturge'. But the design of this scene is taken direct from Chapman's source,⁴ and the execution, with its epic narratives of battles and its patriotic comparisons of Byron to a pair of English soldiers, does not seem to me remarkable either for its psychology or its dramatic sense. And there are at least two scenes in these plays where Chapman has wilfully or blindly thrown away the opportunity to depict an inner struggle such as the situation would seem inevitably to suggest. The first of these is in the *Conspiracy*, V, ii, where Byron, overcome by the King's moderation and generosity, kneels to him for pardon; the second in the *Tragedy*, I, ii, where Byron resumes his treacherous intrigues. One cannot but feel how Shakespeare would have fastened on such situations and revealed with unerring power the conflict of emotions in the heart of the proud duke before he could stoop to beg forgiveness, or, supposing his repentance sincere, as I think it

¹ See note on the *Conspiracy* IV, p. 607.

² It is unnecessary to give examples here, as Chapman's deviations from Grimeston, as well as his verbal borrowings, are pointed out in detail in the notes, see especially pp. 600, 601, 602, 603, 607, 609, etc.

³ *Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais*, tome 2, pp. 823, seq.

⁴ See note on *Conspiracy* II, ii, 58-61.

Is meant to be, the almost fiercer struggle before he could once more break away from his noble master. But Chapman has not even attempted such a revelation. In the first scene his interest is concentrated entirely upon the long oration of the King which alone separates Byron's outburst of wrath from his acknowledgment of repentance; in the second there is no reference to the King's pardon, and Byron advances motives for his revolt which would have had as much weight at the beginning of the play as they have here. Nothing, it seems to me, could be less dramatic than this beginning of the action practically *de novo* in the very middle of the work.

Swinburne has called these two plays 'a small epic in ten books', and it is impossible to read them carefully without being repeatedly struck by their epic qualities. They have the epic breadth of treatment, the slow equable movement of the epic, flowing like a river, to use a favourite simile of Chapman's, and gathering tribute as it goes, until it loses itself in the sea. They contain long epic narrations of past events,¹ epic digressions or episodes, such as the scene in the house of the astrologer, or the quarrel and reconciliation between Henry's Queen and his mistress. The lack of characterization in the minor parts is noticeable even for Chapman. Apart from Henry and Byron himself we have no such figures as Monsieur, Montsurry, or the Guise; the numerous characters who crowd the pages of these plays serve to give background and historic realism to the story, but they have no individuality of their own. They are like certain of the companions of Æneas, too weak to bear even the weight of a distinguishing epithet—*fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*.

We have on the other hand very careful, and, on the whole, very consistent characterization, in the two great figures of the King and the Duke. Yet even here the characterization is hardly in the true sense of the word dramatic. It is effected much more by speeches than by action, of which there is singularly little in these plays. It is static, not kinetic; there is no evolution of character. Byron belongs rather to the class of Tamberlaine and Richard III than to that of Macbeth or Coriolanus; and Henry remains the same from his first word to his last. Their characters are placed before us at once, and by 'a few broad strong strokes often repeated', to borrow Swinburne's apt phrase, the outlines are deepened and strengthened until the impression is ineffaceable. Both characters are drawn on the heroic scale with but little attention to realistic portraiture. There are, to be sure, a number of realistic touches in each character, taken over in each case from the sources, and giving, perhaps purposely, a certain *vraisemblance* to the portraits. Thus we have references to Henry's grey beard, to his love of tennis, to his persistent passion for amorous intrigues in the midst of war and politics. We have allusions to Byron's iron endurance of hardships, to his headlong bravery, to his scorn of women, and to his superstitious belief in omens, wizards, and astrology. But, after all, these are minor touches, and it is plain that Chapman's purpose was not to create life-like portraits of two contemporary characters, but to embody in two heroic and almost superhuman figures two supremely interesting types which he saw in the world about him.

Henry is the type of the New Monarchy which rose out of the ruin of

¹ Such as the accounts of Ivry and Fontaine Française in the *Conspiracy* I, 2.

the Renaissance in the anarchy of the Wars of Religion, a monarchy national in origin, absolute by principle. But he is something more than a mere representative of the New Monarchy, he is the ideal monarch, as Chapman conceived him, the Patriot King. The throne which he has won by long years of toil and bloodshed he regards as something more than a mere individual possession. It is, indeed, his by divine right, but only as a sacred trust. He rules his people as an absolute monarch, but for their good, not for his own interest ;

*Though I am grown, by right of birth and arms,
Into a greater kingdom, I will spread
With no more shade than may admit that kingdom
Her proper, natural, and wonted fruits,*

he tells La Fin in the first words he utters. There may seem to lie in these words the assertion that the throne is his by right of birth and conquest, but this single expression cannot be weighed against his repeated acknowledgments throughout the two plays that the throne has come to him from God, 'the sacred power' that enabled him in the first place to confront the arms of 'a King far his superior',¹ the 'angel' that helped him in later years to calm and settle the 'turbulent sea of civic hates'.² The sword of justice which he puts into the hand of the infant Dauphin is a 'religious sword'. In the conflict between himself and his traitorous subject he relies confidently upon Divine support, and his earnest prayer for Divine guidance at the crisis of Byron's fate³ is a full confession of the solemn responsibility of the King to God. This prayer, for which Chapman found not the slightest suggestion in his sources, is not only dramatically appropriate to the situation and the speaker, but contains the poet's noblest expression of his conception of the cares and duties that attend a King. As such it is well worthy of comparison with the more famous soliloquy of Henry V before Agincourt, and here, at least, in depth of thought and solemn gravity of expression Chapman seems to me in no way inferior to Shakespeare.

Like Henry, Byron is a heightened and idealized representative of his class, the great warrior noble of the Renaissance. Of this class he possesses in a marked degree certain highly characteristic virtues, reckless valour, fiery energy, the happy gift of making and of retaining devoted friends. But the qualities which make him a type of his age and class go deeper than these. He is the incarnation of the Renaissance spirit of boundless aspiration to which Marlowe gave in English poetry at once the first and the most perfect expression in the well-known speech of Tamberlaine—

*Nature that formed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.*

And with this unbounded aspiration he embodies its invariable concomitant, the intense and self-centred individualism of the Renaissance. This union finds, I think, its complete expression in a passage which repeated quotation has made perhaps the most familiar in Chapman,

¹ *The Tragedy* I, i, 99-107. The reference is, I think, to Henry III of France.

² *The Tragedy* I, i, 115-120.

³ *The Tragedy* IV, ii, 63-85.

the passage in which Byron defies the fate predicted by his stars, and determines to press on to his goal regardless of danger or restraining law—

*Be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves for greatness and for height,
Untruss your slaveries ; you have height enough
Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches ;
'Tis too far off to let you, or respect you.
Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is ; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them and commands them all.¹*

These are lines that Marlowe might have written, and they reveal a spirit such as Marlowe loved ; but Chapman, an older and wiser man than Marlowe, saw behind these lofty qualities of aspiration and self-reliance the fatal germs of selfish ambition and blind self-confidence that poisoned and perverted them, and in the end brought Byron, and not Byron only, but so many of the class of which he stands as a representative, to irretrievable ruin. Chapman was by no means blind to Byron's merits ; he exaggerates them, indeed, when he speaks of him in the Prologue to these plays as the saviour of France. But he realized that great as were Byron's merits in the past, they were rendered meritless by his egoism, and were exhausted by the unbounded claims he based upon them for the future. Byron has not served his country for love of his country, nor even out of loyalty to his King, but simply for himself, and because he has served his country he claims the right to ruin her—

*I, who through all the dangers that can siege
The life of man have forc'd my glorious way
To the repairing of my country's ruins,
Will ruin it again to re-advance it.²*

From the moment that the cessation of foreign war left two such characters, two such opposing principles we might almost call them, as Byron and Henry face to face, their conflict was inevitable and the issue of that conflict certain. For nothing is more striking in the tragedy of Byron (as in the story of Essex of which Chapman must have been reminded at every turn) than the overweening self-confidence, drunken and blinded with conceit of his own importance, with which he matched his own personality against a monarch who represented in France, as Elizabeth in England, a united and loyal nation. Against such a rock the wave of Byron's revolt was fore-ordained to break in idle foam. It is the hero's blindness to this predestined issue that constitutes for Chapman the tragedy of his fall. It is, perhaps, too much to say that in his relation of the conflict Chapman's head is for Henry while his heart is with Byron ; but it is certainly true that from the climax of the tragedy at the moment of Byron's arrest the

¹ *The Conspiracy* III, iii, 130-144.

² *The Tragedy* I, ii, 32-35.

King drops out of the foreground and all our interest is centred on the ruined noble. In the last act Chapman borrows every telling touch from the vivid contemporary narratives of Biron's imprisonment and death, and strains all his own powers of tragic and sonorous verse to heighten and intensify the pathos of his fate. As a matter of fact the historic Biron moves, perhaps, less pity than any other of the noble traitors of his age, Guise, Essex, Raleigh, or Wallenstein, but in reading Chapman's play we forget history and look on Byron's death not as the just punishment for his treason, but rather as a tragic example of the extinction of a noble, if rebellious, spirit in the grip of inexorable law.

And here we touch at last upon the note that the Byron plays have in common with Chapman's other tragedies to which they present, as I have already shown, so many points of difference. Chapman's tragedies are not tragedies of Fate like those of the Greek drama, nor tragedies of character like those of Shakespeare. We might indeed interpret the Byron plays if they stood alone in this latter sense, but when considered along with their congeners they show, I think, what *Bussy* and the *Revenge of Bussy* show even more plainly, that the peculiar tragic theme of Chapman is the conflict of the individual with his environment and the inevitable issue of that conflict in the individual's defeat. In the *Bussy* plays this conflict is more special, the conflict of a definite individual, Bussy, or Clermont, with his peculiar environment. In the Byron plays, owing to the typical character of the two main figures, it is more general, and we have the conflict of two opposing principles, those of individual liberty and social order. Writing as he did at a time when the high tide of the Renaissance was ebbing fast away, it was impossible for a writer so deeply interested in contemporary affairs as Chapman not to note the rise of a new principle. The era of liberty, verging upon license, in the realms of the intellect, of society, and politics, was yielding to the age of dogma, convention, and absolute monarchy. Wherever representatives of these two ages met, wherever such types as Byron and Henry found themselves opposed, a tragic conflict was inevitable; and while Chapman was philosopher enough to predict the victory of the new, he was too much the poet and child of the Renaissance not to lament the downfall of the old. And it is for this reason, the profound personal sympathy of the poet with the problem that confronts him, that we find the conflict between the individual and his environment handled nowhere else in Chapman's work with such epic majesty nor the tragic issue bewailed with such elegiac pathos as in *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY

NOTES

Dedication. Sir Thomas Walsingham (1568-1630) was a well-known courtier and patron of letters in Chapman's day. His wife was a lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Elizabeth and a favourite at the Court of James I. Chapman dedicated to her his continuation of *Hero and Leander*, in which he speaks of her husband's 'ancient kindness' to him. Walsingham appears to have been also the friend and patron of Marlowe, for the publisher of *Hero and Leander* in dedicating this poem to Sir Thomas speaks of the 'many kind favours' he had bestowed on Marlowe during his lifetime. His son, a precocious youth of eight years at the date of Chapman's dedication of these plays, seems to have been on the point of entering one of the universities; he was knighted at thirteen, became a member of Parliament at fourteen and married at fifteen. He lived till 1669 and seems to have been especially remarkable for his shameless double-dealing with King and Parliament during the Civil Wars.

This dedication, no doubt, suggested to Collier the name of the patron of Chapman's to whom he forged the poetical dedication of *All Fools*, which he published in 1825, professing to have found it in a unique copy of this play. The first lines of the dedication of the Byron plays, however, seem plainly to show that he had not previously dedicated any work to Sir Thomas.

These poor dismembered poems : referring to the mutilation of these plays by the censor before a license to print could be obtained. See the *Introduction*, p. 592.

Prologus. ll. 12-15. The simile is drawn from Homer, *Iliad*, V, 5-6 :

*Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness men admire
Past all the host of other stars, when, with his cheerful face
Fresh wash'd in lofty Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchain.*

Chapman's *Iliad*.

Compare also a passage in Bussy, II, i, omitted in the second quarto, but printed here on p. 564, beginning

See how it runs, most like a turbulent sea.

l. 19. **The fair shades of himself :** Brereton (*loc. cit.*, p. 60) interprets 'the images of himself invested with royal dignity'.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Albert, Archduke of Austria (1559-1621), son of the Emperor Maximilian II, and son-in-law of Philip II of Spain, who gave him his daughter Isabella in marriage and made him ruler of the Low Countries. He carried on war against Henry IV till the Peace of Vervins in 1598.

The Duke of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel (1562-1630), son of Philibert of Savoy and son-in-law of Philip of Spain, whose daughter Catherine he married. He took part in the Wars of Religion in France, ostensibly to support the Catholic cause, but in reality for his own aggrandizement. He seized the Marquisate of Saluces (Saluzzo) which had been incorporated with France by Charles IX. Henry IV insisted upon its restoration, and the Duke came

¹ See *Athenæum* June 27, 1908.

in person to Paris to negotiate terms by which he might be allowed to keep it. It is upon this visit that he appears in the play.

D'Auvergne, Charles de Valois, a natural son of Charles IX by Marie Touchet, and half-brother by the mother's side of Henriette D'Entragues, mistress of Henry IV. He was created Duke of Auvergne in 1589, was involved in the conspiracy of Biron, and though pardoned was soon again engaged in plots against the king. The story of his arrest by order of Henry IV furnished Chapman with materials for the episode of the seizure of Clermont in the *Revenge of Bussy* (see the Introduction to that play, p. 572).

Nemours, Henry of Savoy, Duke of Nemours, a cousin of the Duke of Savoy. He joined the League and fought against Henry IV, but was reconciled to him in 1596.

Soissons, Charles de Bourbon, Count of Soissons, a cousin of Henry IV. He appears as one of the characters in *The Revenge of Bussy*, but has no speech assigned him in that play.

D'Aumont. I cannot identify this character; perhaps the son of Marshal D'Aumont, *ob.* 1595.

Créqui, Charles, Marquis of Créqui, and Marshal of France, a distinguished soldier in the wars of Henry IV. He accompanied Biron on his embassy to England.

Epernon, Jean Louis de Nogaret, Duke of Epernon, one of the most powerful of French noblemen under Henry III and Henry IV. He was one of the 'minions' of Henry III, refused at first to recognize Henry IV, but was reconciled to him in 1596, and was seated by him in the royal coach when he was stabbed by Ravallac. Chapman introduces him in *The Revenge of Bussy* as well as in the Byron plays.

Bellièvre, Pomponne de Bellièvre, Chancellor of France from 1599 to 1607, plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vervins, and ambassador to Brussels along with Biron. Later he presided at Biron's trial.

Brulart, Nicolas Brulart, Marquis of Sillery, associated with Bellièvre at Vervins and Brussels.

D'Aumale, the Duke D'Aumale, an old leader of the League, and one of the bitterest enemies of Henry IV. He was at this time, 1599, an exile at Brussels.

Orange, Philip William, the eldest son of William the Silent, who was seized by Alva in 1567 and brought up at the Spanish Court. He returned to the Low Countries in the train of Archduke Albert in 1596.

Mansfield, Pierre Ernest, Count of Mansfield, a German soldier of great distinction in the wars of Charles V and Philip II. He was temporary governor of the Low Countries after the death of Parma.

Vitry, Louis de L'Hospital, Marquis of Vitry, originally a follower of Alençon, the 'Monsieur' of *Bussy* and of *The Revenge of Bussy*, later a prominent member of the League. He joined Henry IV after the latter's abjuration of Protestantism, and was made captain of the King's guards in 1595. He arrested Biron at Fontainebleau in 1602.

Janin, Pierre Janin, or Jeannin, a close friend and councillor of Henry IV after his abjuration. He took an important part in drawing up the Edict of Nantes. Henry used him as a messenger to induce Biron to come to Court just before his arrest.

La Brosse: Chapman got this name from Grimeston (p. 993).

I, i, 20. *My brother Spain*: Philip III of Spain, whose half-sister Catherine had married the Duke of Savoy.

I, i, 34. *Her elder sister*, the Infanta Isabella, who married the Archduke Albert.

I, i, 41. *Franche-Comté*, a district south and east of Burgundy, at this time in the possession of Spain.

I, i, 53. *Chymical philosophers*: alchemists.

I, i, 59-82. This character of Byron is taken straight from Grimeston (p. 992). It occurs originally, as Koeppl (*loc. cit.*, p. 19) has pointed out, in Cayet (p. 316b). Chapman has here done little more than versify Grimeston.

- I, i, 89. *His embassy*: the embassy sent by Henry IV to witness the Archduke's oath to observe the Treaty of Vervins at Brussels in 1598.
- I, i, 118-21. Mr. Crawford has pointed out to me a curious analogue to these lines in Bacon's *Apothegms*, No. 119: A Spartan wrote to Philip of Macedon boasting of his victory at Chaeronea that if he measured his shadow he would find it no longer than it was before his victory.
- I, i, 125. 'La Fin, in quarrel with some great personages of the realm, and surcharged with debts and suits in law'. Grimeston, p. 960.
- I, i, 141. *To piece out the defects of right*: cf. Bussy, II, i, 167, *to imp the law*.
- I, i, 164. *My Marquisate of Saluces*: Saluzzo, a district in north-west Italy at the foot of the Alps, seized by Savoy in 1588.
- I, i, 183-92. This simile is a favourite of Chapman's. It occurs first in *De Guiana*, 1596:

*But as a river from a mountain running,
The further he extends, the greater grows,
And by his thrifty race strengthens his stream,
Even to join battle with th' imperious sea,
Disdaining his repulse, and, in despite
Of his proud fury, mixeth with his main,
Taking on him his title and commands.*

Poems, p. 50.

See also the poem *Of Friendship*, and Chabot, V, i, 16-19.

- I, i, 200. *The Great Duke's niece*: Marie de Medici, niece of Ferdinand Grand Duke of Tuscany, married to Henry IV in 1600.
- I, i, 212. *The peace*, i.e., of Vervins, 1598.
- I, ii, *Roiscan*. Grimeston, p. 816, calls him 'a true-hearted Frenchman who remained at that time in the Archduke's Court' and 'advertised the King of the Duke of Biron's practises'. Chapman makes him a member of the embassy.
- I, ii, 10. *The man*: Picoté; 'one called Picoté, born at Orleans, and fled into Flanders . . . did first infect Biron'. Grimeston, pp. 975 and 816.
- I, ii, 87-8. *Semele*, a mistress of Jupiter, begged the god to appear to her in the form he wore when he embraced Juno, and perished under the overwhelming splendour of his appearance. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, III, 253-315.
- I, ii, 41. *Hercules*. Apollodorus (*Biblio.* II, v, 10) relates how Hercules journeying through Africa to fetch the cattle of Geryon was so oppressed with heat that in a burst of anger he bent his bow against the sun. Chapman refers to this story again in *Chabot*, II, ii, 84-5; see note *ad loc.*
- I, ii, 46-9. Cf. Bussy *D'Ambois*, V, iii, 42, where Chapman speaks of the 'music footed horse' of Apollo.
- I, ii, 53-60. This account of the sentence passed upon the Duke D'Aumale, and the more detailed account below in ll. 147-153, were found by Chapman in Grimeston, pp. 786-7. Professor Koeppl (*loc. cit.*) pointed out that the decree of the Parliament of Paris registering this sentence is given in P. Matthieu (*Histoire des derniers troubles*, 1601, *livre v*, p. 62b). It also occurs, however, in Serres (*Inventaire Generale*, 1600, vol. 3, pp. 1917-8), and a comparison shows that Grimeston translated from Serres. Additional evidence of this is afforded by the fact that Matthieu states that Aumale's house was not razed nor his trees cut down, in spite of the sentence. Serres does not note this failure to execute the sentence, and both Grimeston and Chapman, therefore, speak as if it had been enforced.
- I, ii, 99-103. This confused passage may be paraphrased as follows: No true power (i.e. no man possessed of real power) permits any deprivation to be made from his power, nor any of his subjects to become his rival. It is the nature of absolute powers, such as you superiors, to destroy one another when they come into conflict. Cf. 'Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere'. *I.K.H.IV.*, V, iv, 65.

I, ii, 118-31. This curious anecdote is drawn from Grimeston, p. 929. The *Legate* was Cardinal Aldobrandino who negotiated the peace between France and Savoy after the brief war of 1600-1. The Duke of Savoy, who had counted on Spanish aid, was bitterly disappointed by the hard terms of the treaty and for a long time refused to sign it or to see the Legate. This passage describes their final meeting in a boat on the Po. L. 131 means, I think, 'this ostentatious profession of courtesy was the conclusion of Savoy's friendship and of the Legate's labour in his behalf.' Grimeston says, 'The Duke thanked him so coldly as the Legate found well that he held not himself beholding to him'.

The phrase 'Twixt Spain and Savoy' in l. 120 would seem to show that Chapman was confused as to the two parties to the peace. Possibly, however, Spain and Savoy are to be considered—as was indeed the case—as one of the parties, and France understood as the other. It is interesting to note, as a proof of the freedom with which Chapman treated contemporary history, that Picoté refers to this meeting two years before it had taken place.

I, ii, 174. *This man's*: Picoté's. The first article of the charge of treason drawn against Biron was that he had used Picoté as a means of communicating privately with the Archduke. See *Byron's Tragedy*, V, ii, 47-51.

I, ii, 186. Mansfield was at this time over eighty years of age.

I, ii, 198. *The lords*: i.e. the other Commissioners, Bellièvre and Brulart.

I, ii, 203-10. This list of gifts is taken almost word for word from Grimeston, p. 816, except that the name *Pastrana* does not appear. It occurs, however, on p. 944.

I, ii, 223. *The great author*: Henry IV of France.

II, i. Stage-direction. I have inserted *A Room in the House of Nemours* on the authority of Grimeston, p. 883, who says that La Fin first had speech with Savoy in the latter's room at Nemours' house.

II, i, 39. This report, elaborated later in La Fin's speech (ll. 105-28), seems to have been suggested to Chapman by Biron's assertion at his trial that La Fin had bewitched him (see Grimeston, p. 976, and *Byron's Tragedy*, V, ii, 158-68). There is no suggestion in the original that La Fin laid claim to skill in magic. His boasts here seem reminiscent of a passage in Seneca's *Medea*, ll. 752-770.

II, i, 151. *Pelides in Scamander's flood*. The reference is to Achilles' combat with the River-god Scamander as told by Homer, *Iliad*, XXI, 211, *seq.*

II, i, 159. *Don Sebastian*: Sebastian I, King of Portugal, slain at the battle of Alcazar, 1578, in Morocco. The report that Philip II of Spain gave a hundred thousand crowns for his body is mentioned by Cayet (*Chronologie Sept.*, ed. 1605, p. 234b) and Grimeston, p. 952. Chapman seems to hold the Portuguese view that Don Sebastian had escaped from the battle and that the body in question was that of a Swiss soldier.

II, ii, 1-8. The dangers attending citizens' wives at the Court, especially on nights when masques were performed, are frequently alluded to by contemporary dramatists and tract writers. See especially Jonson's *Love Restored* (the long speech of Robin Goodfellow), Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in One* (the Induction), *A Wife for a Month* (IV, ii), and Sir Edward Peyton's *Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stuarts* (p. 369 ed., 1811).

II, ii, 40. *Nor to the warlike elephant in white*: cf. Chapman's poem, *A Good Woman*:

*And as those that in elephants delight,
Never come near them in weeds rich and bright,
Nor bulls approach in scarlet; since those hues
Through both those beasts enraged affects infuse.*

Poems, p. 152.

The original source is Plutarch, *Conjugalia Præcepta*, 45, but it may perhaps have come to Chapman through Lyly, who drew largely upon this

work for his letter of Euphues to Philautus on the latter's marriage, *Euphues and his England* (p. 471-5, Arber's reprint). I owe this reference to the kindness of Mr. Charles Crawford.

- II, ii, 58-61. This device of Savoy's to draw out Henry is based upon Grimeston, p. 883. 'The Duke's proceeding therein [i.e. in provoking Biron against the king] was very cunning and judicious, for oftentimes he would begin a discourse of the valour and courage of the Duke Biron, to sound the King's opinion, who did not always give him the glory of those goodly executions, whereof he [Biron] wanted. The Duke did still advertise the Duke Biron of anything the King had said of him that might any way alter him'.
- II, ii, 93. As unrelentingly hostile as Juno to Hercules. Ll. 94-101 are taken from Plutarch, *De Alexandri Magni Virtute aut Fortuna*, 9. The Latin text suggested Chapman's diction.
- II, ii, 112. *Siege of Dreux*. The account of the battle which follows is taken almost verbally from Grimeston's account of the battle of Ivry, p. 748. As Koepfel (*loc. cit.*) points out, Grimeston's original, Jean de Serres, heads this account with a marginal note, *Assiege Dreux, etc.* Grimeston also has the marginal note 'Siege of Dreux' at the top of p. 748. The battle of Ivry was brought about by Mayenne's attempt to relieve Dreux, which Henry was besieging.
- II, ii, 119. *De la Guiche*: Great Master of Henry's artillery at Ivry.
- II, ii, 123. *Your Duke's old father*: the Marshal du Biron, father of Charles, a soldier almost as famous as his son.
- II, ii, 134. *Du Maine*: better known as Mayenne, second son of Francis Duke of Guise, and brother of Henry Duke of Guise murdered by Henry III. After the death of his brother he became the head of the League which resisted Henry IV. Henry defeated him at Arques, Ivry, and Fontaine Française. Finally Mayenne submitted on favourable terms, recognized Henry as King, 1596, and became his faithful subject.
- II, ii, 136-41. These lines are taken almost verbally from Grimeston's account (p. 781) of Biron's campaign against the Leaguers and Spanish in Burgundy in 1595. Tavannes commanded for the League in Dijon. The Constable of Castile was Ferdinando de Velasco, whom Motley calls 'one of Spain's richest grandes and poorest generals'.
- II, ii, 144. *Fontaine Française*: 1595, one of the most famous victories of Henry IV. Chapman again follows Grimeston's account (pp. 782-3) very closely.
- II, ii, 148. *The Baron of Lux*: a close friend of Biron who rescued him from death or captivity at Fontaine Française.
- II, ii, 185. *Their great general's*: Mayenne, whose inaction at Fontaine Française was one cause of the Leaguers' defeat.
- II, ii, 216. *Mylor' Norris*: Sir John Norris (1547?-97), a famous Elizabethan soldier who received his first training under Coligny. He served in the Low Countries against the Spanish, where he was knighted for distinguished bravery by Leicester. Along with Drake he commanded the great expedition despatched against Spain in 1589. In 1591 and 1593 he fought with the English auxiliaries sent to the aid of Henry IV in Brittany. Henry IV commended his valour to a letter in Queen Elizabeth.
- II, ii, 220-3. The punctuation of this passage is hopelessly confused in the Qq. I take ll. 221-2 to be parenthetical and have so marked them. After the phrase, *on any sudden*, supply 'call' or 'emergency'.
- II, ii, 224. *Colonel Williams*. Sir Roger Williams (1540?-95) a famous Welsh soldier, who fought in the Low Countries under Norris, where he was knighted by Leicester, and in France with Henry IV against the League. Henry entertained a very high opinion of him; 'I never heard him [Henry] give more honour to any service nor to any man' wrote the English ambassador in 1592. He was a fearless, quick-tempered soldier, less famous as a leader than Norris, but remarkable for his personal bravery.
- 25-46. It is a curious instance of Chapman's lack of consistently de-

veloped characterization that Byron in these lines and his following speech repeats almost literally the sentiments of Picoté in I, ii, 86-136. The hero, who in the former scene had replied by a eulogy of loyalty, is here found playing the part of the tempter and preaching the doctrines of Machiavellian state-craft. Yet nothing has happened in the meantime to alienate Byron from the King. The truth is that Chapman is more intent upon the expression of sentiments suitable to the occasion, as here, than on the harmonious development of character.

- III, i, 34. *The pikes' points charging heaven*, i.e. lifted in salute.
 III, i, 52. *Through* should here be pronounced as a dissyllable.
 III, i, 66. 'Your Grace's piercing and forcible arguments'.
 III, ii, 7. The painter mentioned here is not introduced in any stage direction, yet he is evidently upon the scene engaged on a portrait of Byron; cf. the expressions of the Savoyards in ll. 117-21, and the stage direction after l. 138.
 III, ii, 16. *Potatoes*: the sweet potato, for that is the plant usually meant by this word down to about 1650, was considered an aphrodisiac. Gerard says (*Herball*, 1597, p. 781) 'they procure bodily lust, and that with greedinesse'. Marston (*Scourge of Villany*, I, iii, 70) mentions candied potatoes as an aphrodisiac.
 III, ii, 60. *The Welsh herald of their praise*. 'The cuckoo was sometimes called "The Welsh Ambassador"'. . . . In Middleton's *A Trick to catch the Old One*, iv, 5, we read "Why, thou rogue. . . . thy sound is like the cuckoo, the Welsh Ambassador". Phipson, *Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time*, p. 206. Chapman here fancies the cuckoo as especially given to singing praises of Welshmen; yet even the cuckoo would not have compared Williams to Byron.
 III, ii, 65. *Curtian Gulf*. Livy, vii, 6, tells how in the year 359 B.C. an earthquake opened a gulf in the Roman Forum which nothing could close. The augurs declared that it would never be closed until there were thrown into it that on which the greatness of Rome depended. A young warrior, Marcus Curtius, declared that the state depended on valour and arms, and mounting his steed plunged in full armour into the gulf, which closed above his head. The spot in the Forum where he sank was henceforth called the Curtian pool.
 III, ii, 86. *Livers*. The liver, here, as so often in Elizabethan poetry, is thought of as the seat of the emotions.
 III, ii, 97. *The Cyclop*: a form of the singular, from the French *Cyclope*. Chapman uses it also in his translation of the *Odyssey*. The reference here is to Polyphemus, blinded by Ulysses; see *Odyssey* IX, 395-400:

*He from forth his eye
 The fixed stake pluck'd, after which the blood
 Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
 About his hovel.*

Chapman's *Odyssey*.

The comparison of an army deprived of its leader to the blind Cyclop and to a dying body is from Plutarch's *De Alex. Mag. etc.* *Oratio* II, 4. The Latin text evidently suggested Chapman's phraseology: *Statim autem mortuo Alexandro exercitum ejus vagantem et in seipsum impingentem Leosthenes similem dixit Cyclopi esse, qui amisso oculo usquequaque manus intendebat nullum ad certum scopum directas. . . . Atque adeo sicut anima deserente cadavera non consistunt, non cohererent, sed dissipantur et dissolvuntur: ita exercitus Alexandro amoto palpitabat, concutiebatur, atque aestuabat . . . tanquam spiritibus etiamnum calidis ac pulsibus in corpore discurrentibus.*

- III, ii, 117. Here the Savoyards interrupt the conversation with their outburst in praise of the portrait which the painter has all this time been making of Byron.
 III, ii, 122-9. This passage comes from Grimeston, p. 852. 'The Duke of Biron did see him [Peter de Pinac] in his sicknesse, and assisted at his

funeral. No man living did better judge of the nature of men by the consideration of their visages; he did divine the Marshal Biron's fortune by his countenance and the proportion of his visage, for having considered it somewhat curiously, he said unto his sister after his departure. *Hee hath the worst Phisiognomie that ever I observed in my life, as of a man that would perish miserably*'. It seems somewhat strange that Chapman should quote such a prediction at this point when the Savoyards are flattering Byron. Possibly he means Roncas to quote it as a mere introduction to his own opposite and favourable judgment (ll. 129-38), but more likely Chapman simply inserted here an interesting passage from Grimeston without caring for its dramatic propriety.

III, ii, 138. The stage direction after this line is not very clear. As it stands in the Qq. it would imply that Roncas, the speaker, snatches away the picture. But I fancy that the *He* of the direction means Byron (cf. ll. 140-1), and that as so often in the old texts the stage-direction is placed too early.

III, ii, 140-77. This long speech is founded on a passage in Plutarch, *De Alexandri Magni: Fortuna aut virtute, Oratio*, II, 2. Speaking of Alexander's patronage of the sculptor Lysippus, Plutarch uses words which Chapman simply paraphrases: *Quod is [Lysippus] solus ære ingenium ipsius [Alexander] exprimeret, simulque cum forma etiam virtutem proponeret: reliqui inclinationem cervicis, oculorumque renidentem volubilitatem imitari volentes, masculum ejus leonimisque vultum non servabant*. The story of Stasicrates the sculptor (who proposed to carve a statue of Alexander out of Mount Athos) follows in the same section of this oration. Here Chapman has treated his original somewhat more freely in the attempt to adapt the passage to the situation in his play. Thus he substitutes a supposititious mountain, Oros,¹ in Burgundy, for Athos, and calls the city which was to be placed in the left hand of the colossus, Amiens. But the Latin text of Plutarch seems to have suggested several phrases to Chapman. Thus for *eternis radicibus* we have *eternal roots* l. 153, and '*aurum, æs, ebur, venalia et furtis exposita*' find their counterparts in ll. 174-6.

III, ii, 168. *Amiens*. The siege of Amiens in 1597 was one of the most famous of Biron's exploits. He served there as second in command to the King himself. Frequent reference is made to this siege in the Byron plays. See *Byron's Tragedy*, I, i, 14; V, iii, 165.

III, ii, 181. *Cabinet of Beatrice*: the jewel case of Beatrice of Portugal, grandmother of the Duke of Savoy.

III, ii, 191. *His person*: i.e. the person of the King, Henry IV. Eighteen attempts are said to have been made upon the life of Henry before he finally was murdered by Ravaillac. Grimeston, p. 914, says that one of the causes which emboldened Savoy against Henry was the frequent attempts on the latter's life, 'presuming it was not possible but that some one would hit'.

III, ii, 195. I take it that on the entrance of Nemours and Soissons Savoy first calls Byron's attention to them, and then dropping his voice tells him (ll. 195-6) that they must change the subject of their discourse. This he proceeds to do by his formal compliment to Byron (ll. 197-200), and then, as the lords approach, notifies Byron of their presence (l. 201), as if he had just noticed them. I have tried to bring out this construction of the passage by the punctuation.

III, ii, 227-8. Cf. Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthia*:

*As at thy altars in thy Persic empire
Thy holy women walk'd with naked soles
Harmless and confident on burning coals.*

Poems, p. 11.

To this passage Chapman himself appends a note: 'This Strabo testi-

¹ Chapman apparently uses the Greek common noun ὄρος, mountain, as a proper name here; but he may have borrowed the name from Oros, a peak in Aegina.

fieth *Libro duodecimo*'. Strabo XII, ii, 7, gives such a report of the priestesses of Diana Perasia (hence, perhaps, Chapman's *Persic empire*) at Castabala.

III, ii, 229. *I build not outward*: cf.

*Like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall.*

Merchant of Venice, II, ix, 28-9.

III, ii, 238-41. *Men mere exempt . . . markets*: only men free from all connexion with power are clear, i.e. unstained; indeed, it is safer to choose a friend from the pillory than from the Court.

III, ii, 247-62. This elaborate simile is drawn from the Elizabethan fashion of publishing books, of poetry in particular, preceded by a host of eulogistic poems. These are the goodly heralds of l. 248. The parenthetical passage ll. 253-8 gives a sort of summary of the praises which such poems were accustomed to bestow upon the author; his pens alone *imp* (piece out) *the Muses' wings*, he spends his nights with the Muses, his head is clothed with the poet's bays, his musical feet are of the heavenly model, swift as the *perpetuum mobile*, etc. And the poet swollen with their flattery believes that it was his merit which provoked and emitted (*cas'd*) these windy sentiments, which yet are merely eulogistic and have no true merit.

III, ii, 275. *That matchless Queen*: Elizabeth of England. With the following eulogy of her Court, cf. the passage in *Bussy*, I, ii, 6-27.

III, iii. This scene is based upon a detailed account in Grimeston of Biron's visit to La Brosse, 'a great mathematician whom they held to be skilful in casting of nativities' (p. 993). The action of the scene is taken with no change from Grimeston, who translated it from Cayet (p. 319, *seq.*, edition of 1605). An exactly similar account occurs in the anonymous *Histoire de la Vie . . . du Mareschal de Biron*, 1602 (Cimber's *Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France*, 1re Serie, Tome 14). Cayet either wrote this pamphlet or incorporated it in his later work (*Chronologie Septenaire*, 1605). The speeches, on the other hand, are largely Chapman's own invention.

III, iii, 36. 'Into the circle (*compass*) of the throne for 'which I am striving'.

III, iii, 52. The phrase, *Caput Algol*, taken like so much else in this scene from Grimeston, is an astrological term. Algol (Arabic *al-ghul*, the ghoul) is the star β *Persei* in the cluster of stars known as the Medusa's head in that constellation. That its appearance in a nativity was of evil omen is clear from two lines of George Daniel's *Trinarchodia*:

*Irresolution doth as dreadfull rise
As Caput Algol [misprint for Algol] in nativities.*

Henry V, 82.

But there is probably a special connexion here between the Medusa's head, cut off by Perseus, and Byron's which, as La Brosse foresaw, was to fall beneath the executioner's sword.

III, iii, 55-69. These lines, as Cunliffe pointed out (*Influence of Seneca*, p. 96) are largely an adaptation of the dialogue between Oedipus and Creon in the Senecan *Oedipus* (ll. 511-29, Teubner edition). Another bit of this dialogue is translated later on (*Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 226, 228).

III, iii, 64. 'What thou must utter with thy tongue, if it is to be made known to me safely'. So at least I understand the passage, but *must* may be a misprint for *may'st*. See Text Notes, p. 625.

III, iii, 73. *Hold on*, in the sense of 'continue'.

III, iii, 84. This line lacks a syllable of the normal metre and is, I believe, corrupt. See Text Notes, p. 625.

III, iii, 89. *The bulls of Colchis*: the fire-breathing bulls which Jason by the aid of Medea's magic, tamed in Colchis.

His triple neck, etc.: the breath of the three-headed dog, Cerberus.

- III, iii, 90. *The most mortal vapours* : a reference to the old belief that the fumes rising from Lake Avernus, the supposed entrance to Hades, stifled even the birds which tried to fly across it.
- III, iii, 96-100. These lines seem to me rather an example of Chapman's love for sententious and gnomic verse than dramatically appropriate. Byron says, as I understand the passage, that there is no earthly joy so pure but that it becomes a parasite, etc., when it begins to flatter a soul intoxicated with pride.
- III, iii, 122. *Aspects . . . houses* : astrological terms ; the former denoting 'the way in which the planets, from their relative positions, look upon each other' (*New Eng. Dict.*) These 'aspects' might be either beneficent or malignant toward the person whose nativity was being cast. 'Houses' are divisions of the heavens, or, perhaps here, signs of the zodiac. The position of each planet toward each house was a matter of importance in astrology, since certain positions portended a bloody and violent death, hence *bloody houses*.
- III, iii, 140-3. These lines were chosen by Shelley as a motto for his *Laon and Cythna*.
- III, iii, 145. It is interesting to note that this scene closes with the stage direction for the exit of Byron. Apparently La Brosse, who according to Grimeston was beaten and left half dead, remains prostrate upon the stage. If this be so, there must have been some arrangement by which a curtain could have been drawn to conceal him and permit his departure from the stage. Possibly this scene was played upon the balcony or upper stage which could be so curtained off.
- Act IV. This act, as Fleay points out (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 63) has evidently been cut to pieces by the censor and patched up in the best way possible for the press. No doubt in the original Byron's visit to the Court of Elizabeth was represented, not narrated, and the great Queen herself appeared upon the stage. Koepfel suggests that the act in its original form also contained the striking scene recorded in Matthieu in which the Queen pointed out to Biron the mouldering heads of traitors, among them that of Essex, and sent a warning to her brother of France against his careless clemency. But this scene does not occur in Grimeston, who considerably abridges Matthieu's account of Biron's embassy, and I cannot therefore accept Professor Koepfel's suggestion as a certainty, the more so as Camden, Chapman's contemporary, and probable acquaintance, denies the reality of this scene: *Quod quiddam Gallici scriptores prodiderint, eam [Elizabeth] cranium Essexii inter plura damnatorum, in intimo Larario, vel (ut alii scribunt), polo affixum, Bironio et Gallis ostentasse, ridicule vanum est. Illud enim una cum corpore consepultum.* (*Annales*, vol. 3, p. 877, edition 1717.)
- The long speech of the Queen (ll. 8-58) is taken almost word for word from Grimeston, p. 945, who translates it from Matthieu ; but the succeeding speeches, which have to me a like air of paraphrase, are not to be found in that source, and I have not been able to trace them.
- IV, i, 25-33. A quotation from Grimeston, p. 945, will show how closely Chapman follows his sources in this speech, and at the same time elucidate the text: 'She could not say that a courage which feared nothing but the falling of the Pillars of Heaven, should feare the Sea, or not trust unto it for a passage of seven or eight houres, blaming them rather which had not instructed him as well to contemne the Waves of the Sea, as the desseignes of his enemies upon the Land'.
- IV, i, 40. *Crystal* : I think this word is to be understood here in the sense of the crystalline sphere, or Heaven itself. Heaven, the Queen says, gives not only its light, but its crystalline hardness, and its height to serve as defences to England. This passage does not occur in Grimeston, but is one of Chapman's elaborations of his original.
- IV, i, 61. 'He' in this line is not Byron, but his master Henry IV, for whom he is speaking.
- IV, i, 106-7. Note the change from indirect to direct discourse in these lines,

a clear proof that the act has been pieced together from a cut-up manuscript.

IV, i, 139. See the note on *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 176-81.

IV, i, 145. There seems to be a slight anachronism here. Grimeston, p. 964, says that on his return to France Biron found that the King had left Cala is for Fontainebleau to be present at the confinement of the Queen. This took place on September 27, when the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII, was born.

IV, i, 156. D'Auvergne is here called 'Prince' on account of his royal birth. See note on *Dramatis Personae*.

IV, i, 158. *A Councillor*: perhaps Robert Cecil.

IV, i, 160-1. The pun in these lines is plainer in the quartos, where *Dauphin* appears in the old spelling as *Daulphine*, or *Dolphin*. The story of Arion, the minstrel, who threw himself into the sea to escape the murderous sailors, and was borne safe to shore by a music-loving dolphin, is told by Herodotus, I, xxiv.

IV, i, 179-84. This simile is from Plutarch, *De Alex. Mag. Fort. aut Virtute, Oratio* II, 4. As before (III, ii, 140-77) the Latin text suggests Chapman's diction.

IV, i, 189. The sentence is interrupted here to introduce the long simile that follows, ll. 190-205. The Qq. have only a comma after *greatest*, but the dash seems to make the structure of the sentence clearer.

IV, i, 213. The fixed stars twinkle, whereas the planets, or *erring*, i.e. wandering, stars, shine steadily.

IV, i, 216. 'Whom the stars direct and govern'.

IV, i, 221-3. 'Your counsel moves as regularly and perfectly as one of the heavenly spheres, and is the sum and substance (*continent*) of the wisdom of England'.

V, i, 21. *Bourg*, i.e., Bourg-en-Bresse, a town near the south-eastern border of France. It had been ceded to the Duke of Savoy by the Treaty of Cambrai, and was in 1600 esteemed 'one of the strongest places in Europe' (Grimeston, p. 894). The town was surprised by Biron in the war of 1600 between France and Savoy, and he therefore believed that he had earned the right of nominating the commander of its citadel, which was surrendered at the close of the war.

V, i, 42-6. This simile is taken direct from Plutarch *De Primo Frigido*, xiv, where we are told: Among the Persians the strongest method of demanding anything, and the most certain of obtaining it [the Latin translation has *repulsae securum*, which no doubt gave Chapman his phrase in l. 41] was for the suppliant to descend into a river with the fire and threaten that he would throw it into the stream unless he obtained what he sought.

V, i, 47-8. *Cold hath no act in depth*: cold has no power in the depths, and consequently nothing important can be obtained that is sought for coldly.

V, i, 69-75. The reasons given here, and in ll. 115-18, for Henry's refusal are taken almost literally from Grimeston, p. 925.

V, i, 104. In reward for Biron's services against the League his barony had been raised to a dukedom in 1598.

V, i, 107-8. 'If you do not regard your honour, i.e. the honour springing from titles, etc., why do you ask for this distinction, i.e. the privilege of nominating a commander for the citadel of Bourg.'

V, i, 128. *Into the horse-fair*: i.e. into a place where it can produce no good.

V, i, 130. See note on IV, i, 40. The idea here is that Heaven keeps a true record of men's actions.

V, i, 142-54. *Arques and Dieppe*: Henry gained his first important victory over the League, after becoming King, at Arques in Normandy, 1589. Biron fought here with him and afterwards in the skirmishes before Dieppe. *Dreux* is Ivry, see note on II, ii, 112. *Artois, Picardy*, provinces on the N.E. border of France, at that time partly in the hands of the Spanish. In September, 1596, Biron entered Artois, 'invading the county of St.

Paul, he took and spoiled the town . . . he returns to Bapaume, . . . spoils Courcelles, . . . makes a road toward Bethune, runs into Douai' (Grimeston, p. 790). Evidently Chapman had Grimeston open before him when he wrote these lines.

- V, ii. This scene is elaborated by Chapman from a couple of brief hints in Grimeston. On p. 961 he says: 'This denial [of the right to nominate a keeper of the citadel at Bourg] did so transport the Duke of Biron, and thrust him into such strange and divelish resolutions, as one morning being in his bed at Chaumont, he made an enterprise upon the King's person, . . . but it was not executed'; and on p. 962, 'But finding . . . that the King had some notice of his practices with La Fin, he seemed to bee verie penitent, and asked pardon of the King, walking in the Cloister of the Franciscane Friars at Lions, beseeching him (with a countenance full of contrition and humilitie) to forget his bad intentions, the which rage and dispiht for the Cittadell of Bourg had possessed his heart with. The King pardoned him. Saying that he was well pleased, that hee had relyed upon his clemencie, and the love which he bare him'.

From the first of these passages Chapman takes the idea of a personal attack by Byron on the King (stage direction after l. 29, and the reference to a pistol, l. 42); from the second, Byron's kneeling for pardon (stage direction after l. 84) and the King's forgiveness. The two incidents are brought into immediate connection by Chapman for the sake of dramatic effect. Really both came after, not before, the departure of Savoy from France, which takes place at the close of this scene.

- V, ii, 19. *Antic vizard*, i.e. the grotesque mask of the ancient comic actor, which seems to mock the spectator. Such a mocking mask—the reference is to the King's denial of Byron's claims—is all that the King has learned from the *hard lessons* of want and misery in his earlier years and the worth and honour to which he, with Byron's help, has recently risen, instead of the *heroic fashions*—i.e. of gratitude and liberality—which he should have acquired. The passage is characteristic of Chapman's condensed and involved style.

- V, ii, 22. *The dead noises of my sword*: the past noises (i.e. battles) of my sword.

- V, ii, 31-2. A reminiscence, as Cunliffe has pointed out, of Seneca:

*da tempus ac spatium tibi:
quod ratio non quit saepe sanavit mora.*

Agamemnon, ll. 129-30.

- V, ii, 46-9. Pliny, *Natural History*, Book XXX, chap. 53, says that 'of all known substances it is a mule's hoof only that is not corroded by the poisonous waters of the fountain Styx; a memorable discovery made by Aristotle . . . when Antipater sent some of this water to Alexander the Great to poison him'. Plutarch, *Alexander*, 77, adds that this poison was 'of a cold and deadly quality, which distils from a rock in the territory of Nonacris; and that they receive it as they would do so many dewdrops, and keep it in an ass's hoof; its extreme coldness and acrimony being such that it makes its way through all other vessels'. See also Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Book VII, 17.

- V, iii, 52-5. The city of Elis had a general control of the Olympic games. The judges were chosen by lot from the whole body of Elean citizens, and an appeal from their decisions might be carried to the Elean senate.

- V, ii, 102. *The short madness of my anger*: a commonplace which goes back at least as far as Horace:

Ira furor brevis est.

Epistles I, ii, 62.

- V, ii, 134. *To hunt down*: i.e. to weaken, to flag.

- V, ii, 152-3. This boast of the Duke is twice mentioned by Grimeston, who adds (p. 930), 'but he lost all Savoy in less than forty days'.

- V, ii, 157. *Balloon*: a game played with a large inflated ball which was

struck back and forth by the arms of the players defended by a bracer of wood.

- V, ii, 160-2. There is probably a reference here to Henry's amour with the beautiful Gabrielle D'Estrées, to whom he is said to have been first introduced by her lover, Bellegarde, as a diversion between two battles. Sully (*Memoirs*, Book IV) relates that Henry once disguised himself as a peasant and passed through a hostile army to visit his mistress.
- V, ii, 181. Savoy's wife, the Infanta Catherine, had died in 1597.
- V, ii, 182. These presents were given by Savoy to the King as New Year's gifts. He also gave presents 'to all the cheefe in Court, who accepted them with the King's permission: only the Duke Biron refused the horses that he sent unto him', (Grimeston, p. 882, cf. ll. 185-92).
- V, ii, 197. These articles are given in full by Grimeston, p. 891. The substance of the treaty was that Savoy might retain Saluces by ceding the district of Bresse to France.
- V, ii, 211. *A peace*: the peace concluded by the Treaty of Vervins, 1598.
- V, ii, 241-2. *The organ hose*, i.e. the padded trunk-hose which came into fashion in France during the latter part of the sixteenth century.
- V, ii, 258. *God dild*: a colloquial form for 'God yield, i.e. reward'.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The characters in this play are in the main the same as those of the *Conspiracy*; a few new figures are, however, introduced.

The infant Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII, born September 27, 1601.

The Spanish Ambassador, Taxis.

Montigny, a nobleman at whose lodging Biron supped immediately before his arrest.

D'Escures. Cayet (p. 288 b) calls him 'the intimate friend and servant of the Marshal', i.e. Biron.

Harlay, Achille de Harlay, First President of the Parliament of Paris, one of the commission for the trial of Biron.

Potier, Nicolas Potier, Second President of the Parliament, and Councillor of State, also a member of the commission.

Fleury, Stephen de Fleury, Councillor of the Parliament, who acted as reporter of the process against Biron.

Prâlin, a captain of the King's guard. He was charged to arrest Biron, but exchanged this commission with Vitry. (See Cayet, p. 291, and Matthieu, II, p. 127.)

La Brunel. I do not find this name in Grimeston, but I believe it occurs in Cayet's *Histoire Septenaire*. If so, it would seem to show that Chapman may have glanced at one of the French originals of Grimeston, though, on the other hand, he may have got the name from some other contemporary account.

A Bishop. Garnier, the King's preacher, afterwards Bishop of Montpellier, attended Biron in the Bastille. Grimeston (p. 972) records that Biron was also visited by the Archbishop of Bourges during the first days of his imprisonment. A confused memory of this may have caused Chapman to write *Arch [bishop]* as the name of the speaker in V, iv, 23 and 171.

Mademoiselle D'Entragues, Henrietta de Balzac, half-sister of the Duke of Auvergne and mistress of Henry IV.

Cupid. The part of Cupid in this masque, which was played at Court in the winter of 1602, was taken by the Duke of Vendôme, Henry's son by Gabrielle D'Estrées.

I, i, 6-19. This list of *dignities* is taken almost verbally from Grimeston (p. 960), and the speech of Janin (ll. 20-45) is composed of hints and phrases from the same source (pp. 959-60).

I, i, 31. *Fuentes*, commanding for the King of Spain in Milan. He and the Duke of Savoy were in secret correspondence with Biron, hoping to provoke a civil war in France.

- I, i, 62. *To more proof* : more satisfactorily, in such a way that it will be proof against change.
- I, i, 74-86. This offer and Byron's answer, both taken from Grimeston, p. 959, belong to a somewhat earlier period.
- I, i, 94-5. La Fin's pretended pilgrimage to Loretto, famous for the Santa Casa brought by angels from Nazareth to Italy, was in reality a mission on the part of Biron to consult with Savoy and Fuentes. During this mission Fuentes conceived some doubt of La Fin and hinted to the Duke of Savoy that it would be well to get rid of him. La Fin got wind of this and fled through Switzerland to France, where he shortly betrayed the entire course of the conspiracy to Henry.
- I, i, 97. *A crystal that is charmed*, i.e. the magic ball of crystal which reveals the future.
- I, i, 103. *Twelve set battles* : cf. note on *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i, 104. I do not know why Chapman should here speak of ten battles being won for Henry 'without his personal service'. Henry's military skill and personal bravery were his most striking qualities, and at Coutras, Arques, Ivry, and Fontaine Française—to mention no others—he played the part of a skilful general and a brave soldier.
- I, 101-2. *The nook* is probably Navarre, Henry's original kingdom. The king is Henry III of France.
- I, i, 111. The incident of Henry's putting his sword into the infant Dauphin's hand is taken from Grimeston, p. 964 : 'The King, blessing him, put a sword in his hand, to use it to the glory of God, and the defence of his Crowne and People'. The noble speech which follows these lines is entirely Chapman's own, and embodies at once a panegyric on Henry IV and a prophecy, not destined to fulfilment, of the deeds of Louis XIII.
- I, i, 120. *The halcyon's birth* : a reference to the legend of Alcyone. After her husband's death in a shipwreck, she so lamented him that the gods changed them both to birds called halcyons. During the days that the halcyon was breeding a perfect calm was supposed to prevail upon the sea. Ovid tells the story at great length in the *Metamorphoses*, and it has become a commonplace of poetry :

*Perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem
Incubat Alcyone pendentibus aequore nidis
Tum via tuta maris, ventos custodit et arcet
Aeolus egressu, praestat nepotibus aequor.*

Metamorph. XI, 745-8.

- I, i, 124. This line is deficient, or perhaps corrupt, in the original. See Text Notes, p. 626, for a further discussion.
- I, i, 141-4. Compare *Caesar and Pompey*, II, iv, 136-42, a passage which enables us to restore the text here.
- I, ii, 5. *Bretagne* : the reduction of Brittany, whence the royal authority had been banished for about nine years, was the last exploit of Henry IV before the conclusion of the treaty of Vervins.
- I, ii, 36. *Camillus* : the reference is to his saving Rome after the capture of the city by the Gauls.
- I, ii, 45. *Wind* : used here, I think, in the sense of spirit ; for a discussion of the text see Text notes, p. 626.
- I, ii, 54. *Anvils that are lin'd with wool* : cf. *The Duchess of Malfi*, III, ii, 328-30.

*A politician is the devil's quilted anvil ;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard.*

The reference is evidently to some method of muffling an anvil.

- I, ii, 62-6. These terms were agreed upon between Savoy, Fuentes, and La Fin, as Biron's representative, at a conference reported by Grimeston, p. 961.

- I, ii, 69-99. Immediately before going to the King La Fin notified Biron that he had been summoned and requested instructions as to what he should say. Byron's speeches, ll. 72-88 and 93-9, are built up of phrases from Grimeston, p. 963.¹ So far from following these instructions La Fin at once betrayed Biron to the King; cf. the following scene.
- I, iii. This scene represents the conference at Fontainebleau after La Fin's betrayal of Biron, at which Henry determined to call the Duke to Court, but in such a manner that he would not suspect the conspiracy to have been discovered. It is largely built up on hints and phrases from Grimeston, pp. 963, 965-6.
- I, iii, 2-3. These lines are taken verbally from a later passage in Grimeston, p. 970. Biron's zeal against the Huguenots was apparently a mere cloak to conceal his ambitious designs, and to unite him more closely with such bigoted Catholics as Fuentes and the Duke of Savoy. The Chancellor's remark on his jesting at all religions, ll. 5-6, rests upon a later passage in Grimeston, p. 993: 'He was oftentimes seen to jest at the Masse, and to laugh at them of the Reformed Religion'.
- I, iii, 51-2. These lines are in italics in the original to call attention to the apothegm.
- I, iii, 64. *My Constable*: Henry Duke of Montmorency, named Constable of France by Henry IV in 1593.
- I, iii, 69-75. *Pieces*: the papers revealing the conspiracy. Grimeston, p. 963, says: 'Of many papers which La Fin presented unto the King, they made choice of 27 peeces: which were not those that concluded most against the Duke of Biron, but which made mention onely of him, the King being unwilling to have the rest [i.e. of the conspirators] discovered, to the end that the punishment of one might serve as an example to all'. This passage enables us to restore the true text.
- I, iii, 102. With the exit of Janin comes the gap in the text alluded to in the Introduction to these plays. There is no sign of such a gap in the quartos which continue with the stage direction *Enter Esper, etc.*, except that at the close of the masque we find *Finis Actus Secundi*. Evidently the close of the first act and the beginning of the second were cut away by the censor.
- II, i, 5. *Arden*. See note on *Revenge of Bussy*, III, ii, 152.
- II, i, 15-8. *These two Virtues*: the leading ladies in the masque, Marie de Medici as Chastity, and Henriette D'Entragues as Liberty.
- II, i, 31-50. The description of Cupid sporting in a lady's bosom and lighting his torches at her eyes inevitably recalls the charming lyrics *Rosalind's Madrigal* and *Rosalind's Description* in Lodge's *Rosalind or Euphues' Golden Legacy*. The account of Cupid's playing for a lady's kisses and losing his arrows to her is from Lyly's best known song, *Cupid and my Campaspe*.
- II, i, 36. The shepherd's flute of reeds invented by Pan, the god of shepherds, was but a poor rustic instrument compared with the lyre of the Sun-god, Apollo.
- II, i, 48. *Penny-prick*: an old gambling game, mentioned as early as 1421. It seems to have consisted of tossing pennies, or counters, at a mark.
- II, i, 53. *This fair nymph*: Henriette D'Entragues.
- II, i, 65. *Pray the press, etc.*: Masques, such as the foregoing, were often given in a room of the palace packed with spectators. The *press* is the crowd which hindered the evolutions of the dance. In *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 226, we find the presenter of a masque crying 'a Hall, a Hall' to obtain the necessary space for his performers.
- II, i, 88-94. Riddles, especially riddles with an ambiguous sense, seem to have been very popular at this time. A number of them may be found in *Le Piacevoli Notti* of Giovanni Straparola.
- I cannot agree with Fleay (*Biog. Chron.* vol. i, p. 64) and Koeppl (*loc. cit.* p. 31) that the passage dealing with this riddle, ll. 66-124, was inserted to fill the gap caused by the censor. It is evident that this omission took place before the Masque, see ll. 18-19, 55-60, which figured the recon-

¹ The edition of 1607 misprints 941.

cilement of the Queen and Henriette. In *Bussy*, III, ii, a somewhat similar riddle occurs where there is no question of any omission.

II, i, 110-1. *Non forma, etc.* : 'It is not the form [i.e. the bodily person] but the fame [of a good woman] that ought to appear in public.'

III, i. I have laid this scene at Dijon, since it represents the conversations held at that place between Biron, D'Escures, and Janin before the Duke decided to obey the King's summons. The scene is built up on hints from Grimeston, p. 965-6, but a larger part than usual is Chapman's own.

III, i, 2-9. The reference is, no doubt, to Machiavelli's *Prince*, considered in Chapman's time the compendium of all state-craft.

III, i, 10-24. The story of the laurel let fall in Livia's lap is told by Pliny, who includes a detail omitted by Chapman, that this branch was in the bill of a white hen which the eagle dropped unharmed. The statement that the tree which sprang from this laurel branch and the race of Augustus died out together is Chapman's own invention. So, of course, is his fine application of the old story in ll. 25-42.

III, i, 33. By *Liberty* Chapman no doubt means the liberty of rebellion for conscience sake against the royal power, a liberty claimed by fanatical Catholics in France and bigoted Puritans in England. Considering that the speaker of the words is himself engaged in a conspiracy against his lawful King the passage is curiously inappropriate. But when Chapman had a lofty sentiment to utter he cared little in whose mouth he placed it.

III, i, 62-85. The speeches of D'Escures and Byron's answer are taken direct from Grimeston, pp. 965-6.

III, i, 116-121. The speeches of La Brunel here and later (ll. 236-47) are taken almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 966.

III, i, 124-5. 'I am not one of those petty provincial nobles whom any king's messenger may lead unresisting to the scaffold'.

III, i, 127-9. The blackthorn, or sloe, blossoms in early spring before its leaves appear. Possibly there is a reference here to the legendary thorn of Glastonbury, which was said to blossom at Christmas. Habington, *Castara*, II, *A Dialogue between Araphill and Castara*, has a passage curiously like Chapman's :

*Love shall in that tempestuous showere
Her brightest blosome like the blackthorne showe :
Weake friendship prospers by the power
Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter growe.*

Chapman himself repeats this simile in the *Epistle Dedicatory* prefixed to his *Crown of All Homer's Works*, 1624 :

*Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,
With bitter frosts and smarting hailstorms, forth.*

Poems, p. 250.

III, i, 143-5. The ancient Egyptians determined the exact length of the year by the heliacal rising of Sirius, i.e. the star's appearance before sunrise. This occurs in July, called the Lion's month, because the sun then enters the sign of the Lion in the zodiac.

III, i, 151-2. Chapman's translation of a passage in the *Odyssey* I, 52, *seq.*, shows that he held the view that Atlas supported the earth as well as the heaven :

*Atlas . . . stays
The two steep columns that prop earth and heaven.*

The reference to Alcides going under the earth refers to the time when Hercules assumed the load of Atlas.

III, i, 159. 'To make him, i.e. the King, wait, i.e. till he sees me, Byron'.

III, i, 168. Cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, I, ii, 25.

III, i, 179-80. Cf. *The Conspiracy*, I, ii, 145-6.

III, i, 184-94. The reference is to the King of Spain, his American gold mines, and the so-called Invincible Armada. Chapman seems to see a blas-

phemous comparison with the Deity in the Spanish assumption of this title which like 'omnipotent' should be reserved for God. I do not feel sure as to the sense of ll. 190-91; but I take them to mean that there is but one step in Spanish state-craft from envy of a person, or a kingdom, to the contriving of war or murder.

- III, i, 201. I do not feel sure as to the meaning of the phrase *laying out*. It is evidently meant as an antithesis to *bearing*, and so may perhaps be taken in the sense of 'struggling, laying about one'.
- III, i, 227. La Fin wrote to Biron that 'he had satisfied the King of all his actions and had said nothing but what he thought might serve to banish all bad impressions' (Grimeston, p. 964). This letter was 'the chief means which induced Biron to come to the King, since he saw that La Fin was returned to his house contented and freed from all distrust (Grimeston, p. 966; cf. ll. 250-51).
- III, i, 261-6. Byron's boast is taken direct from Grimeston, p. 966.
- III, ii. This scene represents the meeting between Biron and Henry IV at Fontainebleau on June 13, 1602. As usual it is elaborated from hints in Grimeston, some few speeches being taken over verbally from that source. Thus Henry's first words: *He will not come*, l. 31, are recorded as having been spoken by the King immediately before Biron's appearance (Grimeston p. 966). Henry was 'wonderfully grieved to see so unnatural a conspircie', Grimeston, p. 963. Ll. 40-54 also are almost verbal reproductions of a passage in Grimeston, p. 964.
- III, ii, 56. The mention of a brother, presumably Byron's, in the stage direction, is one of the few instances where Chapman seems to have drawn upon another source than Grimeston. Biron had, I think, no brother living; the reference here and in V, iv, 231, is to his brothers-in-law, La Force and Saint Blancart. Cayet (p. 292 b) gives at full length La Force's plea for mercy after the arrest of Biron, and Chapman may have heard that he had accompanied Biron to this meeting with Henry.
- III, ii, 63-4. *Holy Writ*: see *Matthew* xxi, 29. It is interesting to note that Chapman is as little scrupulous of accuracy in his biblical as in his classical allusions. The 'son' of the Bible, who said that he would not go, but repented and went, has become a 'servant that said he would not come, and yet he came'.
- III, ii, 67. *The bad ground*: the treasonous correspondence with foreign enemies that lay beneath, and was the cause of, Byron's contempt of the King's summons.
- III, ii, 69. The subject of *Be*, i.e. 'it', is omitted, as is not infrequently the case in Chapman.
- III, ii, 71-2. Byron's haughty reply is taken verbally from Grimeston, p. 967.
- III, ii, 90. This reference to the Prodigal Son was suggested to Chapman by a passage in Grimeston describing a meeting between Biron and the King shortly after Biron's confession and pardon, when Henry received him 'as the father doth his lost child whom he hath found again'.
- III, ii, 123-31. The mention of the tennis match, Epernon's sarcasm on Byron's choice of partners, and his comment on the Duke's rashness in coming to Court, are all from Grimeston, where they appear, though not in the same order, on p. 967.
- IV, i. This scene is mainly original. An occasional borrowing from Grimeston will be pointed out.
- IV, i, 1-24. With this philippic against *the base fruits of a settled peace*, cf. a similar outbreak in *The Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 32-60. It is probable that they express Chapman's view of the degeneration of England under the peaceful rule of James I. Professor Koepfel (*loc. cit.*) sees a close resemblance between this speech, especially ll. 8-19, and the famous speech of Ulysses on 'degree' in *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii, 83, *seq.* The verbal likeness, however, is hardly close enough to point to an imitation by Chapman, and the underlying ideas of the two speeches are quite different. Professor Koepfel also thinks that the situation indicated in ll. 25-36 is a reminiscence of *Troilus and Cressida*, III, iii. But it is more

- probably taken from Grimeston, p. 967. Between his first interview with Henry and his arrest Biron noticed that 'he was not respected as he was wont to be, and that he was no more in opinion and admiration as he had bin'. The incident, ll. 90-3, is certainly from Grimeston, p. 967, Henry 'retired into his cabinet, commanding two or three to enter, and said nothing to the Duke of Biron'. There is, as Koeppl points out, a verbal likeness between 'the wallet of their faults', l. 36, and the 'wallet at Time's back' (*T. and C.* III, iii, 145); but the original of both is Phaedrus, *Fables*, IV, 10.
- IV, i, 37-66. The interview between Soissons and Byron is mentioned by Grimeston, p. 967, whence ll. 55-6 are taken almost verbally.
- IV, i, 47-9. *Their impair*, i.e. the loss of Byron's reputation as a virtuous subject, in case his treason became public, would discourage all men from favouring or trusting such natural qualities as his.
- IV, i, 62. *Stygian flood*, flood of hate, with reference to the hate which Byron assumes has moved his enemies to denounce him to the King.
- IV, i, 84. Cf. the note on *Bussy*, I, i, 86-7.
- IV, i, 94-105. This conversation is expanded from Grimeston, p. 968.
- IV, i, 113-30. These portents are from Grimeston, p. 966. The *duck* is a curious mistake of Grimeston's, followed by Chapman. The original (*Matthieu*, vol. 2, p. 123) has '*un oyseau qu'on appelle Duc*'. But the 'Duc' is a sort of owl, a much more likely bird of ill omen than a wild duck. The suggestion in Furnivall's *Fresh Allusions to Shakespeare*, p. 49 that the madness and death of Byron's horses may be drawn from the account of Duncan's horses in *Macbeth*, II, iv, 14-9, is untenable since Chapman is here borrowing from Grimeston.
- IV, i, 125. *Left your strength*: left your strong position on the frontier to go to the King.
- IV, i, 128. *Vimy*, a little town in North-eastern France near Arras.
- IV, i, 146. *By conversion*: conversely.
- IV, ii. This scene, describing the events immediately preceding Biron's arrest and the arrest itself, is largely dependent upon Grimeston. Chapman, however, does not follow the historian's order, but arranges his borrowings to suit his own purposes. Henry's first speech, for example, is taken from Grimeston, p. 970, where it occurs after Biron's arrest, while the allusion in l. 30 to Alexander and Parmenio occurs in Grimeston on p. 968 before the arrest.
- IV, ii, 15. *Marshal*, pronounced here as a word of three syllables.
- IV, ii, 30. *Parmenio*: the Latinized form of Parmenion, a Macedonian general under Philip and Alexander the Great. His son Philotas was accused of being privy to a plot against Alexander, and under torture let drop hints which seemed to implicate his father. Alexander thereupon put Parmenion to death without trial. It is to this summary execution of an old soldier and friend of the King that the line alludes. Apparently some such summary method of procedure was suggested to Henry IV in Biron's case, and rejected by him, for ll. 31-47 are taken straight from Grimeston, p. 968.
- IV, ii, 43. *The devilish heads of treason*: 'power and authority to roote out by the forme of Justice, not the Authors of such a Conspiracie, for they be Devils, but the Complices and instruments'. Grimeston, p. 968.
- IV, ii, 63-85. This fine speech is essentially Chapman's own. There is no hint of it in Grimeston, except the statement that Henry prayed to God to assist him with His Holy Spirit, p. 969.
- IV, ii, 91-200. In this passage Chapman has combined two incidents immediately preceding Biron's arrest, his supper at the lodging of Montigny, where he praised the late King of Spain and was startled by Montigny's reply (cf. ll. 115-64), and his game of cards in the Queen's chamber with its interruptions, ll. 91-5 and 197-9. It is interesting to note that Chapman's love of flying contrary to the opinions of his countrymen has led him to expand the few words of Biron's eulogy of Philip II as given in Grimeston into a formal panegyric. Compare also Clermont's apology for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in the *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 199-231.

IV, ii, 94. *You four*. 'There played at Primero the Queene, the Duke of Biron, and two others', Grimeston, p. 969.

Primero: an old, and once very popular game of cards. Shakespeare represents Henry VIII playing at primero (*Hen. VIII*, V, i, 7). An account of the game is given in Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, Book IV, chap. II, § 24.

IV, ii, 98-100, 107. With the puns on card terms in these lines compare the scene in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, III, ii, where there occurs a long sequence of puns on the names of card games and on terms used therein.

IV, ii, 110. *Mortality*: the word must be taken here in the sense of human life, or human nature. But cf. Text Notes, p. 627.

IV, ii, 122-3. 'He fel to commend the deceased King of Spaine, his Piety, Justice, and Liberality', Grimeston, p. 968.

IV, ii, 124. *The little . . . Macedon*: Alexander the Great, called 'little' on account of his short stature. The eulogy which follows, ll. 125-132, is from Plutarch, *De Alexandri Magni Fortuna aut Virtute*, I, v. I quote the Latin text:

Alexandri doctrinam si inspicias, Hyrcanos docuit conjugii uti: Arachosios agriculturam: Sogdianis persuasit, ut alerent, non interficerent, patres: Persas ut venerarentur, non uxorum loco haberent, matres. O admirabilem philosophiam! quae fecit, ut Indi deos Graecorum colerent, et Scythæ mortuos humarent, non, ut ante, comederent.

IV, ii, 143-50. Adapted from the eulogy of Alexander in Plutarch *De Alex. Mag. etc.*, Oratio II, xi. "*Certamen, cuius finis esset non aurum ab innumeris circumferendum camelis, non luxus Medicus, mensae et mulieres, neque vinum Chalybonium aut Hyrcanici pisces: sed ut omnes homines in unam reipublicæ constitutionem redigens, omnes uni principatui subditos, uni vitæ rationi assuefaceret.*"

Chalybonian wine was the chosen drink of the King of Persia. Holland, in his translation of Plutarch's *Morals* (p. 1283, edition 1603) speaks in this passage of 'the good and pleasant wines of Calydonia'. The text used by Holland and Chapman must have read *Calydonium*.

IV, ii, 156-62. 'The greatest commendation they could give unto his memory [Philip the Second's], was to have put his owne Sonne to death for that he had attempted to trouble his Estates', Grimeston, p. 968. The reference, of course, is to Don Carlos, the oldest son of Philip, who died in the prison to which his father had committed him. It was generally believed that he had been executed there by his father's orders. Grimeston, p. 823, says he was strangled with a cord of silk.

IV, ii, 166-70. These lines, with the exception of the first, are a translation of Seneca, *Oedipus*, 504-8:

*Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi,
Oceanus clausum dum fluctibus ambiet orbem
Lunaque dimissos dum plena recolliget ignes,
Dum matutinos praedicet Lucifer ortus
Attaque caerulum dum Nerca nesciet Arctos.*

The word *sidera* in the first line of this passage probably suggested to Chapman the idea of Atlas, who bears the starry heavens. The epithet *learned* is best explained by Chapman's own note in his translation of the *Odyssey*, I, 52, ssq.: 'In this place is Atlas given the epithet *δολόφρων*, which signifies *qui universa mente agitat*, here given him for the power the stars have in all things'. Hence, I suppose, *learned* as knowing the secrets of the stars.

IV, ii, 172-95. Henry's appeal to D'Auvergne is based upon the brief statement of Grimeston, p. 969, that the Count had retired, but Henry sent for him, and 'walked up and down the chamber, whilst the Duke of Biron drempt of nothing but his game'.

IV, ii, 196-201. 'Varennès, Lieutenant of his [Biron's] company, making a shew to take up his Cloake, told him in his eare, *That he was undone*. This word troubled him so he neglected his game. The Queene observed it, and told him *'That he had misreckoned himselfe to his owne losse.'* The

King said : *That they had plaid ynough, commanding every man to retire.*' Grimeston, p. 969.

IV, ii, 201-25. This last appeal of the King to Byron to confess is expanded by Chapman from the brief account in Grimeston, p. 969, of Henry's final interview with the Duke in his cabinet.

IV, ii, 226-8. As Cunliffe (*loc. cit.*, pp. 96-7) has pointed out this speech is adapted from Seneca, *Oedipus* :

Odere reges dicta quae dici jubent.

l. 520.

and

Ubi turpis est medicina, sanari piget.

l. 517.

IV, ii, 229-49. Biron was arrested by Vitry as he came out of the King's cabinet after the interview mentioned above. Byron's speech, ll. 230-9, is almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 969, as is his following speech, ll. 241-9.

IV, ii, 250-66. This re-entry, with the following speech of Henry's, appears to be Chapman's own invention. In reality Henry never saw his old friend and treacherous subject again after bidding him good-night in his cabinet. I cannot say that I think Chapman has improved the story by this insertion. Henry's speech is at once too violent in its abuse of Byron and too lavish in self-praise, as Chapman himself seems to have noticed ; *vid.* ll. 263-5.

IV, ii, 268. *The intelligencing lights* : the stars which govern men's destinies. In the word *intelligencing* is implied the sense of 'spying out', 'informing', which is further brought out in the next lines. Cf. the phrase 'intelligencing ears', *White Devil*, III, ii, 228.

IV, ii, 278. Biron was detained in the Cabinet of Arms in the Castle of Fontainebleau for a day or two until he was sent to the Bastille.

IV, ii, 282. Byron calls his captors the slavish instruments of the stars which have doomed him to this fate. In the next breath he wishes that he might drag down and trample out the stars.

IV, ii, 290. Biron actually used these words as he was being led away, apparently with the wish to create sympathy for himself, as if suffering on account of his zeal for the Catholic faith.

IV, ii, 294. *Shows* in this line I take to mean pageants, painted scenes, such as were used in Masques at Court ; *overthrow*, then, must have an intransitive sense, i.e. fall. See further, Text Notes, p. 627.

IV, ii, 298-302. This flippant speech of D'Auvergne's is taken verbally from Grimeston, p. 969. The Count probably felt sure that his royal blood and his influence with Henry through Henriette D'Entragues would secure him against the heaviest consequences of his crime.

V, i. This scene is composed of the account given in Grimeston (pp. 970-2) of Henry's interview with Taxis, the Spanish Ambassador, of the reports spread abroad about Biron's arrest, and of the different behaviour of the two prisoners. As usual Chapman has retained many words and phrases of his source.

V, i, 6-7. *Count Maurice* : Maurice of Nassau, son of William the Silent.

Ostend : the siege of Ostend, 1601-4, was, perhaps, the most famous in an age of sieges. It was finally taken by the Spanish under the Archduke Albert, as the attempt of Maurice to relieve it, mentioned in l. 7, was unsuccessful.

V, i, 21-2. The newly-won provinces of Bresse and Burgundy were supposed to be full of Biron's friends. They submitted, however, to the King without a struggle.

V, i, 36. Professor Koepfel (*loc. cit.*) declares that Chapman has made a geographical blunder here in mistaking the Rhône for a place, or town. But it is hardly possible that Chapman was unaware that the Rhône, so famous in classical as well as modern times, was a river. I fancy that

- Chapman's use of the phrase *the river that runs by Rhosne*, instead of Grimeston's 'the River of Rhosne', was simply due to a desire to fill out a line.
- V, i, 37-47. These lines are taken directly from Grimeston, p. 971; the rest of the speech, except ll. 66-8 is Chapman's comment on the situation.
- V, i, 75. *Some give out*: not some despatches (l. 71), but some false rumours as to the cause of Byron's arrest. By religion, l. 76, is meant, of course, the Catholic religion.
- V, i, 82. Chapman takes the phrase *to break the javelins* from Grimeston, p. 970, who in turn gets it from Matthieu (vol. 2, p. 129 b). But where Matthieu and Grimeston use the phrase *l'un apres l'autre*, 'one after another' (referring perhaps to the old fable of breaking the sticks separately which could not be broken when united in a fagot), Chapman has *both together*, referring as Koeppl points out to the simultaneous arrest of Byron and D'Auvergne. This perversion of the original together with the inscription of the epithet *sacred* (see Text Notes p. 627) has obscured the sense of the passage.
- V, i, 90. I do not find in Grimeston that the Peers refused to appear; they were summoned, but did not come, and the trial was held by commission without them, Grimeston, p. 973-4.
- V, i, 101-7. These lines are from Grimeston, p. 971. 'The Count D'Auvergne was merry and dined. The Duke of Biron entered into the Bastille as into a grave. The Count of Auvergne went as to the Louvre, and imagined the place where he should be could not be a prison', and p. 972, 'He [Biron] spent the first days of his imprisonment without eating or sleeping'. The fine simile of the wild bird, ll. 118-26, is Chapman's own; but the close of the speech is again from Grimeston, p. 972: 'they should not bragge they had made him to feare death; that they should speedily drinke themselves drunke with the bloud which remained of thirty and five woundes, which he had received for the service of France'.
- V, ii. This long scene is closely founded upon the account of Biron's trial in Grimeston, pp. 974-9. It would take too much space to quote all Chapman's borrowings; but some of the most striking may be noted as they occur.
- V, ii, 9. *The Marquis of Rosny*: Henry's famous councillor, better known as the Duke of Sully. There is curiously little said of him in the source, Matthieu, from which Chapman's account of Biron's fall is taken, but his own *Memoirs* throw an interesting light upon these events.
- V, ii, 24-42. This speech is taken from Grimeston, where it appears as the comment of the author, Matthieu, upon Biron's situation, not as the Duke's own words.
- V, ii, 41. *The bloody cassocks*: i.e. the scarlet uniforms of Spanish soldiers.
- V, ii, 46. These five principal charges as rehearsed in the following lines are taken almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 975.
- V, ii, 61. *St. Katherine's fort*: a stronghold in Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. It was taken by Henry IV in the war of 1600.
- V, ii, 67-107. Byron's answer to the charges is also taken directly from Grimeston, pp. 975-6.
- V, ii, 72. *La Fortune*, a soldier in the civil wars of France who seized on the town of Seurre in Burgundy and held it, nominally for the League, against all attacks. Biron concluded a six years' truce with him, and after the Treaty of Vervins he was induced to surrender the town to the King.
- V, ii, 80. *La Force*, Biron's brother-in-law. See note on III, ii, 56.
- V, ii, 107-12. This passage is taken directly from Grimeston, p. 976.
- V, ii, 118-9. This question and answer are taken from Grimeston, p. 973, where Biron is represented as being confronted with his accuser before the formal trial.
- V, ii, 141. *The isle*: Great Britain.
- V, ii, 158-68. The charge of witchcraft which Byron uttered against La Fin, probably with a vain hope of discrediting his accuser, is given in full by Grimeston, p. 976. The phrase *He bit me by the ear*, l. 161, occurs later in Grimeston, p. 985, and represents the original French, '*me mordoit l'oreille*' (Matthieu, vol. 2, p. 156). This phrase, according to Cotgrave,

means 'as much as *flatter ou caresser mignonment*, wherein the biting of the ear is, with some, an usual Action'.

- V, ii, 173. *Angel*. Chapman uses the word here as elsewhere to denote the good genius of a man, rather, I think, in the classical, than in the Christian sense.
- V, ii, 178-271. Byron's long speech in his own defence is a curious mosaic of bits from Grimeston, reminiscences of Chapman's classical reading, and original lines. The passage ll. 206-29 is from Biron's speech in Grimeston, p. 977. The catalogue of Pompey's victories, ll. 234-47, is taken direct from Plutarch, *De Fortuna Romanorum*, II. ll. 250-60 are an expansion of the opening sentence of Biron's speech in Grimeston.
- V, ii, 225. De Vic and Sillery were joined with Biron in an embassy to Switzerland early in 1602 to renew the old league between that country and France.
- V, ii, 256-9. The reference is to the attack on the Parliament of Paris by the fanatical Leaguers of the *Seize* in 1591, when the President and two councillors were summarily executed. The Parliament was re-established by Henry IV on his entry into Paris in 1594, and Byron here arrogates to himself the credit of this fact.
- V, ii, 272-4. Biron was allowed to speak at such length that the judges had not time to pronounce their opinions that day, but were obliged to send him back to the Bastille unsentenced.
- V, ii, 275-305. This speech is based upon the long report given in Grimeston, pp. 579-83, of the arguments adduced by the judges for the death of Biron. The allusion to Manlius, ll. 292-4, and to the Scotch Guard of Louis XI, ll. 300-4, are both in the original, along with many other classical, historical, and scriptural allusions which Chapman has mercifully spared us.
- V, iii. This scene, like the following, is based upon Grimeston's report of the last days of Biron's imprisonment and of his execution, pp. 979-91. Chapman follows his source—ultimately Matthieu's detailed account—very closely, but introduces in his usual fashion classical borrowings and comments of his own.
- V, iii, 1-40. Byron's vain hope that he had been acquitted and his boast as to his speech before the Court come from Grimeston, p. 979: 'he conceived . . . that he had answered the Chancellor to all his demands and had moved some of his judges to lament his misfortune, many to detest his accuser . . . adding that he did imagine he saw the Chancellor's countenance going out of the great Chamber. He did counterfet him in the stayednesse and the gravity of his words . . . imagining that he spake in this manner, *Behold a wicked Man, he is dangerous in the State, we must dispatch him, he deserves death*. Which words never came out of his mouth [cf. l. 33] . . . He thought not to die, saying *that they could not supplie his place, if he were dead*. . . . Sometimes he would say, *Is it possible the King should bee so vaine, as to make him to apprehend death, and to think to terrifie him therewithal*'.
- V, iii, 13-4. With this comparison of the cedar and the box-tree, cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, ii, 100-3. Chapman here, as in *Bussy*, IV, i, 91, uses the box-tree as a metaphor for a low estate or place.
- V, iii, 17. *The budget*: probably, with a reference to the hangman's bag.
- V, iii, 65-6. 'At the King's bidding the rough thunder folds his wings and becomes as smooth as painted glass.'
- V, iii, 68. Bacon, *Apothegms*, No. 263, 'Democritus said that truth did lie in profound pits'. Cf. Chapman's *Epistle Dedicatory*, prefixed to his translation of the *Odyssey*:

*Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich
That night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her.*

Poems, p. 238.

- V, iii, 73. The old texts give this line to *Sist[er]*, i.e. Biron's sister. But neither of his sisters were in or near the Bastille on the day of his death

Grimeston, p. 983, following Matthieu, says that Biron heard 'the cries and lamentations of a woman' and thought they were for him. Cayet (p. 308 b) says: 'la Damoiselle femme de Rumigny [concierge of the Bastille] se prist a pleurer les mains jointes'.

- V, iii, 74-76. These lines contain an incident that occurred on the day before; see Grimeston, p. 983. Biron saw from his prison window 'a great multitude of Parisians about St. Anthonie's gate' and believed they came to see his execution. A lieutenant of the guard told him it was to see certain gentlemen fight.
- V, iii, 79-82. This question and answer occur in Grimeston, pp. 993-4, after the account of Biron's death and in immediate connexion with the story of the Duke's visit to La Brosse: 'He had conference with one Caesar, who was a magician at Paris, who told him, *that only a back-blow of the Bourguignon would keepe him from being a King*. He remembered this prediction beeing a Prisoner in the Bastille, and intreated one that went to visit him, to learne if the Executioner of Paris were a *Bourguignon*, and having found it so, he said, *I am a dead man*'.
- V, iii, 83-91. Biron saw from his window the Chancellor crossing the courtyard of the Bastille, and realizing that he had come to bring him the death-sentence cried out the words which Chapman here reports. 'When Biron was brought before the Chancellor in the chapel of the prison he cried out afar off: *Oh, my Lord Chancellor, is there no pardon? is there no mercy?*' The Chancellor saluted him and put on his hat'. Grimeston, p. 983.
- V, iii, 92-106. 'The Duke of Biron . . . turned towards the Chancellor, and shaking him by the arme, sayd, *You have judged me and God will absolve me, hee will lay open their iniquities which have shut their eyes because they would not see mine innocency; you, my Lord, shall answeere for this injustice before him, whether I do sommon you within a yeare and a day, I go before by the judgement of men, but those that are the cause of my death shall come after by the judgement of God . . .* But the Duke of Biron's assignation was vaine, for the Chancellor appeared not, but hath bin more healthful since then before'. Grimeston, p. 983.
- V, iii, 107-25. These speeches also are taken from Grimeston, where Harlay's words, ll. 117-25, are given to the Chancellor.
- V, iii, 130. Byron addressed this question to Roissy, Master of Requests, a character who does not appear in Chapman's play. Roissy replied, 'My Lord, I pray God to comfort you'. This explains the sense of *orator* in l. 131.
- V, iii, 132-47. This speech is almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 984.
- V, iii, 151-84. This speech is also based upon Grimeston, pp. 984-5, but does not follow him so closely as the preceding. The allusions to the conspiracy at Mantes, the siege of Amiens, and to the loss of a good servant to France and an enemy to Spain in his death, all occur in the original. The curious phrase, *had then the wolf to fly upon his bosom*, ll. 160-1, is not in Grimeston, nor is there anything in Matthieu or Cayet to suggest it. It appears to be a distortion of the old saying about holding a wolf by the ears. Byron's exit after this speech is not marked in the Qq., but it is more probable that he should go out after l. 184 than remain on the stage silent to the end of the scene.
- V, iii, 193-8. Another version of these lines is found in Chapman's poem, *The Tears of Peace*:

And then they have no strength but weakens them,
No greatness but doth crush them into stream,
No liberty but turns into their snare,
Their learnings then do light them but to err.
Their ornaments are burthens, their delights
Are mercenary servile parasites,
Betraying, laughing; fiends that rais'd in fears
At parting shake their roofs about their ears.

Poems, p. 120.

I would venture the suggestion that these lines, though not published till 1609, represent the first draft of the passage in the play.

- V, iii, 199-204. The obscure comparison between Virtue and Fortune in these lines may be interpreted as follows: The gifts of Virtue, i.e. the noble qualities of Byron, have deserted him in his utmost need. Virtue, who was wont to help men in necessity, and to love men who were despised by the world, is now unmoved by Byron's necessity or the disgrace into which he has fallen. It is possible that the text is corrupt here.
- V, iii, 237-40. Byron's fury at the news of his approaching execution frightened the executioner out of his usual impudence into more decent behaviour, *new habits*. By *habitual horror* we must, I think, understand 'mental, subjective, alarm'; the word is used, no doubt, for the sake of a play with *habits* in the preceding line. Grimeston, p. 987, records that the executioner said afterwards that a young and inexperienced hangman would have died for fear.
- V, iv, 1-17. This conversation comes from Grimeston, p. 987, where, however, other speakers are introduced.
- V, iv, 34-8. These lines reappear with very slight changes in *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 124). The image in the last line of the passage is illustrated by a passage in *Bussy*, V, i, 115-7.
- V, iv, 45. For the original text and the emendations proposed see Text Notes, p. 628. I interpret the emended line, 'I, being something larger than a globe (map of the earth) and yet a microcosm (or epitome of the universe)'.
- V, iv, 51-4. 'Praying unto God, not as a devout Christian, but as a soldier, not as a religious man, but as a captain, not as Moyses or Elias, but like to Josua, who on horseback, and with his sword in his hand, prayed and commanded the sonne to stand still'. Grimeston, p. 987.
- V, iv, 55. *Ropes of sand*: a similar phrase occurs in *Caesar and Pompey*, I, ii, 234-5.
- V, iv, 55-62. Taken direct from Grimeston, p. 988. The following lines to l. 69 are original, and then comes an adaptation from the classics.
- V, iv, 69-72. As Cunliffe (*loc. cit.* p. 98) pointed out, these lines are a free translation from Seneca:

*Cur animam in ista luce detineam amplius,
Morerque nil est: cuncta jam amisi bona,
Mentem, arma, famam, conjugem, gnatos, manus,
Etiam furorem.*

Hercules Furens, 1258-61.

- V, iv, 75-119. The sentence of death was read to Biron in the chapel of the Bastille. Its terms are almost exactly reproduced by Chapman, and Biron interrupted the reading to protest against its terms as he does in the play.
- V, iv, 99. *Of both the Orders*: the Order of St. Michael founded by Louis XI and the Order of the Holy Ghost founded by Henry III. When Henry founded the latter order he stipulated that its members should first become members of the Order of St. Michael. A member on entering the Order of the Holy Ghost swore that he would not receive gifts, pensions, or estates from a foreign prince, or bind himself in any way to such prince without the express permission of his sovereign, the King of France.
- V, iv, 113. *The Grève*: the open place now known as the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville de Paris. It was frequently used for public executions, especially of distinguished prisoners.
- V, iv, 120-5. The Chancellor summoned Biron to surrender his order before the reading of the sentence of death, and the Duke returned it with the words given by Chapman; see Grimeston, pp. 985-6.
- V, iv, 138-41. Immediately after the departure of the Chancellor Biron begged the Knight of the Watch to go after him and ask that his body might be buried with his ancestors (Grimeston, p. 988). This part is here conferred on Biron's friend, D'Escures, who in reality was not present at the execution.

- V, iv, 152-8. The simile of a little stream swollen to a torrent is a favourite one with Chapman. Compare *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, ii, 188-92.
- V, iv, 159-62. 'Having continued with his confessors halfe an houre (beeing neere five of the clocke) one came and told him that it was time to part, *Go we* (sayd he) *seeing I must . . .* Coming into the Court he went five or six paces without speaking a word but *ha, ha, ha*'. Grimeston, p. 989.
- V, iv, 163-7. 'Going out of the Chapell the Executioner presented himself unto him. He asked Voisin what he was. *It is* (sayd he) *the Executioner of the sentence. Retire thyself* (sayd the Duke of Byron), *touch me not until it be time.* And doubting least he should be bound he added, *I will go freely unto death, I have no hands to defend myself against it, but it shall never be sayd that I die bound like a Theefe or a Slave*, and turning toward the hangman hee swore that if he came neere him he would pull out his throat'. Grimeston, p. 989. . . . 'He threw downe his hat and cast his handkercher to a boy, and presently called for it again to use it. . . . He put off his dublet and cast it to the same boy, but the Executioner's man got it and kept it'. Grimeston, p. 990. The clothes of the condemned were, of course, a perquisite of the executioner.
- V, iv, 176-201. 'He takes his handkercher with which he binds his eyes, asking the Executioner where he should set himself: He answered him, *There my Lord, there: And where is that? Thou seest that I see nothing, and yet thou shewest mee as if I did see plainly,* . . . He desired to die standing, . . . The Executioner answered him that he must kneele that he might do nothing out of order. *No, no*, said the Duke of Biron, *if thou canst not do it at One, give Thirtie. I will not stirre.* They prest him to kneele, and hee obeyed, willing the Executioner to dispatch, then he start up sodainely againe, casting his eyes upon the Executioner, and looking upon the standers-by, hee asked if there was no mercy. . . . The Executioner intreated him to suffer him to cut his haire. At that word he grew into choller againe, he unbanded himself, and sware that if he toucht him, he would strangle him. . . . Voisin sayd unto him, that he had too much care of his bodie, *which was no more his owne.* He turned to him in choller with an oath, saying, *I will not have him touch mee, so long as I shall bee living: If they put me into choler, I will strangle half the company that is here, and will force the rest to kill mee. I will leape downe, if you thrust me into dispaire*'. Grimeston, pp. 990-1.
- V, iv, 206-25. Byron's appeal to the soldiers comes somewhat earlier in Grimeston, p. 990. 'He sayd unto the souldiars which guarded the Port (showing them his naked brest) that he should be much bounde unto him that would shoote him with a musket: *what a pittie it is*, sayd he, *to die so miserably, and of so infamous a stroake?* . . . At these words the teares fell from the souldiars eyes'. The spirited speeches of the soldier in Chapman, ll. 213-23, are not found in Grimeston, but the opening words were doubtless suggested by Grimeston's remark, 'All those of his profession sware by his Spirit, and by his good Angell, as the Ancients did by that of their Prince'.
- V, iv, 231-44. Before leaving the chapel for the scaffold Biron sent a message to his brothers-in-law in almost the words Chapman gives here. The message to D'Auvergne was sent at the same time. The obscure line, 244, is due to Chapman's misunderstanding of an awkward translation in Grimeston, p. 989, 'Beseeching him [D'Auvergne] to beleve that he [Byron] had sayd nothing at his Arraignment that might hurt him, if it were not that he had more want than bad meaning'. (Qu'il avoit plus de necessité que de mauvaise volonté', Matthieu, vol. 2, p. 162 b). Chapman apparently mistook *he* in the last clause as referring to Biron himself. The parallel passage in Cayet, p. 313, makes the true sense quite clear: *Que s'il [D'Auvergne] faict quelque chose mal à propos, la necessité le lui faict faire, et non qu'il manquast d'affection vers le Roy*'.
- V, iv, 245-61. Grimeston gives the following account of Biron's last moments, p. 991. 'They [the preachers] goe up againe, and speake some

good words unto him in his eare, the which doth temper his furious rage, and calme the choiler which the Executioner's presence did thrust him into: He had alwayes lived in Warre, he could not die in Peace. . . . Hetherto they beleaved, that although hee were entering into death, yet hee thought not to die, and that he would seeze uppon the Executioner's sword. Sodenly he resolves to free this passage, and having received his absolution, he sayd, *My God, my God, take pittie on mee*. Then turning to the Executioner, he takes the binder that was in his hand, trusses up his haire behind, and binds it uppon his fore-head, and with his handkercher he blinds his eyes, and so kneeles down. The Preachers comfort him in his last resolution, assuring him that his soule was readie to see God and to bee partaker of his glory in Heaven. *I, sayd he, Heaven is open for my soule*. And this done he bends downe his head . . . saying unto the Executioner, *Strike, Strike, oh Strike* [cf. l. 259] . . . The Executioner having seene him to rise and to unblinde himselfe thrice, that in turning toward him being not bound, having the sword in his hand, hee might wrest it from him, thought that there was no way to execute him but by surprise, and therefore he sayd unto him that he must say his last prayer to recommend his Soule unto God, intreating the Preachers that were gone downe to cause him to say it, at which wordes the Executioner made a signe to his man to reach him his sword, with the which he cut off his head, even as he was speaking. The blow was so sodaine, as few men perceived it, the Head leaped from the scaffold to the ground'.

The elegiac note of ll. 245-61 seems to have made a special impression on Fletcher, who imitated this passage more than once, notably in Buckingham's farewell (*Henry VIII*, II. i, 55-136), and in the last speech of Barnavelt (*Sir John van Olden Barnavelt*).

The text contains no stage direction for the bearing off of Byron's body, nor indeed for any exit of the actors gathered round the scaffold. It seems plain that we have here an instance of a 'tableau' ending, a curtain being drawn after the last line to conceal the figures of Byron kneeling on the scaffold and the hangman standing over him with his raised sword. For a fuller discussion of the setting of this scene see *Modern Language Review*, October, 1908, pp. 63-4.

TEXT NOTES

The two plays were entered in the Stationers' Registers on ¹June 5, 1608, as follows:

Thomas Thorp entered for his coppie under thandes of Sir George Buck and the wardens a booke called *The Conspiracy and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron* written by George Chapman.

They were published by Thorp in the same year, 1608. Of all Chapman's plays these alone achieved the honour of a second edition in his life time. This appeared in 1625; it is a genuine new edition, not a mere reprint of the first, but the changes which it shows are almost always for the worse and in many cases appear to be alterations by some proof-reader. Here and there, however, an alteration appears to be by the hand of the poet. In general Q_1 is much more correctly printed than Q_2 , and I follow it throughout, except in one or two instances where I have admitted and noted a reading from the latter. In the following pages I denote Q_1 by A, and Q_2 by B, and record all variations except differences of spelling and evident misprints.

These plays were not reprinted, so far as I can discover, between 1625 and 1873, when they appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by Pearson, London. The editor, R. H. Shepherd, appears to have made a transcript of B., compared his MS. hastily with A, and introduced a number of A readings, relegating the B variants to footnotes. But a large number of them remain in the text, which is in consequence quite unreliable. A facsimile reprint of A, giving all the B variants, is a work much to be desired,

¹ Not on May 5, as Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 62, states.

as the text of these plays is in a very unsatisfactory condition. I have made a detailed comparison of A and B, and published the results in *The Modern Language Review* for October, 1908, to which article I refer any reader who wishes to go further into the matter. I denote the Pearson reprint by P. I have modernized the spelling and punctuation throughout.

The only other editions are those of Shepherd in *The Works of George Chapman—Plays* 1874, and of Professor Phelps in *Best Plays of George Chapman*, edited for the Mermaid Series, 1895. Both these are modernized versions of P. and are without critical value. I shall refer to them when necessary as S. and Ph. respectively.

THE CONSPIRACY

The list of *Dramatis Personae* was first printed by Ph. I have re-arranged it, and added certain explanations of the characters for the benefit of the reader who can hardly be expected to know all the characters or anticipate the parts they are to play.

- I, i, 22. Qq. *long-tong'd Heralds*; S, *loud-tongued*.
41. A, *Franch County*; B, *French Bounty*. I modernize to *Franche-Comté*.
43. The punctuation of this line differs in the original texts. Most copies have a semicolon after *Savoy*. I have used a colon to make the sense clearer.
124. Qq. *mutuall rites*. Mr. Daniel suggests *rights*, which may be correct, but does not seem necessary.
145. A, *Licentiate*; B, *Licentiary*. All former editors follow B, but A seems to me better both for sense and metre.
203. A, *traitorous*; B, *traytors*. All editors follow B, because *their* in l. 204 seems to require a noun as antecedent; but I think the loose construction of A is characteristic of Chapman.
212. A, *peace now made*; B, *peace I now make*.
- I, ii, 64. A, *offends*; B, *offend*.
95. A, *And so 'tis nothing*; B, *And so 'tis nothing else*. The change spoils the sense of the passage; *nothing* refers to *servile loyalty*, l. 89, which Picoté calls a mere nothing.
98. A, *carve*; B, *crave*, probably a misprint.
134. A, *forme*; B, *fame*.
142. A, *continue*; B, *continually*.
175. A, *uttermost*; B, *utmost*, which is followed by all editors as smoother metrically; but I prefer to retain the first reading.
221. A, *Ile hold*; B, *Is held*.
- II, i, 11. Qq. *guardlike*, which is followed by all editors. But no such word is known, and I have therefore emended to *guardless*, a word used by Chapman in his *Iliad*, V, 146. It has there the meaning 'unguarded', which, with a slight extension to 'heedless', would suit the present passage.
51. Qq. *your service*, and so all editors. But the phrase seems to me almost unintelligible, and I have emended to *your servant*.
52. I have added *cum suis* to the stage direction of the Qq. after this line to show that his attendants left the stage along with the Duke.
68. Qq. *fleade carcase*. I modernize to *flay'd*.
70. A, *an intelligencing Lord*; B, *an intelligencing instrument*. I agree with the former editors in preferring B, for I think no one would have made this change but the author himself.
105. For *assume* Mr. Daniel suggests *affirm*, which is a tempting emendation. But *assume*, in the sense of 'arrogate, lay claim to', gives a possible sense, and I therefore retain it.
122. A, *pallms*; B, *palms*. Mr. Daniel suggests *plains* as the true reading. This seems to me certain; *pallms* is an evident misprint.
149. Qq. *dull shore of East*, accepted by all editors. But there can be no sense in applying the epithet *dull* to the East, and Mr.

Daniel's emendation *case* seems to me to carry conviction.

II, ii, 47. A, *further from*; B, *further then*, probably a proof-reader's ill-advised change.

143. A, *yet must not give*; B, *yet you must not give*. The insertion of *you* spoils the sense.

187. A, *beates*; B, *beares*, probably a misprint.

216 A, *My 'Lor.*; B, *My Lord* I think A attempts to give the French pronunciation of the title.

220-3. I have repunctuated these lines to bring out what I take to be their meaning. The original punctuation, which is reproduced in P, is very confusing.

III, ii, 90. For the Qq. *armes* S reads *armies*, a tempting emendation, but not, I think, necessary; *armes* could be pronounced as a dissyllable.

113. Qq. read *prefect*; S corrects to *perfect*.

121. Qq. *purfle*, which is followed by all editors. But I do not see that *purfle*, 'an embroidered or decorated border', makes sense here, and therefore suggest *profile*.

214. A, *And we will turne these torrents, hence. The King. Exit Laffi*; B, *And we will turne these torrents, hence. En. the King. Exit Laf.* In A the words *The King* are in italics and are followed in the same line by the stage direction, *Exit Laffi*. It is plain that the compositor of B mistook them for part of the stage direction and thinking to make this clearer inserted *En.* (for *Enter*) not noticing that this change spoiled the metre and anticipated the true entrance, given in both A and B a line below. Yet this gross blunder has been followed by all former editors.

218. A, *house*; B, correctly *houses*.

224. Qq. *femall mischiefs*. The editors have taken *femall* as a variant of 'female', but this gives no sense. Following a suggestion of Dr. Bradley I read *feral*, 'deadly', for which *femall* might easily be misprinted. The same misprint occurs in *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 286, where also we should read *feral*.

258. For *last Deighton* (*Old Dramatists*) proposes *blast*, which seems to me barely intelligible.

260. For *eas'd* Deighton suggests *caus'd*, a tempting emendation. But I believe *eas'd*, i.e. 'gave ease, or vent, to' may be retained. See note, p. 606.

284. In the stage direction after this line Qq. have *Exit Hen. & Sau.* But *Sav*, i.e. Savoy, must have left the stage after l. 209 where the direction *Exit. manet Byr: Laffin* must mean *Exeunt all but Byron and La Fin*. I therefore alter here to *Henry cum suis*.

291. A, *fayning*; B, *saying*.

III, iii, 64. Qq. *must utter*. S emends *may'st* which makes a more intelligible reading. But I believe the old reading may be retained. See note, p. 606.

84. This line lacks a syllable and is quite unintelligible. Mr. Daniel proposes [*Thou*] *remedy of pity*, i.e. *Thou reason for discarding all pity*. This does not seem satisfactory, but I can suggest nothing better.

124. Qq. *that my weake braine*. I have ventured to read *than*, for which *that* is often misprinted; but I am not sure that this emendation is absolutely necessary.

IV, i, 25. I have ventured to insert *not* on the authority of the sources. See note, p. 607.

40. Qq. *Christall*. Perhaps we should read *Christ*, but see note, p. 607.

213. A, *maver*; B, correctly *waver*.

216. A, *over rules*; B, *over-rule*. This change may have been made to make the verb agree with its supposed subject *starres*; but the true subject is *whom*, attracted into the objective to agree with its antecedent.

V, i, 13. Qq. *meate*. Brereton (*Mod. Lang. Review*, October, 1907) suggests *mead*, which is very plausible, but I believe *meate*, in the sense of 'mess, eating-place,' may be retained.

V, ii, 5. There is an interesting variation in the Qq. here. At least one copy of A (Brit. Mus. C. 30, e. 2) reads *So long as such as he*. Two other copies of A (Brit. Mus. C. 12. g. 5 and the Bodleian

copy) read *So long as idle and ridiculous King* (read *Kings*). B also gives this, which is, of course, the true reading, altered as A. was going through the press for fear of the censor, and restored in B.

22. For Qq. *dead* Deighton suggests *dread*, which seems unnecessary. See note, p. 609.

38. In the stage direction after this line A has *Exeunt*; B *Exeunt*. I emend *Exiturus*, as it is evident that Byron does not leave the stage.

103. Qq. *lockt*. Perhaps we should read *locke*.

116. The stage direction after this line *Enter Savoy*, etc., occurs in the Qq. after l. 110.

254. A, *most absolute*; B, *absolute*.

THE TRAGEDY

The list of *Dramatis Personae* was first printed by Ph. I have reconstructed it from the Qq. and added some explanations.

I, i, 37. A, *beaveries*; B, *braveries*.

123. A, *overmacht*; B, *overmacht*. S emends *overwatch'd*; but I think *overmatch'd* in the sense of 'overpowered' may be retained.

124. Qq. *when guilty* (A, *gultie*) *made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse*. The text is evidently corrupt. S reads *When guilty mad noblesse feed on noblesse*; but it is evident from the context that the main verb should be in the past tense. Ph has *When guilty, made noblesse feed on noblesse*, which is unintelligible. Deighton suggests ¹*When guilty mad noblesse fed on noblesse*, and Mr. Daniel *When guilt-made noblesse fed on noblesse*. Of these two I should prefer the former, but Chapman almost invariably accents *noblesse*, and I am inclined to think that a word has dropped out after *guilty*. I suggest with some diffidence *lust*, i.e. lust of power.

141. Qq. *quite out of from fortune*. S emends *quite cut off*, which is corroborated by the parallel

passage in *Caesar and Pompey*, II, iv, 136-40.

I ii, 4. A, *neglected*; B, *neglected*.

20. A, *his fixed*; B, *her fixed*.

38. Qq. *this is*. An old hand in a copy of B (Brit. Mus. C. 45, b. 9) suggests *his for this is*, a rather plausible emendation, but not necessary.

45. For Qq. *winde* Deighton suggests *mind*. But I think *wind* here means 'spirit'; cf. *give ayre* in l. 44.

I, iii, 73. Qq. *that must conclude*. The source, Grimeston, furnishes the true reading, *most*. See note, p. 612.

II, 26. A, *safety*; B, *safety*.

65. Qq. *play the prease*. The old hand already referred to emends *pray*, which is certainly right. S retains *play*, but corrects *prease* to *press*.

102. A, *the vertue*; B, *vertue*. The context shows B to be correct.

III, i, 57. The Qq. do not indicate the entry of La Brunel after this line, but simply assign ll. 58-9 to *La Brun*. I have supplied the entry as well as the exit after l. 165 to prepare for the later entrance indicated by the Qq. after l. 230.

143-4. Qq. *Syrian Starre . . . Lyons mouth*. Read *Sirian star . . . Lion's month*. See note, p. 613.

190. A, *staires*; B, *starres*. See note, p. 613.

201. Qq. *by laying out*. I suspect a corruption in the text. Perhaps we should read *flying out*. But see note, p. 614.

204. B inserts *no before nor*. This sounds like an actor's interpolation.

230-2. Qq. print as prose.

239. A, *scruple*; B, *scruples*.

III, ii, 56. Before this line A repeats the name of the speaker, *Hen[ry]*.

69. After *Be* the old hand inserts *it*, a plausible but unnecessary correction, as Chapman often omits a subject that may be supplied from the context.

88-90. Qq. print these three lines as two, *Resolving . . . in, And had . . . son*.

111. A, *expedition*; B, *exhibition*.

113. Qq. *foyl'd*. S alters to *soil'd*, an unnecessary change.

¹ This reading had already been given by Lamb, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*.

129. A, *your friend*; B, *a friend*.
- IV, i, 3. A, *much better themselves*; B corrects by inserting *then* before *themselves*.
33. A, *must like*; B, *most like*.
- 68-9. Qq. print the words from *They to King* as one line.
125. A, *fel-mad*; B, corrects to *fell mad*.
153. Qq. omit *Exeunt* after this line.
- IV, ii, 25. A, *resolution what*; B, *resolution that*. The context shows B to have the better reading.
85. I have inserted the name *Montigny* in the stage direction after this line to prepare for his speech, ll. 156-62.
90. Qq. omit *Exit D'Auvergne* after this line. I have supplied it, because his re-entrance is marked in the Qq. after l. 172.
110. Qq. *mortalitie*. The old hand tries to alter to *moralitie*, and notes in the margin: *A morall man, A civill man*. Deighton suggests *morality*, which is the reading of S and Ph. This is possibly correct, but see note, p. 616.
119. A, *the worthy*; B, *that worthy*.
144. Qq. *Calydonian*. The correct form is *Chalybonian* (see note, p. 616); the Teubner edition of Plutarch gives *χαλυδώνιος* as a variant of *χαλυβώνιος*.
- 170-1. Qq. have *unmov'd* and *belov'd* as the last words of these lines; but it seems plain that they were meant to rhyme. I therefore read *unmov'd*, *belov'd*.
177. Qq. *on Strong Barre*. The old hand corrects to *one*.
183. Qq. *in treachery*. S corrects to *is*.
194. Qq. *misery*. The old hand has *Mysterye*, anticipating S and Deighton. The context shows *mystery* to be correct.
195. A, *enouge*; B, *enough*.
201. I have inserted the stage direction in this line, since it is clear that Henry and Byron are left alone on the stage.
256. Qq. *my person*; *wich is*. The old hand corrects *wich is* to *with*. S follows this, which is certainly the true reading.
263. B transfers *envy* to the beginning of l. 264. I have ventured to insert *but* before *envy*, thus restoring the metre, and improving, I think, the sense.
273. A, *A property*; B, *Properties*. B is perhaps the better reading, but here, as in all doubtful cases, I have retained the reading of A.
294. Qq. *Shooes ever overthrow*. After much hesitation I have decided to read *shows*, i.e. 'pageants,' taking *overthrow* as intransitive, see *New English Dictionary* *OVERTHROW* † 5. A confusion in spelling between 'shoes' and 'shows' is not uncommon in Elizabethan printing. See *King John*, II, i, 144, where Ff. have *shooes*, which Theobald corrected to *shows*; Greene, *Groatsworth of Wit* (p. 129, Grosart's edition) has *shooes for shows*; Middleton's *Family of Love*, I, iii (Dyce's edition, vol. II, p. 127), has *showes for shoes*. I cannot persuade myself that the homely figure, 'too large shoes overthrow their wearer' is what Chapman intended to write here.
307. Qq. *it will beare*. The old hand corrects *that will bear*, anticipating Deighton.
309. A, *his best*; B, corrects to *is best*.
- 310-1. A has *That* for the first word in both lines; B, *As*.
- V, i, 2. A, *That*; B, *Which*.
9. A, *And*; B, *For*.
38. A, *Till*; B, *Untill*.
68. A, *Take*; B, *Have*.
70. A, *lothes*; B, *hates*.
82. A, *feared*; B, *sacred*. See note, p. 618. I think A is the more likely of the two to be a misprint, and so follow B.
88. A, *impartiall*; B, *imperiall*.
91. A, *Duke Byron*; B, *Duke of Byron*.
99. B inserts *make* before *slack*.
112. Qq. *in the best sort*. I take *best* to be a misprint for *lest*, a common spelling of 'least', and correct accordingly, here and in l. 115, where Qq. also have *best*.
116. A, *That*; B, *So*.
119. A, *unwares*; B, *unawares*.
122. A, *not out*; B, *nor out*. For *out* Deighton suggests *it*, i.e. 'the light', but *out* stands in contrast to *down*.
- V, ii, 20. A, *Till*; B, *Until*.
- 20-2. A misprints *Hen.* as the

name of the speaker. B corrects to *Har*.

60. A, *The fourth is* ; B, *Fourthly*.

76. A, *treaties* ; B, *treaty*.

87. A, *for him* ; B, *from him*.

117. B omits *then*.

122. B inserts *then* before *say*, and drops *I know*.

201. A, *What I have* ; B, *What have I*.

244. Qq. *the*. I read *their*, but perhaps *the* should be retained as an instance of the article used for the possessive pronoun.

V, iii, 1. Qq. give this speech to *Vil[ry]*, an evident misprint for *Vid[ame]*.

14. B omits *my*.

43. Qq. *hang'd*. S corrects to *chang'd*.

66. Qq. *engazd*. I see no sense in this, and suggest *englaz'd*, i.e. 'painted'. See note, p. 619.

73. The stage direction *Within*, wanting in A, is supplied by B.

135. A, *that injures* ; B, *and injures*. This coincides with the altered position of the parenthesis which in B includes only the words from *most* to *is*, l. 134. These changes may be the poet's own, but I prefer to retain A.

137. A, *restaines* ; B, *restraines*.

154. A, *his vices, nor for* ; B, *their vices, not for*. I believe B represents the change of a proof-reader who noticed at the evident misprint *nor* for *not* in A, and in the ardour of correction attempted another emendation, *their* for *his*.

184. I supply the missing stage direction *Exit Byron* after this line.

185-6. Qq. print the words *Never . . . death* as one line.

217. Qq. *render the kingdoms*. Deighton corrects *under*, etc.

228. A, *Authoriy* ; B, *Authority*.

240. I have supplied *Exeunt* after this line, but as there is no division of scenes in Qq, it is possible that the actors remained on the stage to join the procession to the scaffold.

V, iv, 23. Qq. give *Arch[bishop]* as the speaker. See note, p. 610.

45. Qq. *I bring a long globe and a little earth*. The text is plainly corrupt. Deighton proposes *being a blown globe of a little*

breath ; Brereton suggests *lone* for *long*. I venture to read *being a large globe and a little earth*. See note, p. 621.

58. I have supplied the speech of Vitry's from Grimeston. In A the last word on the page (sig. Q₄ reverse) is *Blancart* ; then comes the catch-word *Vil[ry]*. But the next page begins *Byr*. *Do they flie me*. It is plain that a speech by Vitry has dropped out. Grimeston (p. 988) gives the answer to Biron's request to speak with La Force and Blancart, 'They told him they were not in the city'. Chapman evidently meant to give some such speech to Vitry. In B owing to a difference of paging there is no catch-word *Vil[ry]* and therefore no indication of any omission.

71. Qq. *winde*, a misprint for *mind* as the source shows. See note, p. 621.

77. A, *ye* ; B, *you*.

100. Qq. *treason in a sentence*. The word *in* makes nonsense of the passage. Grimeston, p. 986, suggests the true reading *accused of treason, a sentence was given*.

136. Qq. *They had beene*. *They* is unintelligible. Grimeston, p. 988, 'the King had not beene living three yeares since', suggests the true reading. I believe Chapman wrote *He*, which the printer misread *They*.

137. I insert the stage direction after this line on the strength of Grimeston, who says, p. 988, that the Chancellor and Harlay left Biron after he had spoken the words given in ll. 131-6.

149. B omits *the* before *mountains*.

157. Qq. *low straines* ; S emends *streams*.

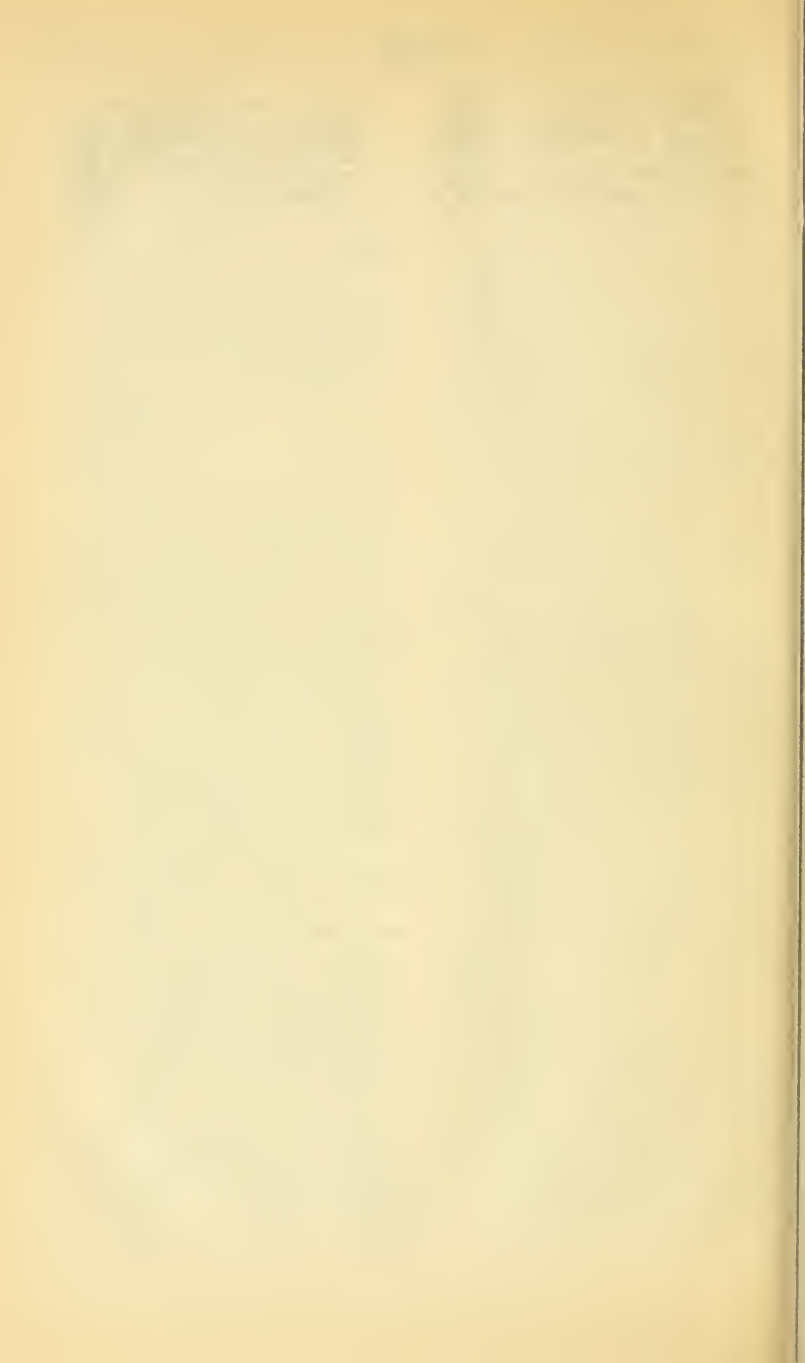
162. I insert the stage directions after this line.

178. A, *Thou seest I see not ? Yet I speake as I saw*. B has a comma instead of the question mark. Neither is intelligible ; but Grimeston, p. 990, 'Thou seest that I see nothing, and yet thou shewest mee as if I did see plainly,' helps us to restore the text. It is evident that Chapman wrote *speak'st* or *speaks*, that a compositor mis-

printed it *speake*, and that a proof-reader completed the confusion by inserting *I* before *speake*.

259. Qq. print this line as two, ending *strike* and *soule*. It is

barely possible that this may indicate an intention to close Byron's speech with the word *strike* and to give the last two and a half lines to another speaker.



THE TRAGEDY OF CHABOT

INTRODUCTION

The Tragedy of Chabot, the last of Chapman's plays dealing with French history, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert¹ on April 29, 1635, nearly a year after the poet's death. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on October 24, 1638, and published in 1639 with the following title-page :

The Tragedie of Chabot Admiral of France : As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by *George Chapman*, and *James Shirley*. London. Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*. 1639.

Only one quarto is known, and the play was not reprinted until Dyce included it in his edition of Shirley in 1833. It was not reprinted in *The Tragedies and Comedies of George Chapman*, 1873, but appears in *The Works of Chapman—Plays*, in 1874. An exact reprint of the quarto was made by Dr. Lehman, Philadelphia, 1906.

Professor Koepfel (*loc. cit.*) has shown that none of the historians named by Langbaine as furnishing the plot of this play could have served as a source, and pointed out that the true source of the greater part of the play was Estienne Pasquier's *Les Recherches de la France*. Koepfel found the story of Chabot's fall in the ninth chapter of the sixth¹ book of this work as it appeared in 1621, and assumed, naturally enough, that the play must have been written after this date. Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 444) and Lehman (*op. cit.*, p. 30) follow Koepfel. But there are earlier editions of Pasquier's book. The story of Chabot appears for the first time in the edition of 1607; it is repeated with a number of interesting additions in that of 1611; and this latter account is repeated practically word for word in the edition of 1621. So far as Pasquier's account of Chabot goes, it received its definitive form in 1611, in the twelfth chapter of the fifth book, entitled *Du procès extraordinaire fait, premierement à Messire Philippe Chabot Admiral de France, puis à Messire Guillaume Pouyet Chancelier*. The differences between this account and the first version in the edition of 1607 seem to be due to Pasquier's having in the interval examined the reports of the two trials. The additions include a number of details which reappear in the play. Thus the edition of 1611 gives Chabot's titles as they appear, with one exception, in Act II, Scene iii; it alone gives the first words of the sentence and mentions Chabot's exactions on the Norman fishers (cf. III, ii, 233-5, and III, ii, 77-83); it alone gives the King's phrase 'mountains and marvels' (cf. IV, i, 324); it alone gives Chabot's answer to the King 'I thank God that in all my process there is no word of felony' (cf.

¹ Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 232, n.

IV, i, 252-4); it alone gives the details of the sentence pronounced on Poyet (cf. V, ii, 185-95); and it alone states that Chabot was so wounded by his trial and unjust condemnation that he died soon after. In short, it is clear that *Chabot* cannot have been written before 1611, and may have been written any time thereafter, before or after 1621. There is nothing to indicate the exact time; the approximate date will depend in some measure upon the view we take of the nature of Shirley's connection with this play. Did he collaborate with Chapman in its composition, or did he revise an old play by the elder poet? If the former, we must date it some time between 1625, when Shirley's first play¹ was licensed, and 1634, the year of Chapman's death, in all probability nearer the latter than the former date, for it is incredible, if the two had collaborated in the composition of a play before the last year or so of Chapman's life, that it should not have been produced immediately.

But collaboration in the proper sense of the word is almost incredible between Chapman and Shirley. The great disparity of years between them—Chapman was born in 1559, Shirley in 1596—would be, perhaps, even less a bar than the complete unlikeness of their conceptions of the drama, particularly of tragedy, their methods of construction, their diction and versification. Chapman, as we have seen, believed firmly in the moral purpose of tragedy, 'sententious excitation to virtue'. To Shirley, as to his master Fletcher, a tragedy was primarily a stage-play, a thing of effects calculated to provoke surprise, and at its best to touch the sensibilities and arouse pity. Chapman was a laborious and not always a skilful play-wright; Shirley was easily the most deft and facile composer of the school of Fletcher. Chapman's diction is often obscure, often turgid, but always weighty with thought; Shirley's as clear, and often as shallow, as a mountain brook. Chapman's versification is regular, somewhat slow-moving, but sonorous and stately; Shirley's loose, easy, with an abundance of run on lines, at its worst little better than versified conversation, at its best of a delicate elegiac charm. A contemporary poet, Randolph, whether thinking of Chapman or not, hit off very neatly the difference between the two. 'Thy Helicon', he says, addressing Shirley:

*Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream doth flow,
While others with disturbed channels go,
And headlong like Nile cataracts do fall
With a huge noise.*

If we were to suppose the possibility of a collaboration between two writers of such widely different characteristics, it should be an easy task to analyse their joint work and determine their respective shares. But, with one exception, this has not even been attempted. Dyce, the first editor, says: 'Chapman seems to have written so large a portion of this play that I thought it scarcely admissible in a collection of Shirley'. Ward believes it nearly all Chapman's. Swinburne finds it as difficult to discover any trace of Shirley in *Chabot* as of Chapman in *The Ball*. Only Mr. Fleay attempts the task of separation. He

¹ *Lovetricks*, for the Lady Elizabeth's men playing at the Cockpit in Drury Lane.

² As to the respective parts of Chapman and Shirley in this play, see the introduction to *The Ball* in vol. ii. I may say, in passing, that I believe Chapman's part in *The Ball* to be almost nil, and to have found its way there by quite another method than collaboration.

asserts¹ first that Chapman wrote the first two acts, with the prose speeches in III, i (III, ii in the present edition), and V, ii, and goes on to say that he thinks the play was written by Chapman about 1604 (which has been shown impossible, since it cannot be earlier than the 1611 edition of Pasquier), and that Shirley altered and re-wrote the latter part. But traces of Shirley seem to me as plain in the first two acts as of Chapman in the last three. The easy flow of the dialogue in II, i, for example, points at once to Shirley, while in the last scene of the play the elaborate simile of ll. 52-64 can only be from Chapman's hand. The latest editor, Dr. Lehman, states,² I believe, the true conclusion, 'that the play was originally composed by Chapman and revised by Shirley'. I had come independently to the same conclusion, and a careful study of the play has led me to believe that this revision was very careful and amounted occasionally to the complete re-writing of a scene. I shall go into details in the notes on this play, but will venture here to state the results I have arrived at. I believe three scenes of the eleven composing the play, namely I, i, II, iii, and V, ii, remain essentially as Chapman wrote them; that II, i and III, i are practically new scenes by Shirley, displacing, in the first case at least, older work by Chapman; and that all the rest of the play presents a ground work of Chapman, revised, cut down, and added to by Shirley. Finally, I would suggest, though with no great positiveness, that Chapman wrote this play late in 1612 or early in 1613, when he was reduced to poverty by the death of his patron, Prince Henry; that he handed it over to the company of the Queen's Revels under the management of his friend, Nat. Field, and that it passed from them to the Princess Elizabeth's men, with whom this company united in 1613, and in whose possession it remained after they took the name of Her Majesties Servants in 1625. This was the company with which Shirley was identified; all his plays, with but one exception, *The Changes*, from his début until his departure for Ireland in 1636, were composed for them. And this is the company that performed *Chabot*. What is more probable than the conjecture that shortly after Chapman's death, May 12, 1634, Shirley's attention was called to an old play by the famous poet still in their possession, and that he at once set to work to revise it for reproduction? It needs but little acquaintance with Shirley's methods of composition, or the tastes of the theatre-going public in the fourth decade of the seventeenth century, to see what the nature of this revision would be. Shirley would cut down the long epic speeches, cut out as much as possible the sententious moralizing, fill in with lively dialogue, introduce, or at least strengthen, the figures of the Wife and the Queen to add a feminine interest to the play, and in general make it over for the stage of his day. And it is impossible to compare *Chabot* with such plays as *The Revenge of Bussy* or the Byron tragedies without feeling more and more strongly that this is exactly what has happened. The amount of its difference from Chapman's earlier work is the measure of Shirley's revision. But the original design and the groundwork of the play as it now stands is Chapman's, and a brief sketch of the main facts of Chabot's life and a summary of Pasquier's account of his trial will show the materials out of which he composed his work.

Phillipe de Chabot, Comte de Charni and de Busançois, was born

¹ *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 241.

² Introduction, p. 25.

about 1480. He was educated along with Francis of Angoulême, the heir-apparent, and Anne de Montmorenci, his future rival, at the chateau of Amboise, where, according to Brantôme, Francis promised when he came to the throne to bestow upon his companions the offices they most desired, those of Admiral and Constable respectively. Chabot belonged to the inner circle of the friends and advisers of Francis I, distinguished himself in the early wars of the reign, and was taken prisoner with his King at Pavia. Shortly after his release he was created Admiral of France, succeeding Bonnivet, who was slain at Pavia. Honours and titles were heaped upon him, and not by his sovereign alone, for Henry VIII during one of his intermittent *ententes* with Francis created him a Knight of the Garter in 1532. Toward the close of the reign, however, he became involved in Court intrigues, in which he represented the liberal and national party as against the reactionary and pro-Spanish faction of the Dauphin, Diana of Poitiers, and the Constable. Montmorenci, who had become his bitter foe, took advantage of Chabot's magnificence of living to denounce him as a defrauder of the royal treasury. A series of charges were drawn up and submitted to Poyet, the Chancellor, a creature of Montmorenci, who promptly declared that they contained proof of twenty-five capital charges. In an interview with the King, Chabot stood so proudly on his defence and spoke so confidently of his innocence that Francis flew into a passion, threw him into prison, and ordered him to be tried by a special commission presided over by Poyet. The trial was a farce. Instead of the twenty-five capital crimes alleged by the Chancellor, only two charges could be substantiated, one of having imposed an irregular tax upon the herring fisheries of Normandy, the other of having appropriated certain revenues in his government of Burgundy. Upon these, however, Chabot was found guilty, sentenced to an enormous fine, to banishment, and confiscation of goods. Poyet revised the sentence, inserted with his own hand the words 'infidélités et déloyauté' among the list of Chabot's crimes, and added 'for life' to the sentence of banishment. The indignant judges at first refused to sign the revised sentence, but at last yielded to Poyet's insistence and threats, one of them adding the word 'vi' in almost imperceptible characters to his signature.

Francis at first approved the sentence, but soon yielded to the prayers of his mistress, D'Estampes,¹ who from the beginning had taken the Admiral's side, and permitted Chabot to bring further testimony before the commission, which at the first sign of the King's returning favour promptly pronounced him innocent of *lèse-majesté* or high treason, and permitted him to reappear at Court. On his first meeting with Francis the King inquired, 'Do you still boast your innocence?' to which Chabot answered manfully, 'I have learned that none is innocent before God and the King, but I have at least this consolation,

¹ Tavannes in his *Memoires* (*Nouvelle Collection des Memoires*, vol. viii, p. 100) asserts that D'Estampes out of rivalry with Chabot's wife had plotted his ruin, but was afterwards reconciled, and obtained his pardon on condition that his son married her niece. This version seems contrary to the facts, but some such report may have suggested the Queen's hatred of the wife of the Admiral in the play, and her later reconciliation and plea for Chabot's pardon. Yet neither Chapman nor Shirley can have seen Tavannes' *Memoires*, which although composed before 1630, do not appear to have been published until 1657.

that all the malice of my enemies could not find me guilty of any want of faith toward your Majesty'. Chabot was pardoned by letters patent on March 11, 1541, re-instated in his offices, and speedily avenged on his enemies. The Constable was disgraced, the Chancellor was sent to the Bastille. But Chabot never recovered from the shock of his trial, and died two years after his pardon, on June 15, 1543. Brantôme says¹ that before his death his pulse stopped and could no longer be felt by the most expert physician. Two years after his death the Chancellor was brought to trial, heavily sentenced, and declared incapable of holding office hereafter. The same judges who pronounced the sentence declared at the same time that the former sentence on Chabot had been from the beginning null and void. The King, who, according to one report, had wished for a sentence of death on Chabot that he might make a greater show of magnanimity by pardoning him, was far from satisfied with the severity of Poyet's sentence, and declared, 'In my youth I heard say that a Chancellor who lost his office ought to lose his head'.

Pasquier's account, on which, as we have seen, Chapman mainly, if not altogether relied, differs in several important particulars from the sketch given above. He eliminates all mention of the parts played by the Constable and the Duchess D'Estampes² in bringing about Chabot's fall and procuring his pardon. He reduces the whole story to a personal contest between a great nobleman, a loyal and devoted, if somewhat bold and over-confident, servant of the King, and an arbitrary monarch, weary of his former favourite, and determined at any cost to break his will and humble his pretensions. He contrasts the malice and servility of Poyet with the frank and independent loyalty of Chabot, and, in turn, with the fundamental generosity of the King, who after his first burst of passion had head and heart enough to recognize that the unbending Admiral was a truer and better servant than the pliant Chancellor, ready to stoop to the most disgraceful means to carry out a passing whim of his monarch. Finally he touched briefly, but pointedly, on the fatal blow inflicted, though unwittingly, by the King upon his old friend and servant: 'Le coup toutes fois du premier arrest l'ulcera [Chabot] de telle façon qu'il ne survesquit pas longuement'.

It is not difficult to realize the appeal that Pasquier's account must have made to a poet and thinker of Chapman's temperament and opinions. Here he found a vivid and dramatic presentation of his old theme, the struggle of the individual against his environment. The individual was a figure of heroic proportions, a great noble, a king's

¹ *Grandes Capitaines François*, chap. 61.

² Koepfel, followed by Lehman, suggests that Chapman's unpleasant experience in bringing a king's mistress upon the stage in the Byron plays had taught him a lesson, and that he consequently substituted the Queen for the mistress of Francis I as the intercessor for Chabot. But the real scandal in the first instance was not the mere introduction of the mistress of Henry IV, but the wholly unseemly staging of her quarrel with Henry's wife, a quarrel in which bitter words were succeeded by blows. Chapman could hardly have feared that the natural protest of the French Ambassador on the former occasion would have been repeated if he had introduced the long deceased mistress of Francis I in the not ungracious rôle of suppliant for a fallen favourite. I should attribute his omission of the part played by this lady to Pasquier's silence on her score.

favourite, a loyal servant, whose only fault was an over-confidence in his innocence, a fault which we may well believe Chapman would be the last to censure harshly. And since this individual was unjustly accused and, though outwardly triumphant, perished from the inward wounds received in the unequal combat, he became in Chapman's transforming imagination the embodiment of the two noblest virtues of the individual considered as a member of the state organism, loyalty and the love of justice. Chabot is a far more sympathetic figure than either Bussy or Clermont, and he is wholly free from the tragic guilt of Byron. In fact in *Chabot* we have a complete reversal of the situation and the problem of the *Conspiracy and Tragedy of Byron*. The problem of these plays is to determine the extent of the individual's rights as against the State; the problem of *Chabot* is to fix the limits of the power of the State, embodied in an absolute monarch, over the individual. But whereas in the earlier plays the champion of individual liberty is a reckless egoist, in the later he is a loyal subject who claims only the right to serve the cause of justice according to his own conscience within, and for the benefit of, the State. Where Byron takes all his rewards and honours as poor and partial payment of his merits, Chabot considers them only as means which enable him to serve more freely and effectively. He is not unthankful like Byron, but since the goal on which he has fixed his eyes is no selfish ambition, he will not permit his course to be impeded by personal favours bestowed on him by the King. Chabot's attitude toward Francis is very much that of the great Duke of Sully toward Henry IV. In fact, the incident of his tearing the bill signed by the King may have been suggested by the well-known story of Sully's tearing his master's mad promise of marriage to Henriette D'Entragues. But neither the Henry IV of history nor the ideal figure of Chapman's plays would have treated a loyal subject as Francis treats Chabot. Following along the lines suggested by Pasquier, Chapman represents Francis as engaging in the contest with Chabot out of a mere whim to show his power. He has no interest in the success of Montmorenci's cause, and shows no anger at the supposed outrage Chabot has committed upon the royal signature. There is at first no principle involved; but as the contest goes on and Chabot declines to yield, the two opposing principles come clearly into view. Upon the one side we see absolute monarchy, with its insistence upon unquestioning obedience; upon the other individual liberty, limiting the extent of obedience by the claims of conscience. The great third scene of the second act—a scene almost free from any touch of Shirley's hand—represents a contest of wills such as we see hardly anywhere else in Chapman. Chabot emerges unshaken from the contest, but his arbitrary master, roused to the highest point by his servant's opposition, resolves, since he cannot bend, to break him, thinking vainly that he can hereafter repair the injury and regain an instrument as trusty as before and more pliable. But, to quote the words which Chapman puts in the King's mouth a little later (IV, i, 289-90):

*This was too wild a way to make his merits
Stoop and acknowledge my superior bounties;*

and Chabot, although restored to the sunshine of the royal favour, feels the ice of death creep over his heart, and dies at last at the King's feet with a prayer that his master may have no less faithful servants.

If the Byron plays were a solemn proclamation that the days of unrestrained individualism were over, *Chabot* is no less solemn a warning to the absolute monarchs of the new age. Its text might be found in a couple of lines from the prayer of Henry in *Byron's Tragedy* (IV, ii, 79-82):

*O how much
Err those kings, then, that play with life and death.*

Chapman, like most thinking men of his day, believed in absolute monarchy, but he held that the monarch could be absolute without being arbitrary. He has carefully avoided painting Francis as the typical tyrant of Elizabethan drama, and has made his tragic guilt consist simply in the fact that he prefers his own unreasoned will to his subject's demand for justice. The lesson of the tragedy is the necessity for the free play of the individual within the limits of the state organism, or, to put it more concretely, the duty of the absolute monarch to respect the liberty of the loyal subject. This was a lesson at once needed and unheeded by Chapman's own kings, James and Charles, and its neglect was one of the prime causes which brought about within a generation the tragic downfall of the ancient monarchy of England.

Such, it seems to me, was Chapman's dominant idea in the composition of this play, and it is immensely to Shirley's credit, that, courtier and royalist as he was, his revising hand has left the strong and simple lines of the original conception so clearly visible in the work which appeared under both their names.



THE TRAGEDY OF CHABOT

NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The first quarto prints the names of the actors under the heading *Speakers*. This list was reprinted by ¹ Dyce and again by Shepherd. It is, however, so confusing and incomplete that I have judged it best to transfer it to the Text Notes (p. 649) and to substitute a new and correct list of the *dramatis personae*. I add here a few words as to some of these.

Montmorency. Anne de Montmorenci, 1492-1567, was educated along with Francis I and Chabot, and was taken prisoner with them at Pavia. In 1535 he repelled Charles V's invasion of Provence, and was rewarded with the office of Constable of France. In the latter years of the reign of Francis he headed the pro-Spanish and reactionary party at the French Court, and fell from power after his quarrel with Chabot in 1541. He returned to power under Henry II, was captured at St. Quentin in 1557, and was killed at St. Denis fighting against the Huguenots. He appears to have been a violent, ambitious, and unscrupulous nobleman, and there is little or nothing in the accounts of his life to justify the favourable portrait presented to us in this play.

Poyet. Guillaume Poyet, ca. 1474-1548, son of an advocate at Angers, distinguished himself in the legal profession, and became Advocate-General in 1531 and Chancellor in 1538. He took part in the attack on Chabot, inspected the charges brought against him, and presided at his trial. When Montmorency was disgraced, Poyet shared his fall and was sent to the Bastille. After three years' imprisonment he was tried, condemned, and heavily sentenced.

Allegre. D'Alègre was the name of a prominent family of Auvergne, but I can find nothing to connect any member of this family with Chabot.

The Queen. Eleanor of Austria, dowager Queen of Portugal and sister of Charles V, became the second wife of Francis I in 1530. Her sympathies would naturally have been with Montmorency and against Chabot.

The Wife. Castelnau, *Memoires*, vol. 2, p. 563, edition of 1731, gives her name as Françoise de Longrie. Her mother, Jeanne D'Angoulême, was a bastard half-sister of Francis I, so that Chabot was connected by marriage with his King.

I, i. This scene seems to me almost pure Chapman, though it may have been cut, and perhaps arranged, by Shirley.

I, i, 68-72. This simile is a favourite one with Chapman; cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 47-8

*A cozening picture, which'one way
Shows like a crow, another like a swan;*

and Ovid's *Banquet of Sense* (1595), where a statue is described—

*So cunningly to optic reason wrought
That afar off it show'd a woman's face,
Heavy and weeping, but more nearly view'd,
Nor weeping, heavy, nor a woman, show'd.*

Poems, p. 22-3.

¹ See Text Notes, p. 648.

his master Fletcher, is fond of using colloquial contractions, such as 'wo'not', 'sha'not', 'sha't', 'don't', 'wo't', etc. Most of these have been unfortunately expunged from his text as edited by Dyce, and the student must turn back to the old copies to find them. In one play, *The Duke's Mistress*, I have counted ten instances of 'wo'not', eleven of 'sha'not', four of 'wo't', and three of 'sha't'. I have preserved all such forms in this text, as well as in the other play published as by Chapman and Shirley, *The Ball*, in the second volume of this edition.

- I, ii, 124-45. There is no mention of this case of the *honest merchant* in Pasquier, who attributes Chabot's fall to the fickleness of the King—'aussi commença-il [Francis] avecq' le temps de se lasser de luy [Chabot], & en fin il luy despleut tout à fait'. Chapman, or Shirley, may have heard of this case from other accounts of Chabot's trial, or it may have been invented to motivate his fall otherwise than in the chief source. Incidents of this sort were not uncommon in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts. The *league* mentioned in l. 125 is the treaty signed at Nice in 1538, by which peace was maintained between France and Spain until 1542.
- I, ii, 153-4. With the diction of these lines cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, III, i, 61-3 :

*So have I seen a fire-drake glide at midnight
Before a dying man to point his grave,
And in it stick and hide.*

- I, ii, 155. With these words Chabot tears the bill; cf. the next scene (II, i, 7-9).
- II, i. This scene in metre, diction, and ease of dialogue, seems to me wholly the work of Shirley. It must have been written to replace a similar scene in the original play, unless, as is quite possible, the incident of Chabot's tearing the bill with the King's name is an invention of Shirley's. It does not appear in Pasquier. Signs of Shirley's hand are seen in such heavy *enjambements* as appear in ll. 11 and 27, and in the dissolution of the final *-ion* in a word occurring within the line, l. 35. Shirley seems to have caught this trick from Massinger, with whom it is very frequent. I note thirteen instances of such a dissolution in Shirley's *Cardinal*.
- II, i, 38-9. This reminiscence of *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, 135-6, seems to me rather like Shirley than Chapman.
- II, i, 43-7. This mention of the Queen's jealousy of Chabot's wife is introduced evidently to lead up to the sudden and unexpected conversion of the Queen into a partisan of the Admiral. Such sudden changes, theatrically effective, rather than psychologically true, are characteristic of the later drama. I think it possible that the parts of the Wife and the Queen were entirely composed, or greatly enlarged, by Shirley to add a feminine interest to Chapman's play.
- II, ii. This scene is essentially Chapman's, although Shirley's revising hand is occasionally visible. Thus the first ten lines may be Shirley's, but the speech of Allegre (ll. 11-26) is characteristically Chapman's. Note the phrase *enter'd minion*, (l. 13) and compare *enter a courtier*, *Bussy*, I, ii, 83. Note the elaborate and involved construction of ll. 14-19 which evidently puzzled the compositors, or proof-reader, of the quarto (see Text Notes, p. 650). Note the classical reference to the Cyclops (l. 20) as the artificer of Vulcan, a repeated reference in Chapman, *Bussy*, IV, ii, 37; *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 4.
- II, ii, 53-7. Compare this figure of innocence protecting against wild beasts with the same idea in *Bussy*, IV, i, 182-4. The image of the shield was suggested by a phrase put by Pasquier into Chabot's mouth: 'Qu'il faisoit pavois de sa conscience'.
- II, ii, 63. This use of *digest* is characteristic of Chapman. See *Bussy*, IV, i, 164; *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 2; *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 9.
- II, ii, 84-5. Cf. a parallel passage in *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 40-4, and another in Chapman's early poem, *The Shadow of Night*, 1594 (*Poems*, p. 7). Here, addressing Hercules, he says:

*Bend thy brazen bow against the sun,
As in Tartessus when thou hadst begun
Thy task of oxen.*

In the gloss on this passage (*Poems*, p. 9), he says: 'Here he [i.e. the poet, Chapman himself] alludes to the fiction of Hercules, that in his labour at Tartessus fetching away the oxen, being (more than he liked) heat with the beams of the Sun, he bent his bow against him, etc. *Ut ait Pherecides in 3. lib. Historiarum.*'

- II, iii. This scene is essentially Chapman's. It is possible that a cut made by Shirley has led to the confusion at l. 134 (see Text Notes p. 651), but I can see no other trace of the younger dramatist.
- II, iii, 11. Spoken with a contemptuous gesture.
- II, iii, 17-8. Cf. *Summum jus summa injuria*. Cicero, *De Officiis*, I, x, 33, cites this as a proverb already threadbare.
- II, iii, 26. The subject of *should thunder* is 'they' understood, i.e. *honours and fortunes*, cf. l. 24. This omission of the subject when it can be supplied from the context is frequent in Chapman.
- II, iii, 50. *Forc'd issues*: this trial of strength which has been forced upon me.
- II, iii, 68-74. This list of Chabot's honours and offices is, with one exception, taken direct from Pasquier, p. 569: 'Car il estoit Chevalier de l'Ordre, Admiral de France, Lieutenant General du Roy au pais & Duché de Bourgogne, Conseiller au conseil Privé, & en outre Lieutenant General de Monsieur le Dauphin aux Gouvernements de Dauphiné et de Normandie'. The title 'Count Byzanges', l. 69, is an anglicising of Chabot's title of Comte de Buzançois (see Laboreur-Castelnau, vol. ii, p. 567). The *Order* (l. 68) is that of Saint Michael, see note on *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 99. This verbal fidelity to the source is a sure mark of Chapman.
- II, iii, 89-92. With this passage compare *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 219-23. The verbal similarity shows them to be by the same hand.
- II, iii, 100-1. 'Comparing my bounties and your services in order to measure their respective depths.'
- II, iii, 107-15. The King's threat and Chabot's answer come direct from Pasquier, p. 569: 'Un jour entre autres il [Francis] le menaça de le mettre és mains de ses Juges, pour luy estre fait son procès extraordinaire. A quoy l'Admiral ne remettant devant ses yeux combien c'est chose dangereuse de se jolier à son Maistre, luy respondit d'une façon fort altiere, que c'estoit ce qu'il demandoit, sçachant sa conscience si nette, qu'il ne pouvoit estre faite aucune bresche, ny à ses biens, ny à sa vie, ny à son honneur. . . . Cette response desplaust tant au Roy, que soudain il fit decerner une commission contre luy'.

With l. 112 cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, III, i, 36:

Free minds, like dice, fall square whate'er the cast.

- II, iii, 124. *Swinge*: one of Chapman's favourite words.
- II, iii, 127-39. The King's argument in brief is that a statesman who has pursued the common way of the King's favour in quest of riches, honours, offices, must, like other statesmen of the time, have his faults (l. 139; cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, IV, i, 195-8) and cannot rightly pretend to that impeccable justice which Chabot claims. The text, I think, has been cut about l. 135 (see Text Notes, p. 651). I have arranged it to make sense by putting *inform him*, i.e. 'let him know', in parenthesis, but I am not sure that this was its original construction. In l. 140 I take *reason* as a verb, 'reason with yourself', 'weigh it well'.
- II, iii, 144-5. Compare similar figures in V, i, 36-9, and V, iii, 182-4. There is a somewhat similar figure in Shirley's *The Duke's Mistress* (1636), III, iii:

You kill

*My ambition with a frown, and with one angry
Lightning shot from your eye turn me to ashes.*

- II, iii, 151. *Grave toys*: trifles exaggerated to criminal acts by the lawyer's perverse ingenuity.

- II, iii, 156. *Hits t' th' teeth* : reproaches the receiver with the gift.
 II, iii, 185. 'In giving merits their due rewards.'
 II, iii, 172. A moist palm was a sign of liberality, as a dry and itching one was of avarice and greed; cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 31-8, and *Julius Caesar*, IV, iii, 9-12.
 II, iii, 185. *Pavian thraldom* : Francis was taken prisoner by the Spanish at the battle of Pavia, 1525, and suffered a harsh imprisonment at Madrid. He was only released on the most humiliating conditions.
 II, iii, 209. The Chancellor pretends to think that the King is laying a trap for him.
 II, iii, 225-6. This metaphor, which likens justice to a royal eagle in fiery flight, reminds one of *Bussy*, III, ii, 4-5 :

*Thou shalt be my eagle,
 And bear my thunder underneath thy wings.*

See note *ad loc.*

- III, i. This scene seems to me almost wholly the work of Shirley. The simplicity and clearness of diction and construction, the lively dialogue, the occasional heavy *enjambements* (see ll. 125, 149, 150), and the abbreviations 'don't', l. 6, 'sha' not', l. 19, 'wo' not', l. 101, all point to the younger dramatist. The elaboration of the Queen's jealousy of the wife, and the Queen's sudden change of heart, are also in the style of the later drama. The whole scene, in short, is at once too simple, too lucid and too sentimental to be the work of Chapman.
 III, i, 29-31. There may be a reference here to the glass furnaces erected in or near London by Sir Robert Mansell some time between 1616, when he received a share in the monopoly of glass making, and 1623, when he confessed to the failure of these furnaces. They doubtless excited much interest among the London citizens.
 III, i, 36. *Planet-struck* : I have noted this expression, meaning 'struck with sudden fear,' 'bewildered,' twice over in one of Shirley's plays, *The Maid's Revenge*, III, i, and V, iii. It does not, so far as I know, occur anywhere in Chapman.
 III, i, 45. *My lord*, i.e. Montmorency, who goes to summon the wife into the Queen's presence, while the latter continues her conversation with the Treasurer.
 II, i, 109-10. Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, I, ii, 172 :

So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

See also *King John*, II, i, 137, where this expression is spoken of as a proverb.

- II, i, 156-7. *To vie . . . passion* : the phrase is taken from the language of gaming. See note on *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 107.
 II, i, 163-5. This dogma of unquestioning obedience is certainly Shirley's, not Chapman's. Compare as a contrast Strozza's well-known speech in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, iv, 56-60, quoted on p. 552.
 II, i, 191. This line seems an echo of a passage in *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 45-6 :
- Truth' pace is all upright, sound everywhere,
 And like a die sets ever on a square.*
- I, i, 215-6, 218-26. The friendly spirit displayed by Montmorency for Chabot in these lines and the regret he feels for the false position in which Court intrigues have placed him is, of course, quite unhistorical. See the Introduction to this play.
 I, ii. This scene is almost wholly Chapman's. The elaborate prose speeches are much more in his style than Shirley's; and the fidelity with which the author reproduces his sources is also a mark of the older writer. Shirley has touched up the scene here and there, and seems to have imitated it in *The Traitor*, III, i. If this be so, Shirley must have known *Chabot* in MS. before 1631.

- III, ii, 58-9. With the pun on *Brutus*, cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 109-10.
- III, ii, 61. *Chopped logic*: a once familiar phrase in which the verb has the old sense of 'chop', i.e. 'barter', 'exchange'. The phrase, however, always implies irreverent or unbecoming argument with a superior, as of a child with a parent, or a subject with a king. Cf. *All Fools*, I, ii, 51.
- III, ii, 77-83. Pasquier, pp. 570-1, cites the beginning of the sentence upon Chabot. It declares, with much verbiage as to the Admiral's disloyalty and oppression, that he has 'sous ombre de son Admirauté, pris & exigé es annees 1536 & trente et sept vingt sous sur les pescheurs de la coste de Normandie, qui es dites annees ont esté aux harengaisons, & la somme de six livres sur chacun bateau qui estoit allé aux macquereaux'. Pasquier remarks that no greater misdeeds were alleged against Chabot, and that this abuse might easily have been remedied by a royal edict without any scandal.
- III, ii, 80. *Poor Johns*: I find this slang term for sailors in Shirley's *The Duke's Mistress*, II, i.
- III, ii, 89. *Embers*: four periods of fasting of three days each, appointed by the Council of Placentia (1095) for the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after (a) the first Sunday in Lent, (b) Whit-Sunday, (c) Holy Cross Day (Sept. 14), (d) St. Lucia's Day (Dec. 13).
- III, ii, 97. *Giantism against heaven*: a true Chapman phrase. So in *Bussy*, III, ii, 144-7, a favourite's insolence is compared to the warfare of the earth-born giant upon Jove; see note *ad loc.*
- III, ii, 99-103. Chapman is following here the language of the sentence as quoted by Pasquier, which mentions the Admiral's 'infidelitez, desloyautez, & desobeissances envers nous, oppression de nostre pauvre peuple, forces publiques, exactions induës, commissions, impressions, ingrattitudes, contemnement & mespris, tant de nos commandements, que defenses, entreprises sur nostre autorité, & autres fautes, abus, & malversations, crimes & delits', p. 570.
- III, ii, 112-4. Compare the anecdote recounted by Bacon, *Apothegms*, No. 2.
- III, ii, 133. This line looks to me suspiciously like an insertion by Shirley.
- III, ii, 137-9. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*
Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 139.
- III, ii, 190-207. The Chancellor's savage attack upon Chabot is based upon Pasquier's account of the trial. When it was discovered that no charges of any importance could be brought against the Admiral, the judges were disposed to treat him mildly, 'mais le Chancelier voyant que le roy affectionnoit la condemnation de leur prisonnier, commença de se roidir contre son innocence, aux yeux de toute la compagnie', p. 570.
- III, iii, 208-24. Pasquier says that before the sentence was signed, 'le rapporteur du procès luy en apporta la minute, non pour la corriger tout à fait, mais bien pour voir s'il y avoit quelques obmissions par inadvertence. Toutesfois pour contenter son opinion, se donnant plaine carriere, le change selon que sa passion le portoit, & estant de ceste façon radoubé; l'envoye à tous les autres Conseillers pour le soubsigner. Ce que du commencement ils refuserent de faire, mais les violentant d'une continuë, & de menaces estranges, ils furent contraincts de luy obeir: Voire que l'un d'eux mit au dessous de son seing, un petit V du commencement, & vers la fin un I, ces deux lettres jointes ensemble faisoient un VI, pour denoter qu'il l'avoit signé par contrainte', p. 570.
- III, ii, 233-5. It is interesting to note that the details of the sentence, with the punishment inflicted on Chabot are not given here; probably because Chapman did not find them in Pasquier, who only cites the opening phrases of the sentence. Chabot, as a matter of fact, was condemned to pay a fine of 1,500,000 livres, and to suffer banishment and confiscation of his goods. Poyet altered the sentence so as to make it read 'banishment for life without hope of recall'.
- The penalty of death which Chapman alludes to in l. 238 is unhistorical; but Pasquier, p. 571, says: 'Ce grand Roy, comme il est grandement vray-semblable, souhaitoit en l'arrest condemnation de mort, pour accomplir

puis apres un trait absolu de misericorde, envers celuy dont il ne pouvoit oublier l'amitié'.

IV, i. In this scene the work of Chapman and Shirley is so blended as to point directly to the hypothesis that Shirley revised and rewrote Chapman's play. I take the first 120 lines or so to be mainly Shirley's. The lines in which the Wife entreats Francis to refuse the Queen's petition, not knowing that she is praying for Chabot's pardon, form a curious reversal of a scene in Shirley's *The Duke's Mistress*, where Ardelia begs the Duke to grant his wife's prayer, not knowing that that unfortunate lady is praying for her own death. Such reversals of a theatrically effective situation are common among the later dramatists. The general style, both in diction and metre, of these early lines seems to me to point to Shirley. But later on the hand of Chapman is clearly visible, especially in the verbal borrowings from his source and in some striking parallels to his undoubted work. Yet I think it likely that the latter part of the scene also was revised by Shirley.

IV, i, 14-6. Dyce in his edition of Chabot pointed out the likeness of this simile to a passage in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*—Second chorus (*Works* vol. ii, p. 29-30, Bullen's edition) :

*Like as the fatal raven . . .
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens and delightsome parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclams,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion.*

Mr. Bullen points out that the original of this simile is found in Du Bartas :

*Ainsi que les corbeaux d'une penne venteuse
Passans les bois pleurans de l'Arabie heureuse,
Mesprisent les jardins et parcs delicieux,
Qui de fleurs esmaillez vont parfumant les cieux,
Et s'arrestent, gloutons, sur la salle carcasse
D'un criminel rompu n'aguere à coups de masse.
L'Arche—Première Partie du Second Jour de la Seconde Semaine.*

Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas renders this passage as follows :

*Even as the Rav'ns with windy wings o'erfly
The weeping Woods of Happy Araby,
Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bow'ers
Perfuming Heav'n with oderiferous flowres,
And greedy, light upon the loathsome quarters
Of some late Lopez, or such Romish Martyrs.*

Sylvester, *Works* (Chertsey Worthies, vol. i, p. 136).

The 'Lopez' of this passage is the famous Dr. Lopez, Queen Elizabeth's physician, a Portuguese Jew, hanged for high treason on June 7, 1594.

Mr. Bullen points out another imitation in the anonymous play which he published for the first time under the title of *The Distracted Emperor* in *Old English Plays* :

*But as the ravens, which in Arabia live,
Having flown all the field of spices o'er,
Seize on a stinking carcasse.*

Old English Plays, vol. iii, p. 237.

It is interesting to trace a simile of this sort running from the morning of Elizabethan drama in Peele to its sunset in Shirley. Owing to the uncertainty as to the dates of *David and Bethsabe* and the *Distracted Emperor*, it is difficult to say which of these plays borrowed from the other, or whether both of them drew independently from Du Bartas. Sylvester's translation

of this portion of the Huguenot poet's work does not seem to have appeared before Peele's death, which occurred before 1598.

- IV, i, 17-22. This speech of the King's, with its echoes of a passage previously assigned to Shirley (II, i, 37-43), must be the work of that poet.
- IV, i, 46. *Wo'not*: another mark of Shirley's hand.
- IV, i, 57. *Fable*: the use of this word in the sense of 'byword' occurs in Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress*, I, ii; I do not think it is ever so used by Chapman.
- IV, i, 74. 'Prevent a marble memorial bearing an honest eulogy from being erected as my epitaph.'
- IV, i, 85. *Made against*: influenced against, won over to the conspiracy against.
- IV, i, 123. From here on to the close of the scene I think Chapman's hand is repeatedly, if intermittently, to be discerned; such phrases as *our curious justicer*, l. 127, and *the applausive issue*, l. 130, are surely his.
- IV, i, 136-7. On a somewhat similar expression, 'though Kings' sons dance in nets they may not be seen', Greene's *Pandosto* (*Works*, vol. iv, p. 293), Mr. Hazlitt notes, 'alluding to the old story of the fisherman's daughter, who was ordered to dance before a great lord, so that she might be seen, yet not seen, to which purpose she covered herself in one of her father's nets'.
- IV, i, 165. 'Let the crown', i.e. the King, 'end the matter', i.e. by issuing orders for the execution.
- IV, i, 212-277. The interview between the King and Chabot has been enlarged from the very brief account given by Pasquier, p. 571: 'Le Roy le manda querir pardevers soy, & sans user de plus longs propos, luy dit. Pour contenter vostre opinion j'ay fait faire vostre procès, & avez veu le succès qu'en avez eu pour trop vous croire: Maintenant je veux contenter la mienne, & d'une puissance absoluë vous restablir en tel estat qu'estiez auparavant l'arrest. A quoy l'Admiral repartit; Pour le moins, Sire, je loüe Dieu qu'en tout mon procès il n'y a un seul mot de felonnie [cf. l. 254] que j'aye commise, ou voulu commettre contre vostre Majesté. Ceste parole arresta tout court le Roy, lequel pour en estre esclairecy decerna nouvelle commission à autre juges pour sçavoir s'il n'avoit point esté attainct & convaincu de ce crime'.
- IV, i, 295-354. The interview between the King and the Chancellor is expanded in the same way from a few lines in Pasquier, p. 571: 'Le Roy ayant veu l'arrest commença de se moquer des juges, & sur tout de se courroucer contre le Chancelier qui luy avoit promis montz & merveilles, [cf. l. 324]. . . . [Le Roy] voulut le procès estre fait au Chancelier, à la requeste de son Procureur General en sa Cour de Parlement de Paris'.
- IV, i, 354. *Our Advocate*: this is the same person, of course, as the Proctor-General of III, ii. That he should be called 'Advocate' here and elsewhere in this scene and in V, ii, points, I think, to a revision which has not been consistently carried out.
- IV, i, 364-76. This speech, in its elaborate simile, involved construction, and moral earnestness, is pure Chapman.
- IV, i, 400. 'To play a prize' was a common Elizabethan phrase for a public contest of skill in swordsmanship, acting, or other art, for a prize or wager. The Advocate promises Francis that he will exert himself against the Chancellor as if for such a contest.
- IV, i, 405-9. After hearing the report of the commission appointed to revise the trial of Chabot, the King restored him to his good name and to the royal favour by letters-patent, dated March 29, 1541. A later sentence, 1545, annulled the first altogether. See Pasquier, pp. 571-2.
- IV, i, 419-33. Another characteristic Chapman speech. With lines 421-3 compare *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 65-7:

*rude thunder yields to them
His horrid wings, sits smooth as glass englaç'd;
And lightning sticks 'twixt heaven and earth amazz'd.*

The simile in ll. 426-33 is eminently in Chapman's manner.

IV, i, 439-54. Koepfel (*loc. cit.*) points out the close verbal resemblance between this speech and Pasquier, p. 572 : ' Belle leçon a tout Juge pour demourer en soy, et ne laisser fluctuer sa conscience dedans les vagues d'une imaginaire faveur, qui pour fin de jeu le submerge ' [cf. ll. 450-4]. Pasquier continues : ' Je vous ay recité deux histoires dont pourrez recueillir deux leçons : L'une que quelque commission qu'un Juge reçoive de son Prince, il doit tousjours buter à la justice, [cf. ll. 442-4] & non aux passions de celuy qui le met en oeuvre, lequel revenant avecq' le temps à son mieux penser, se repent apres de sa soudaineté, & recognoist tout à loisir celuy estre indigne de porter le tiltre de Juge, qui a abusé de sa conscience pour luy complaire '. As Koepfel says, this verbal resemblance proves beyond doubt that Pasquier's chapter was the source used for *Chabot*; it further proves that this speech in particular was the work of Chapman. Such a versification of his original, borrowing at times its very words, occurs over and over again in *The Revenge of Bussy* and the Byron plays.

V, i. This scene, originally by Chapman, has been revised by Shirley. It is impossible, I think, to divide the scene between the two, since evidences of the double authorship are visible throughout. I call attention to some of these in the following notes.

V, i, 16-9. This simile of the river is a favourite one with Chapman. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, ii, 188-92, and *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 152-8. I fancy the original simile in this passage has been shortened by Shirley, to which the confusion in the text is possibly due; see Text Notes, p. 652.

V, i, 29-32. Compare *Bussy*, V, iv, 90-3. This desire to meet death standing is characteristic of Chapman's heroes.

V, i, 36-9. This passage, reminiscent of II, iii, 144-5, and parallel to V, iii, 182-3, has also a parallel in Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress*, III, iii (a passage already quoted on page 642).

I am inclined to take the present passage as the work of Shirley.

V, i, 39-81. This passage I take to be mainly, if not altogether, the work of Shirley. Note his abbreviation *wo'not* in l. 42, the rapidity and ease of the dialogue, the heavy *enjambements*, especially in the King's speech, ll. 51-61, and in general the somewhat sentimental tone of the passage—such a phrase as *Alas, poor Chabot*, l. 80, is not in Chapman's vein.

V, i, 81-103. Chapman's hand is visible in the last lines of this scene. I think the reference to the *centaur's blood*, l. 86, is his, and the Father's speech, ll. 89-98, is wholly in his manner, and contains one of his peculiar adjectives, *numerous*, in the sense of 'musical'; cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 46-47 :

*As if my feet were numerous, and trod sounds
Out of the centre with Apollo's virtue.*

See also *Byron's Tragedy*, I, ii, 58.

V, ii. This scene is mainly, if not wholly, the work of Chapman. The prose speeches are certainly his, and, I think, the greater part of the verse as well, although Shirley may have added and revised some lines.

V, ii, 15-6. *Omnia ex lite fieri*: cf. Chapman's version of this maxim in *The Widow's Tears*, I, iii, 34-5 :

All things by strife engender.

V, ii, 22-33. The idea of generation by corruption, burlesqued in these lines, was familiar to Chapman.

V, ii, 55-8. Compare the Advocate's (or Proctor-General's) eulogy of Poyet, III, ii, 5-24. This 'epic repetition' is characteristic of Chapman.

V, ii, 87. *Cold terms*: law terms in which little business is done.

V, ii, 89. *Bury itself in buckram*: hide itself in its own bags. *Buckram* is

used by the Elizabethan dramatists as a synonym for a lawyer's bag made of this material.

- V, ii, 118. *Tiger of Hyrcanian breed*: cf. *Macbeth*, III, iv, 101.
- V, ii, 153-76. This long speech is wholly in Chapman's manner. With the phrase, *high-going sea*, l. 156, cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, i, 150. In *The Duke's Mistress*, V, i, we have the phrase *high-going waves*.
- V, ii, 169-72. The Chancellor's appeal to Chabot, though not mentioned in Pasquier, is an historical fact, and may have been known to Chapman. Castelnau-Laboreur, *Memoires*, vol. ii, p. 572, prints a long letter from Poyet to Chabot, addressing him as Monseigneur and imploring him to beg the King to allow him to retire to his house rather than be led to prison; cf. ll. 175-6. The same authority records that after his sentence was pronounced, Poyet said that he thanked God for his infinite mercy and the King for his justice, and that he prayed God to give him grace to make a prayer agreeable to Him and profitable to the King; cf. ll. 198-9. Such fidelity to historical details is very characteristic of Chapman.
- V, ii, 179. *The mouse in the fable*: I have been unable to trace any form of the fable here alluded to.
- V, ii, 185-95. Pasquier, p. 571, notes that among the mass of testimony brought forward against Poyet 'les plus signalez & picquans furent les extraordinaires deportemens dont il avoit usé envers les juges au procès de l'Admiral'. The details of his sentence, somewhat altered, are also from Pasquier, p. 572: 'Il fut privé de l'estat de Chancelier, & déclaré inhabile à tenir office Royal; & encores condamné en la somme de cent mille livres envers le Roy, & à tenir prison jusques à plein payement, & confiné jusques à cinq ans en tel lieu & seure garde qu'il plairoit au Roy'.
- V, iii. There is a sub-stratum of Chapman in this scene, but it is heavily overlaid with Shirley.
- V, iii, 52-64. This elaborate simile is, I fancy, a fragment preserved from Chapman. I take the first lines of this speech, however, and the closing exclamation, so *Chabot, Chabot*, to be Shirley's.
- V, iii, 65. *Wonder in apprehension*: with this phrase, meaning, apparently, 'a wonderful thing to apprehend, or consider', compare *The Duke's Mistress*, III, i, *strange apprehension*.
- V, iii, 138-44. For the King's dissatisfaction with the sentence 'passed on Poyet see the Introduction to this play, p. 635.
- V, iii, 163. *Fear his apprehension*: fear the consequences of his apprehension, i.e. of the intensity with which he has felt the shock. I owe this note to Mr. Brereton.
- V, iii, 167. Cf. V, i, 29-32, and the note *ad loc*.
- V, iii, 168-9. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, ii, 2-3.
- V, iii, 179-80. Cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, I, ii, 292, and the note *ad loc*.
- V, iii, 200-9. There can be little doubt that these closing lines are Shirley's. Yet it is possible that the obscurity of the last four lines is due to his taking over a bit of Chapman which he did not understand, and which he rewrote in such a way as to give more sound than sense. The phrase, *starve succession*, l. 227, apparently means 'kill one's successor'; cf. Trajan's saying, quoted by Bacon, *Apothegms*, No. 100, 'there was never king that did put to death his successor'. But what this has to do with the despair of kings as to their relations with their heirs, or either with the story of Chabot, I am quite unable to decide.

TEXT NOTES

In the preparation of this text I have made use of the following editions, denoted in these pages by the symbols which here accompany them. The first Quarto, 1639¹ (Q.); Dyce's edition² (D.); Shepherd's edition³ (S.);

¹ This is the only old edition. It seems to have been given to the press by the Queen's Men during Shirley's absence in Ireland. It was probably printed from an acting copy and the text is in many places very corrupt. I have consulted the copies at the British Museum and the Bodleian, five in all.

² *The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley*, vol. vi, 1833.

³ *The Works of Chapman—Plays*.

Lehman's reprint¹ (L.). Of these Dyce alone has really edited the text; Shepherd in the main depends on Dyce, and Lehman's useful reprint offers only a few suggested emendations. I have followed the Quarto, modernizing spelling and punctuation, and marking all alterations in the text.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Under the heading of **Speakers**, Q. gives the following list, which is so confused and faulty that I have transferred it to this place.

Asall.	Chabot.
Allegre.	Judges.
King.	Officers.
Queene.	Secretary.
Treasuror.	Ushers.
Chancellor.	Constable.
Admirall.	Courtiers.
Father.	Porter.
Generall.	Guard.

Of these characters the Admirall is, of course, the same as Chabot; the General does not appear in the play, unless we assume that the word Porter is a misprint for Procter and that the true reading is Procter-General. The Wife of Chabot is not mentioned in this list, which goes to show, I think, that this character was introduced by Shirley when revising the play. Further omissions are those of the Notary and the Captain of the Guard.

The Quarto divides the play into acts but not into scenes.

I, i, 56. Q. *any things*; D. *anything*.

63. S. inserts *as before horrid*.

115. For the last word of the stage direction after this line Q. has *attend*.

119. Q. *gardian*; D. emends *gor-dian*. L. says that the Q. from which he printed has *'hrigian* in this line. I have not noticed the omission of the *P* in the copies I have consulted.

127. Q. *which for it selfe Sir, resolve to keepe*. D. inserts *I before resolve*.

133. Q. *earth*; D. *earth[ly]*.

135. Q. places the words *my wife's* at the beginning of l. 136. So do S. and D. I think the arrangement in the text gives a better metre.

155. I have inserted the stage direction, *Exit Chabot*, after this line.

158. In the stage direction in this line Q. has only *Exit*; D. *Exeunt the King and All*.

170. Q. *increase*. S. *incense*, a plausible conjecture, cf. II, iii, 7; but I think the old reading is intelligible.

183. Q. *men free borne slaves*; so D. S. emends *free-born*, which seems the true reading, since the sense is 'too servile equity turns free-born men into slaves'.

187. Q. *in both*; so D. S. emends *it both*, which seems the true reading, since *it* refers to the phrase *informs his actions simply*.

189. Q. *natures*; D. *Nature's*; S. *nature*. I think the noun is plural, referring to the heavenly bodies, the stars.

206. Q. *I seeking*; so D. and S.; but I think it plain that *In* is the true reading, *I* having been caught from the next line.

220. Q. *shadder*. D. emends *shudder*. Perhaps we might read *shatter*.

I, ii, 10. Q. *service*; so D. and S. It seems plain to me that an *s* has dropped off the end of the word. Metre and syntax, I think, demand *services*.

12. Q. *less degraded*; so D. and S., but evidently a comma is necessary between the words.

33. Q. *ingenious*; D. *ingenuous*. See text note on Bussy, III, ii, 107.

¹ *The Tragedie of Chabot*—Publications of the University of Pennsylvania—Series in Philology and Literature, vol. x, Philadelphia, 1906.

52. Q. *While inforc'd shew* ; so D. S. emends *White in forced show*, which seems to be the true reading.
60. Q. *ambitious boundlesse* ; so D. and S. ; but it seems clear that *ambitious* is a misprint of the commonest sort, *u* for *n*, for *ambitions*, which word occurs immediately below in l. 66. The alteration involves the placing of a comma after *boundless*.
67. Q. *no hazard* ; so D. and S. Perhaps we should read *not hazard*.
68. *Realities*, a misprint in this text for the true reading of Q., *rcalties*, i.e. 'royal powers'.
98. Q. *A he* ; D. emends *Até*.
106. Q. *But now the rather all powers against it*. L.'s copy of Q. has *the powers*. I should like to read all [my] *power's* (i.e. power is) *against it* ; but have hesitated to introduce this conjecture into the text.
- 121, 123. Q. *wonot*. D. and S. print *will not*, thus obliterating a colloquialism characteristic of Shirley. I have followed Q. throughout in preserving such contracted forms, and shall not call attention to them again.
146. L.'s copy of Q. has *I were*. The copies I have consulted read *Twere*.
- II, i, 23. Q. *As in this braine more circumscrib'd all wisdome* ; so D. S. emends *his brain were, etc.*, which seems the true reading.
27. Q. *lately*. S. alters to *late*.
29. Q. *Urge* ; D. emends *Urged*. The Q. reading is probably a misprint for *Urgd*.
46. Can. Q. prints this word at the beginning of l. 47 ; so D. and S. But the arrangement in the text seems to me more like Shirley's metre, and this scene is mainly, if not altogether, by Shirley.
- II, ii, 6. Q. has an interrogation mark at the end of this line. As often in Elizabethan printing this indicates an exclamation.
14. Q. *Since tis but patience sometime they thinke* ; so D. and S. But it seems clear that the subject of *thinke* must be *he*, as in l. 11. I therefore read *he* and *thinks*, and interpret the whole passage, ll. 11-19, as follows : 'Yes, for he is afraid, being but a newly established favourite, to be too insolent in his demeanour toward the King, until the time comes when he dare act with the fiery zeal his faction would like to see in him. Till then he believes in being patient, for the stream of the royal favour will not continue to flow in two channels [i.e. himself and Chabot], but must sooner or later leave one of them [presumably Chabot] dry'.
33. Q. *Though* ; so D. and S. ; but it seems an evident misprint for *through*.
46. Q. *other*. S. *others*, an unnecessary emendation which has crept into my text.
51. Q. *arriv'd*. Should we read *arm'd* ?
53. Q. *walke*. L. prints *wake*, but the *l* in the copies I have seen is very faint, and may be quite obliterated in L.'s copy. *Walke* is certainly the true reading.
- 56-7. Q. *My innocence is, which is a conquering justice, As weares a shield, that both defends and fights*.
D. retains this nonsense ; S. emends by dropping the first *is* in l. 56. I accept this, and further emend *As* to *And*. This seems to me to make perfect sense ; *innocence* is in apposition with *that*, l. 53.
77. Q. *The judgement, and favour*. S. inserts *the* before *favour*, an unnecessary change which has crept into my text.
87. Q. *He cares for gaine not honour* ; so D. and S. But a careful examination of the context will show that *not* must be a misprint for *nor*. Montmorency, at bottom a generous nature, is so moved by Chabot's last words that he exclaims that the Admiral cares neither for gain nor honour (i.e. office or fame) ; to which the Chancellor replies, 'If that be true, how has he managed to acquire both gain and honour'. It is plain that *gain* and *honour* are connected, not contrasted as in the Q.
- II, iii, 16. Q. *kingdomes* ; D. and S. *kingdoms* ; but Francis did not

- have several kingdoms. The word is plainly in the possessive case after *strength*.
32. Q. *Kings*; so D. S. prints *kings'*, which is plainly correct.
48. Q. *That money, cares, etc.* D. and S. print *money, cares*. But the true reading is plainly *many cares*. Chabot is telling how he has spent cares, pains, and years in acquiring his present threatened fortunes. He is not boasting of the money he has laid out.
54. Q. has a question mark, equivalent to an exclamation, at the close of this line. D. and S. retain it, but I think the passage reads better without it.
- 102-3. The question mark after l. 102 was inserted by D. I have retained his reading, but think it possible that we should read *licences of yours May give me*. Such an omission of the subject relative pronoun is common in Chapman.
- 119-20. Q. *Weigh yet, with more soule than danger, And some lesse passion.*
So D. S. emends *than* to *the*, which is clearly correct, as *soul* is contrasted with *passion*, and *danger* must be the object of *weigh*. I have omitted to mark the emendation of S. in my text.
132. I have inserted a question mark at the close of this line; Q., D. and S. have a comma, but I believe the sense is improved by this change. The whole passage from l. 126 to l. 142 is difficult and perhaps corrupt.
134. Q. *effects and cannot informe him*; so D. and S. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) suggests that the words *cannot informe him* were a marginal comment, which has crept into the text, telling the printer that some one could not inform him [the printer] what word was missing after *and*. This is ingenious, but it seems clear that *cannot* must belong to the original text, since *use*, l. 135, depends upon it.
140. Q. *in this reason*; so D. and S.; but it seems plain that *reason* is a verb, equivalent to 'reflect'; *this* means 'this case', 'this situation'.
154. Q. *of*; so D. and S.; but it is plainly an old spelling for *off*. For *stick off* see *Hamlet*, V, ii. 268.
182. Q. prints *my Lord* as a separate line; so D. and S.; but it plainly belongs at the close of l. 182.
- 205-6. Q. prints as three lines ending *life, life, act*.
207. Q. *finer*. D. emends *fibre*.
- III, i, 44. I have inserted the stage direction *They retire* in this line. It is plain from what follows that the Father and Wife withdraw, but do not leave the stage. See the new stage directions after l. 57 and in l. 88.
53. Q. *contempts*; S. *contempt's*, which is certainly wrong.
56. I *desire*. Q. prints as a separate line.
57. I have added the stage direction after this line.
88. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.
98. Q. *this*; L. suggests *his*; but no change is needed.
111. 112. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.
130. Q. *every*; so D. S. emends *ever*.
151. Q. *still*; so D. S. emends *till*.
153. Q. *talke*; D. emends *take*.
163. Q. *Suffer are bound to suffer*; D. emends the first word to *Subjects*.
169. D. adds the direction [*Kneels* to this line.
203. D. adds the stage direction after this line.
- III, ii, 1. Q. *Mr. Proctor*. So also in l. 30.
10. Q. *Poyeni*; D. and S. *Poyein*. I prefer to use the original Greek form ποτειν.
- 16-7. Q. *so notable in the progress*; so D. and S. It seems to me that *in the progress* clearly belongs to what follows.
47. Q. *annuall*. D. emends *animal*. I have inserted *use* after *spirits*; some such verb appears to have been lost.
62. Q. *advance*. D. emends *advanced*.
101. Q. *neither infround or respected his disloyalties*. D. emends *informed or respected*, joining his *disloyalties* with what follows. L., p. 119, would read *informed or suspected his disloyalties*. I much prefer the reading of D, which is nearer that of the source. See note on III, ii, 99-103, p. 644.

107. Q. *Lord*. D. emends *lords*, to agree with *yourselves*.
109. Q. *least*. L. prints *lost*.
123. Q. *conscience*. L., p. 119, takes this to be a misprint for *conscious*, but *conscience* is plainly a noun meaning 'consciousness' and the object of *urge*, l. 125. L.'s explanation of the passage seems to me faulty.
142. Q. *shadow*. D. emends *shadows*.
162. Q. *chines crackes*. D. alters to *crack*: but the old grammatical form should be retained.
164. D. inserts *but* before *The subject*.
- 169-81. The syntax of this speech is confused to a degree remarkable even for Chapman. I fancy some lines were struck out in revision. Probably the same is true of the Chancellor's speech, ll. 190-207.
204. Q. *rob'd and*. A word has dropped from the end of the line. D. suggests *violate*.
220. Q. *On this side, and on this side, this capital I*. L. inserts *V*. after the first *side*. Cf. IV, i, 332-5.
- IV, i, 18. Q. *What could*: so D. and S. It seems plain that *What* is a misprint for *That*.
80. I have inserted the stage direction in this line to prepare for the subsequent entrance of Asall, l. 120.
85. Q. *made*. Perhaps we might read *mad*.
- 98-9. Q. prints *He is . . . mine* as one line.
- 102-3. Q. *Lawes To partiall doome*. D. emends *law's too partial*.
119. I have inserted the stage direction here. Cf. a similar situation in *Macbeth*, II, iii, 125. Q. has *Exeunt* after *lady*, but this direction should come after l. 121. D. emends it so as to show that the King remains.
- 123-5. One of the Bodleian copies, *Malone*, B. 166, gives this speech to the King.
147. Q. *fame*; so D. and S. It seems clear that the context demands *flame*.
166. Q. prints *I joy* as the first words of l. 167.
169. A defective line. Possibly this speech has been cut.
- 185 Q. *bounties, and as, etc.*; so D. and S.; but *and* seems to me certainly intrusive.
271. Q. *mine*. S. misprints *time*.
- 313, 15, 16, 18, 29, 32. Q. has only 1. and 2. for 1st *Judge* and 2nd *Judge* in these lines. In l. 326 Q. has *Iud.* for *Judges*.
322. Q. *For every boat, and that fished, etc.* D. emends by dropping the intrusive *and*.
343. Q. *parly*. D. emends *party*.
345. Q. *a thirst*. Perhaps we should read *athirst*.
370. L. prints *out* for Q. *our*.
403. Q. *whom*. D. emends *home*.
- V, i, 17. Q. *left*. D. emends *lift*.
19. Q. *her*. D. emends *their*. I fancy this speech, ll. 15-23, has been cut in the revision.
- 61-2. Q. prints *He . . . newes* as one line; *I perceive* as another.
- 64-6. Q. prints as five lines ending *expect, Admirall, life, had, him*.
69. Q. *With crushing, crushing*. Probably a printer's error, though Shirley is given to such repetitions.
101. Q. *bring health*. D. inserts *him* after *bring*.
- V, ii, 13. Q. *Mr. Advocate*. So also in ll. 34, 60, 92.
47. Q. *foretell*; D. *foretel*: S. *fortel*.
- 52-61. Q. prints as verse; but I think it one of the prose passages with a strongly marked verse rhythm in the earlier part which are common in Chapman.
- 92-4. Q. prints as three lines of verse, ending *satisfaction, how, Admirall*.
124. Q. *Austria*. D. emends *Astræa*.
137. Q. *guilt upon the Kings heires, a traytor, etc.* D. emends *guilt upon the King. Here's a traitor*.
148. Q. prints *the court* as the last words of l. 147.
151. Q. prints *And this* as the first words of l. 152.
166. D. reads *There's doomsday in my conscience*, which S. accepts. But no emendation is necessary. We might perhaps punctuate *There doomsday is—my conscience, etc.*
168. Q. *Prickt*. D. emends *Prick*. The Q. is probably a misprint for *Pricke*.
176. A defective line. D. inserts *mean* before *village*. If any alteration is needed, which I

- doubt, I would read *afar* for *far*.
185. Most copies of Q. read *you high misdemeanours*. L., however, prints *your*.
- 193-9. Most copies of Q. omit the name of the speaker. L. prints it as *Cha.*, i.e. *Chancellor*.
199. Q. *I spend*. D. emends *I'll spend*.
- V, iii, 10. Q. *hurt*. D. emends *heart*.
36. S. omits *can blast*.
48. Q. *sometime*. D. *some time*.
69. D. supplies the stage direction.
93. Q. *best life, violence*. D. inserts *no* before *violence*.
106. Q. *dispares*; D. *despairs*.
108. Q. *trenched*. D. emends *trencheth*.
134. I have added to the stage direction in this line to explain the King's speech, ll. 138-47.
143. I am not sure that this line is correct. We might either read *unequal*, i.e. unjust, or punctuate *Chabot. With an equal, etc.* But as the passage is intelligible I have preferred to let it stand.
167. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.
178. Q. *It already falling*. D. inserts *is* before *already*.
180. Q. *were deafe, so heavens, etc.* So D. and S. Brereton [(*loc. cit.*) suggests *deafe to heaven's, etc.* This seems to me an admirable conjecture,
182. Q. prints as two lines, ending *live, Prince*.
197. Q. prints *but* as first word of l. 198.
202. D. adds the stage direction.
- 211-29. Q. gives this speech to *Qu.*, i.e. Queen. D. makes the necessary correction.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY

INTRODUCTION

Cæsar and Pompey is probably the least known of Chapman's tragedies. Lamb cited three passages from it, but without comment; and most later historians of the drama pass over it hastily. Swinburne alone, I think, does justice to its treasures of fine thought and high expression. One reason, no doubt, for its comparative neglect has been the bad condition of its text. It is not only obscure beyond even what we may expect in Chapman, but corrupt, badly printed, and full of puzzles. The only modern edition of the play has added to these a peculiarly irritating and confused set of abbreviations for the speakers' names. All in all I know few harder pieces of reading in Elizabethan drama than *Cæsar and Pompey*, whether in the old quartos or in Shepherd's edition of Chapman's plays.

Yet there is much of interest in this tragedy, not only to the student of the drama, but also to the lover of fine poetry. And it possesses an especial value for the light it throws upon the dramatic methods, the personality, and the belief, religious and philosophical of Chapman himself. There are certain facts to be stated, and certain problems to be propounded, if not solved, before a discussion of this peculiar value of the drama is in order.

A difficulty confronts us at once in regard to the date of the play. It was licensed by Herbert and entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 18, 1631, as follows: *Master Harper entred for his Coppye under the handes of Sir Henry Herbert Knight & Master Harrison a Playe called Cæsar and Pompey by George Chapman.* It was published the same year.¹ This date, however, is so near the close of Chapman's life, and so long after the composition of all his other plays that we could hardly believe this play was composed anywhere near that time, even apart from Chapman's statement in the Dedication that it was written long since and had not the 'timely ripeness' of his present age. This is not very definite, but I doubt whether it is possible to settle, even approximately, the date² of composition. My own opinion, based upon somewhat intangible evidence of style and rhythm, is that the play was composed about the time of, probably a little later than, the *Revenge of Bussy*, i.e. in 1612-13.

Chapman states in the Dedication that 'this martial history' never 'touched at the stage', a phrase which has generally been interpreted to mean 'was never acted'. On the other hand, the title-page of the

¹ For the title-page, see p. 677.

² Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, pp. 64-5) says not later than 1608, based upon an old play of 1594 mentioned by Henslowe under the date of November 8, 1594. Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, vol. ii, p. 22) puts it somewhat later than 1607, and Swinburne (*George Chapman*, p. 117) guesses that it is about the date of *Bussy*, i.e. 1604. This, I think, is much too early; Swinburne's instinct probably led him nearer the truth when he remarked that it 'bears more affinity to the *Revenge of Bussy* and the *Byron* plays in the main quality of interest and the predominance of speech over action.

second quarto, 1653, declares that it was acted at Blackfriars. This statement might, no doubt, be taken as a bookseller's flourish to promote the sale. In 1653, nearly twenty years after Chapman's death, there were probably few lovers of the stage in London who could contradict the assertion. Certainly it should not be permitted to outweigh unsupported the author's own words. But it happens that the statement of this quarto is corroborated by strong internal evidence, the stage directions of the play itself. As a rule Chapman is very sparing of stage directions. The first edition of *Bussy*, for example, is notably deficient in them. It is only in the second edition, a revision for stage purposes, that they appear in any number. A few Latin phrases usually serve Chapman's turn. But *Cæsar and Pompey* is remarkable among Elizabethan tragedies for the number and fulness of its stage directions. Consider the elaborate stage setting indicated at the beginning of I, ii, the costumes and 'make-up' in II, i: *Fronto all ragged in an overgrown red beard, black head, with a halter in his hand. . . . Ophioneus with the face, wings, and tail of a dragon; a skin coat all speckled on the throat.* Note the directions for action scattered throughout the play: *Enter Pompey running over the stage with his wife and children* (II, i); *Alarm, excursions of all; the five kings driven over the stage, Crassinius chiefly pursuing; at the door enter again the five kings. The battle continued within* (IV, ii); *enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding and kneel about Cornelia* (V, i); *He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius at another side of the stage with his sword drawn* (V, ii). There is but one conclusion possible, I think, namely, that the play as it now stands was printed from a stage copy which had been carefully marked for performance. Possibly the great amount of 'business' indicated by these and similar directions was designed to enliven a play notably deficient in action.

What are we to think of this in the light of Chapman's statement in the Dedication? The simplest explanation would be that he did not tell the truth and meant to pass off on his patron an old and probably unsuccessful stage-play as a virgin work 'never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar'. But we should hesitate, I think, to accuse a poet like Chapman, 'of reverend aspect, religious, and temperate', of downright falsehood, if there is any other possible explanation. We can hardly accept the hypothesis that Chapman took up an old play—as Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 65) seems to think—and rewrote it as a closet drama. How could we account in this case for the presence of the elaborate and numerous stage directions. Surely these, if occurring in the old play, would have been omitted in the fair copy of Chapman's revision. Moreover, with the possible exception of parts of two scenes, the play is Chapman's work from beginning to end; the prose parts to which Fleay alludes, bits of II, i, and of V, i, are, to say the least, embedded in pure Chapman matter. If they are not his, and the second I believe to be certainly and entirely so, they are more likely to have been added to Chapman's work by some one preparing his play for the stage, than to have been allowed by the poet to stand when he struck out all the rest of the old play. The only hypothesis, I think, which acquits Chapman of inaccuracy is that he wrote this play with no thought of the stage, and that it was nevertheless obtained by the players¹ at Blackfriars and rehearsed for performance, at which time

¹ Perhaps the King's Men, on the suggestion of Field.

the directions would naturally be inserted. If we are to take Chapman's words literally, we must imagine that he interfered, withdrew the play before any performance, kept it by him for years, and toward the close of his life, sent the interpolated manuscript to the printer, hoping to turn an honest penny by an almost forgotten work. This hypothesis, of course, leaves out of account the statement of the second quarto, but where we must convict either the poet¹ or a later publisher of false statement, I prefer to acquit the poet.

The sources of *Cæsar and Pompey* have been pointed out by Professor Koeppel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897) and by Dr. Kern (*Cæsar and Pompey und Ihre Quellen*, Halle, 1901). They are in the main three of Plutarch's *Lives*, those of Cæsar, Pompey, and Cato Minor. In addition Kern shows that Chapman made repeated drafts upon one of his favourite books, Plutarch's *Morals*. It has been suggested by Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 65) that *Cæsar and Pompey* has some connexion with a play mentioned by Henslowe as performed for the first time on November 8, 1594, by the Admiral's Men. This play in turn has been identified² with the academic tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey* or *Cæsar's Revenge*, published in 1607. I have discussed this latter identification³ elsewhere, and shown, I think, its impossibility, and I have pointed out above the extreme improbability of Chapman's play being a revision of that acted by the Admiral's Men. All such identifications based upon mere similarity of names have too slight a foundation to warrant any superstructure of hypothesis, especially in the case of a play dealing with the story of Cæsar, then as ever a common theme for dramatists.⁴

In composing his Roman tragedy Chapman had before him models by the greatest playwrights of the age—Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar* 1601, *Antony and Cleopatra* 1607–8, *Coriolanus* 1609, and Ben Jonson *Sejanus*, 1603, and *Catiline*, 1611. It is plain, however, that Chapman, with his usual independence of attitude, disregarded the work of his contemporaries, and struck out along lines more congenial to his peculiar temperament. Shakespeare's method is well known. He followed his source, Plutarch, with great reverence, transcribing at times whole speeches and hardly venturing to rearrange, much less to alter, the actions recorded by the historian. His chief interest lay in the characters from whom these actions proceeded, and he bent all his powers to their interpretation. His aim was to render the historical figures of Brutus, Antony, Coriolanus, and Cleopatra, credible, comprehensible, and dramatically alive; and he succeeded so well that the mere mention of these names calls up to every reader of English the characters of Shakespeare's plays rather than the figures of history. Jonson's method was as unlike Shakespeare's as his aim. Far more widely read in the classics than Shakespeare, he did not tie himself down to

¹ Possibly the phrase 'touched at' may mean 'aimed at', 'was intended for'. If so, there may have been a few performances before Chapman secured the return of the play, and in this case the two statements are not contradictory. But this is not the natural meaning of the phrase.

² Craik, *English of Shakespeare*, p. 46, and Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. ii, p. 548.

³ *Modern Language Review*, October, 1910.

⁴ See my article above mentioned for a list of Elizabethan plays on Cæsar.

any single source. His notes to *Sejanus* show that in addition to his chief source, Tacitus, he made use of Dion Cassius, Suetonius, and Velleius Paterculus, along with a host of others. His *Catiline* is not founded on Plutarch, but goes back to the contemporary accounts of Sallust and Cicero. His aim, as might be expected from the author of *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*, was not to create or interpret character, but to present in dramatic form a realistic picture of a certain phase of life, to reproduce the atmosphere and environment of ancient Rome. And his success in his own line is as complete as Shakespeare's. If Shakespeare's characters are living men while Jonson's are, for the most part, puppets, there is on the other hand more knowledge of Roman public life and a more lively realization of its environment in two¹ scenes of Jonson than in all Shakespeare's plays.

Chapman, on the other hand, aimed at quite another goal in the composition of *Cæsar and Pompey*. As in his earlier tragedies he set himself here to embody in dramatic form an ethical idea, and that there might be no doubt as to this central and dominating idea, he announced it on his title-page. The play is a tragedy 'out of whose events is evicted this proposition: *only a just man is a freeman*'. Intent upon this aim he cared as little as Jonson for the creation of character, as little as Shakespeare for the reproduction of atmosphere; and he ventured upon liberties with the facts of history such as neither Shakespeare nor Jonson had allowed himself. It is not from ignorance or carelessness that Chapman introduces into the first act a full dress debate in the Senate on the eve of the Civil War, in which Cæsar, actually absent in Gaul, takes a conspicuous part, but that he may, by contrasting him with Cæsar as well as Pompey, magnify Cato, the personification of the dominating idea of the play. Against all reproach for such violations of historical truth Chapman would have defended himself by repeating his critical dictum in the Dedication to *The Revenge of Bussy* that the subject of a poem is 'not truth, but things like truth'. Any alteration of the mere facts of history that would tend to heighten his central figure, enforce his thesis, and so conduce to 'excitation to virtue and deflection from her contrary', was in Chapman's eyes not only permissible, but laudable.

Yet it is plain, notwithstanding his critical theories and his practical application of them at the very beginning of this play, that Chapman was unable wholly to free himself from the blind adherence to sources, the tendency to represent the whole original story in dramatic form, which laid its chains upon all his contemporaries. His central figure is Cato, and Cato represents the idea to enforce which the play was written. Yet as the drama rises to its climax Chapman dismisses Cato from the scene (II, iv), not to recall him for two acts, and during this interval the whole interest of the play shifts to the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, becomes outward, objective. The central idea of the just man standing alone, fearless and free, against all encroaching tyranny, is quite forgotten, or only in so far recalled as Pompey himself is used to embody this idea. Chapman, I suppose, was seduced by the enthralling interest of such events as the battle of Pharsalia and the murder of Pompey. He could not resign himself to discard them from his play, and, when he decided to retain them, he

¹ *Sejanus*, II, i; *Catiline*, II, i.

set himself, like a true son of the Elizabethan drama, to represent them in action, rather than to report them by messenger. But there can be no doubt that the artistic unity of the play suffers from this decision.

Very evident proof of Chapman's wavering between his own theories and the dramatic practice of his day is afforded by his treatment of the character of Pompey. At first following the conception of Plutarch he represents Pompey as striving for supreme power under the pretence of defending the liberty of the republic. He fills Pompey's mouth with fine speeches asserting his love for Rome, but shows plainly enough, whenever Pompey is touched to the quick, that he is actuated mainly by bitter personal jealousy of Cæsar. Note especially his savage attack on his rival in the Senate (I, ii, 230-270) and his refusal of the offer of peace because he will not 'rest in Cæsar's shades' (III, i, 99-105). Like Plutarch's Pompey he is forced against his better judgment into delivering the decisive battle, and wrecks his cause rather than incur the charge of personal cowardice. But when the battle is over Chapman's interest recurs to his central idea, and he calls upon Pompey to become as it were the understudy for the absent Cato and to represent the idea which Cato embodies. And straightway this unheroic, but very human, figure is transformed into a Stoic of the purest type. He proclaims that in spite of defeat he is still himself in every worth, and assures his equally philosophic wife that he treads this low earth as he trod on Cæsar. This is not the Pompey of Plutarch nor of history. It is not, we may say frankly, a credible or even possible character. It is a stop-gap of the playwright hastily caught up to fill a dramatic void.

Chapman has succeeded better with the figure of Cæsar. Making the proper allowances for Chapman's method of work, his love of long speeches and his obscure and contorted style, it is not too much to say that he has come nearer the Cæsar of Plutarch than Shakespeare has done. Shakespeare's portrait of Cæsar as an elderly, pompous, and valetudinarian tyrant is singularly unconvincing. Chapman's conception of him as the favourite of Fortune—*some have said she was the page of Cæsar*, I, ii, 167—eloquent, energetic, generous, loth to spill blood, quick to repair an error, and supremely confident in his destiny, is a much truer likeness of 'the mightiest Julius'. Most of the traits of Chapman's character are drawn, of course, from Plutarch; but there are one or two passages, notably the speech on the morning of the battle (III, ii, 110-38), in which Chapman breaks free from his sources and seems to exercise a real gift of divination, hinting, at least, at the true character of Cæsar as it has been drawn by later historians, the man who made himself master of his country to save her from impending ruin and to re-establish her power on a more permanent foundation.

It is needless to say, however, that Chapman's sympathies are not with Cæsar. The true hero of the tragedy is, of course, Cato the republican. In depicting the character of Cato Chapman has cut away all non-essentials and fastened firmly upon his fundamental and distinguishing trait. This trait, I think, may be best expressed by the phrase 'spiritual independence,' that self-sufficiency of the individual soul, which is the essence of the Stoic doctrine. Of all Chapman's heroes it is to the 'Senecal man', Clermont D'Ambois, that Cato bears the closest resemblance. But while Clermont is shown entangled in the meshes

of a private intrigue of a nature to obscure, if not to degrade, his stoical principles, the chief feature of Cato's character stands out against a stormy background of great historic events. The aim of the poet is to show how, far from being swept away by the tide, Cato fights his way through and reaches his last great decision in the same complete self-possession that marked his first action. No clash of warring factions, no fall of empires, no loss of outward hopes—such is Chapman's teaching—can deprive the just man of his spiritual freedom :

*Si fractus illabitur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

This freedom, it is interesting to note, rests in Cato's case upon profound religious conviction. There is an effective contrast drawn in the play between Cæsar's superstitious belief in the gods as the disposers of outward events and Cato's reliance upon their eternal and unchanging justice. And since the just man partakes of the nature of the gods—

*for his goodness
Proceeds from them and is a beam of theirs—*

the gods are by their very nature bound to defend him who represents their cause. But if in their inscrutable wisdom they withdraw their countenance, and suffer the good cause to go to ruin, the just man is bound like them 'to fly the world'. It is in the strength of such convictions that Cato acts throughout the play. He scorns the danger that threatens him from Cæsar's ruffians, and rises in the Senate to oppose Cæsar and Pompey alike. On the outbreak of civil war he joins the camp of Pompey as the least formidable enemy to the freedom of the republic, but without in the least renouncing his independence of attitude. He does not even take orders from Pompey ; it is at the command of the Senate, which alone, in his opinion, has a right to lay commands upon a citizen, that he departs from the camp to secure the 'neighbour confines' from the hazards of war. And when the war is over and the ancient freedom of the state destroyed, he decides calmly to end his own life rather than submit to a tyranny.

This independence of Cato is recognized and admired by all who come into contact with him. He has 'his little Senate', his son, his disciple, his attendant philosopher, who serve Chapman as a sort of chorus to applaud his character to re-echo his principles, sometimes even, by opposing them, to elucidate and fix more deeply in our minds his dominant beliefs. The more active figures of the play are equally ready with their tribute. Metellus, the tool of Cæsar, admits Cato's inaccessibility to flattery or fear ; Pompey acknowledges his 'infinite merits' ; and Caesar, standing over his corpse, confesses that his life was 'rule to all lives' and that his own conquests are blasted by Cato's grave scorn. If, as Chapman thought, ethical instruction were the true aim of tragedy, it would be hard to find in Elizabethan drama a truer and nobler tragic hero than Chapman's Cato.

So deep is Chapman's interest in his hero, and so completely does the poet sympathize with the Stoic's ruling principle of independence, that toward the close of the play he unconsciously identifies himself with Cato, and puts into the mouth of his hero words that we can only interpret as the poet's own utterances on the deepest mysteries of life and death. It is quite in keeping with the historic and dramatic character of Cato to refuse to take his life as a gift from Cæsar, and to defend

suicide on the ground that the just man not only may, but must 'enlarge his life from all rule tyrannous'. But when the Roman Stoic goes on to profess his belief, not merely in the immortality¹ of the soul, but in the resurrection of the body, in the recognition of friends in the next world and the retention after death of the 'forms of knowledge learned in life', the anachronism of ideas becomes so glaring that we at once recognize that Chapman the dramatist has been absorbed by Chapman the poet-philosopher. And if, as we all feel, a deeper pathos is added to the words of Prospero and Hamlet—affirming that our little life is rounded with a sleep, or brooding in hopeless terror on what dreams may come—by our belief that here, at least, we catch the voice of Shakespeare as a rare undertone to the utterance of his creatures, so, in like manner, an added glory of faith and hope is given to the last words of Chapman's hero by the fact that he is here the true mouthpiece² of the poet himself.

It is this revelation of the inner heart of Chapman, unparalleled elsewhere in his dramatic work, that lends a strong personal interest to the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*. And, on the other hand, the lustre which Chapman's own faith sheds about the last hours of Cato gives to this tragedy a peculiar place among his plays. Outwardly it is like his other serious plays, a tragedy of the conflict between the individual and his environment. Cato, like Bussy, Byron, Clermont, and Chabot, struggles with exterior and hostile forces, is beaten down, and dies. But there is no trace in *Cæsar and Pompey* of the pathos that hangs about the last scenes of Chapman's other tragedies. The play, though in form a tragedy, is in reality, the epic of a spiritual triumph. Cato to the outer sense is conquered; to the inner eye he rises from the conflict as more than conqueror. There is an external likeness, due, of course, to the facts of history, between the closing scenes of *Cæsar and Pompey* and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Brutus, like Cato, has fought to save the republic, has lost, and lays hands upon himself rather than yield to the conqueror; but in how different a spirit is this last act performed. Brutus is a weary and broken man—'night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest', he sighs; he has just strength enough to snatch himself from the bondage that awaits him, and seeks in the grave a refuge from the agony of the past and the impending shame of the future. Cato, on the other hand, has never been stronger in body and spirit than in his last hours. It is not fear of being led in triumph that impels him to suicide, but a high scorn of seeming even to consent to Cæsar's conquest by consenting to accept his life from the conqueror. He beats down with irresistible force the arguments and prayers of those who would have him live, and his last words as he falls on his sword ring like the trumpet call that announces the entry of a monarch into some new dominion:

*Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her, heaven.
The earth, the air, the seas I know, and all
The joys and horrors of their peace and wars,
And now will see the Gods' state and the stars.*

¹ See V, i, 141-50; IV, v, 89-136; V, i, 134-40.

² Kern's remark that in IV, v, 89-136, Cato defends the Christian doctrine of the resurrection by the Aristotelian conception of the necessary harmony between form and matter, a conception familiar to Chapman from his university training, seems to establish the identity of Cato and Chapman.

There is no place here for pathos. 'Nothing is for tears, nothing to wail,' the lines of *Samson Agonistes* rise instinctively to the lips. In Cato's end as in Samson's there is

*Nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.*

CÆSAR AND POMPEY

NOTES

DEDICATION. The Earl of Middlesex : Lionel Cranfield, 1575-1645, first Earl of Middlesex. A London citizen remarkable for his administrative ability, he was presented to James I's attention by Northampton, and rose rapidly, not only by his own merits, but by the favour of Buckingham. He became Treasurer, and was made Earl of Middlesex in 1622. Incurring Buckingham's displeasure during the latter's absence in Spain, the Duke induced the Commons to impeach him in 1624. He was convicted, though apparently on slight evidence, of mismanagement and corruption, heavily fined, and remanded to private life. He retired to his country-place, Copt Hall, in Essex, where in Fuller's phrase he 'entertained his friends bountifully, neighbours hospitably, poor charitably'. I find no other trace than this dedication of his connexion with Chapman.

Causelessly impair it : derogate without just cause from its aesthetic worth.

Scenical representation : performance of a play on the stage.

The only section . . . thus much : 'the mere fact of its division into acts and scenes makes me insist upon to such a degree'.

Numerous elocution : metrical language, poetry.

Some work : it is not likely that this refers to any particular work of Chapman's. At any rate he published nothing between 1631, which we may assume as the date of this dedication, and his death in 1634.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sextus : the younger son of Pompey, present with his mother at the murder of Pompey.

Athenodorus : a Stoic mentioned in *Cato*, 10. Cato visited him in Pergamus, and, bringing him back to Rome, installed him in his house, where he spent the rest of his life, Strabo, *Geography*, XIV, v, 14. He takes the place in Act V of Apollonides the Stoic and Demetrius the Peripatetic, who were with Cato during his last days in Utica, *Cato*, 65, 67, 69, 70.

Statilius : mentioned in *Cato*, 65, as 'a young man who aimed at being an imitator of the indifference [i.e. the stoicism] of Cato'. He fell, along with Brutus and the younger Cato, at Philippi.

Cleanthes : a freedman of Cato, who acted as his physician, *Cato*, 70.

Minutius : Minutius Thermus, a colleague of Cato and Metellus in the tribunate, 63 B.C.

Metellus : Q. Metellus Nepos, an adherent of Pompey, elected tribune in 63 B.C. Chapman makes him a tool of Cæsar, but in Plutarch, *Cato*, 20, 26-29, he appears as an advocate of Pompey, assisted at this time by Cæsar.

Marcellus. It is not possible to determine what character Chapman had in mind, since this personage appears only in one scene, I, ii, and does not open his mouth there. A Marcellus is mentioned in *Cato*, 18, as a friend of Cato's from his boyhood ; C. Claudius Marcellus was consul in 49 B.C. the year in which the war between Cæsar and Pompey began, *Pompey*, 58.

Gabinus : Aulus Gabinus, 'a man from the lap of Pompeius', *Cato*, 33. In 67 B.C. he proposed the law which gave Pompey command against the pirates, *Pompey*, 25.

Vibius : L. Vibullius Rufus, taken prisoner by Cæsar at Corfinium and again in Spain, and dispatched by Cæsar as a bearer of terms to Pompey, *Civil*

War, III, 10. Plutarch calls him *Ἰούβιος*, which probably accounts for Chapman's use of the form *Vibius*.

Demetrius: not a Roman noble, but a freedman of Pompey, *Pompey, 40*. Chapman makes him a stoic philosopher (IV, iii), and an eye-witness of Pompey's murder, neither of which corresponds to Plutarch's account.

The two Lentuli: mentioned in *Pompey, 73*, as taken on board with Pompey on his flight to Lesbos. Chapman makes them attendants of Cornelia at Lesbos.

Crassinius: Caius Crassinius, or Crassinianus (*Cæsar, 44*; *Pompey, 71*), a centurion in Cæsar's army.

Acilius: an Acilius, a soldier of Cæsar's, is mentioned in *Cæsar, 16*, as distinguishing himself in the sea-fight off Massilia; but he could hardly have been present in the campaign against Pompey. Marcus Acilius is mentioned in the *Civil War III, 16*, as a lieutenant of Cæsar.

Achillas: an Egyptian, who sat in the council that decided on the murder of Pompey, and superintended the execution of the deed, *Pompey, 77, 78*.

Septimius: a centurion in the Egyptian army, who had formerly served under Pompey, the first of the murderers to strike him, *Pompey, 78, 79*.

Salvius: a centurion in the Egyptian army, associated with Septimius in the murder of Pompey, *Pompey, 78-9*.

Marcilius: a slave of Cato. The name is not mentioned by Plutarch.

Butas: Kern's emendation for *Brutus*. Cato employed him as 'chief in all public matters', *Cato, 70*.

Drusus: a mute character who only appears in the stage direction before V, i. As he is introduced with the maids of Cornelia, I take him to be her servant, but no such name appears in Plutarch's narrative.

Ophioneus: see note on II, i, 57.

The two consuls: the consuls for the year 49 B.C. were L. Cornelius Lentulus and C. Claudius Marcellus.

Cornelia: daughter of Metellus Scipio, betrothed to the younger Crassus, who was slain by the Parthians, and later the wife of Pompey.

Cyris: Chapman seems to have invented this strange name for Pompey's daughter. A daughter by his third wife, Mucia, was called Pompeia; the infant daughter of his fourth wife, Julia, died a few days after her mother's death in childbed.

Telesilla and Lælia: mute figures who appear only in V, i, apparently the serving-maids of Cornelia.

The Argument: both the consuls slaughtered with their own hands. This is an invention of Chapman's. Lentulus was murdered in Egypt shortly after the death of Pompey; nothing certain is known as to the death of Marcellus, but he seems to have fallen in the war. See Cicero, *Philippic, XIII, 14*.

I, i. The place is evidently Cato's house; the time immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War; but Chapman borrows some details from an earlier period. See note on II, 40-4.

I, i, 16. *Cross . . . aquiline virtue.* A cross is a coin stamped with the figure of a cross. Chapman uses the word *aquiline* as a laudatory epithet in contrast with the *puttocks*, l. 14, nourished by Cæsar's bounty.

I, i, 18-23. Cf. *An Invective against Ben Jonson*:

*their blood standing lakes,
Green-bellied serpents and black-freckled snakes
Crawling in their unwieldy clotter'd veins.*

Poems, p. 432.

I, i, 40-4. This account of the anxiety of Cato's friends and family is taken from *Cato, 27*. It belongs properly to a time long before the outbreak of the Civil War, when Cato was preparing to oppose the suggestion of Metellus to recall Pompey and his army from Asia.

I, i, 48. *Castor and Pollux Temple*: a temple on the south side of the Forum, where the people were to meet to vote on the proposal of Metellus.

- I, i, 53. *The Bench*: Chapman's translation of Plutarch's βῆμα, used here for the Latin *rostra* from which speakers addressed the assembly in the Forum.
- I, i, 67-70. This passage is translated, as Kern has shown, from Plutarch, *De Superstitione*, 3: *Qui deos metuit, omnia metuit, terram, mare, aërem, coelum, tenebras, lucem, rumorem, silentium, somnium*. It is interesting to note that Chapman has inserted the phrase *for guard of any goodness* to explain the nature of the 'fear of the gods' which he is speaking of, i.e. distrust in their protection of goodness.
- I, i, 80-2. 'May this fear, or distrust of the gods' watchful care of goodness, no more infect your mind than the gods themselves are infected by fear in their defence of the good'.
- I, i, 85. *Minutius Thermus*, Cato's colleague, roused him from sleep and accompanied him to the Forum on the occasion of his opposition to Metellus.
- I, ii. This scene is a compound of Plutarch's account of the session of the Senate immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War, *Cæsar*, 30, and of the debate in the Forum on the proposal of Metellus, *Cato*, 27-9. Chapman borrows many incidents from the latter to give distinction to the person and behaviour of Cato, who does not seem to have played a conspicuous part in the former.
- I, ii, 1-3. Cæsar appears to have supported the proposal of Metellus, *Cato*, 27; but, as the time, 62 B.C., was four years before his command of the army in Gaul, without the ulterior purpose that Chapman here assigns him.
- I, ii, 16-17. 'When Cato saw the temple of the Dioscuri surrounded by armed men and the steps guarded by gladiators . . . he turned to his friends and said: "O the daring and cowardly men to collect such a force of soldiery against a single man unarmed and defenceless"', *Cato*, 27.
- I, ii, 18. With this ironic speech, cf. Monsieur's words in *The Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 180.
- I, ii, 20. The stage direction in this line comes from *Cato*, 27, as are the applauding voices in the lines immediately following.
- I, ii, 30-1. Cf. *Bussy*, III, ii, 25-26.
- I, ii, 34-49. The alleged reason for the proposal of Metellus was that Pompey should protect the city from Catiline, *Cato*, 26; but the chief conspirators had already been executed, so that the reference to their imprisonment, ll. 38-39, is one of Chapman's deliberate inaccuracies.
- I, ii, 40. Cato's speech in favour of punishing the conspirators is mentioned by Plutarch, *Cato*, 23. As reported by Sallust, *Catiline*, 52, it has little likeness to the speech in the text.
- I, ii, 72. *Beat one sole path*: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 16: *the only ring our powers should beat*.
- I, ii, 73-130. Cæsar's speech in favour of imprisonment rather than death for the Catilinarian conspirators is mentioned by Plutarch, *Cato*, 22, and *Cæsar*, 7; but Chapman appears also to have taken a hint from the oration as reported by Sallust. Compare ll. 81-84 with *Catiline*, 51. His long eulogy of his own deeds was, of course, never delivered in public, but Chapman has taken the statistics given in ll. 110-116 from *Cæsar*, 15.
- I, ii, 117-29. A difficult passage which may be paraphrased as follows: 'This service which I have just recounted may show that I love my country enough to be acquitted of any suspicion of selfish interest, contrary to the public good, in the proposal I make for dealing justly [i.e. by imprisonment rather than death] with the accused. This motion is for justice in an individual instance, and the general power of the state is maintained by just dealing in individual cases. Yet my proposal, imprisonment rather than death, is only incidental in order that the cause assigned by Metellus for bringing back Pompey's army [i.e. to crush the conspiracy] may not seem of too great importance to permit the sparing of the prisoners' lives. And if these are spared, we find in them a good reason for bringing back Pompey's army'. Chapman has probably given an intentionally obscure and casuistical turn to this speech.

- I, ii, 135-38. 'He loves his country, as I strongly hope, too well to wish to rule her as a monarch, since the task of government appears hard enough when performed, as at present, by so many, i.e. by the Senate and the elected officials'.
- I, ii, 151. *Not suspected the effect*: 'the effect is not to be, should not be, suspected'.
- I, ii, 155-6. 'Would put my supposed desire for absolute rule into the power of others [i.e. by allowing them to vote against the means to accomplish this desire], and my powers [i.e. my army], unforfeited by any fault of mine, under the control of the will of others'.
- I, ii, 157. *My self-love*: the object of *to quit* [i.e. 'acquit'] or *think of*, l. 160.
- I, ii, 161-3. *Three triumphs . . . Asia*: Pompey celebrated three triumphs, first for his victories over the Marians and their adherents in Africa, then for his victories in Spain, and lastly for his conquests in Asia. Plutarch, *Pompey*, 45, says: 'It was the chief thing toward his glory, and what had never before happened to any Roman, that he celebrated his third triumph over the third continent. For though others before him had triumphed three times, Pompey by having gained his first triumph over Libya, his second over Europe, and this the last over Asia, seemed in a manner to have brought the whole world into his three triumphs'.
- I, ii, 167-74. Plutarch, *De Fortuna Romanorum*, 6, says this was the belief of Cæsar himself: *Adeo certus animi erat Cæsar, Fortunam sibi naviganti, peregrinanti, belligeranti, aciem instruenti adesse: cujus essent partes mari tranquillitatem imponere, aestatem hiemi, celeritatem tardissimis, vires segnissimis*. I owe this reference to Dr. Kern.
- I, ii, 180. *Transferr'd with affectation*: transported by desire.
- I, ii, 191-96. Cæsar's proposition in these lines is based upon the proposal contained in the letter read by Antony before the Senate, *Cæsar*, 30. See the same paragraph for the vote in the Senate as to Pompey and Cæsar's dismissing their armies.
- I, ii, 193. *To take, etc.*: 'in taking away my office and the army which accompanies it, etc.'.
- I, ii, 202-12. Here Chapman once more reverts to the debate on the proposition of Metellus. The speech of Metellus, the objections of Minutius and Cato, and the stage direction after l. 209, come from *Cato*, 28, except that it was Cato who snatched the bill, and Minutius who laid his hand on the mouth of Metellus to prevent his speaking. Cæsar's command to bear Cato to prison comes from another part of Cato's career, when he was opposing the agrarian laws introduced by Cæsar as consul, *Cato*, 33.
- I, ii, 218-19. *Were form . . . place*: 'were the upright form of Cato's mind equipped with the titles and offices it deserves'—so, at least, I understand the passage.
- I, ii, 234-5. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 55.
- I, ii, 241-5. The allusion to Cæsar's temperance, and the disease, epilepsy, which necessitated his frugal diet, is from *Cæsar*, 17. The explanation of the cause of this disease in ll. 246-56 seems based on a somewhat confused remembrance of the theory of Hippocrates in *De Morbo Sacro*, where also the statement occurs as to the frequency with which goats are attacked by epilepsy, l. 256. See *De Morbo Sacro*, pp. 47-9, edited by Dietz, Leipzig, 1827.
- I, ii, 272-7. Cf. *A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda*:

I oft have read of one
 So sharp-eyed he could see through oak and stone,
 Another that high set in Sicily
 As far as Carthage numbered with his eye
 The navy under sail, which was dissite
 A night and day's sail with winds most fore-right.

Poems, p. 197.

The source of these lines is Plutarch's *De Communibus Notitiis*, 44, 5: *Lynceus ille dicitur visu per saxum et quercum penetrasse; et quidam in*

specula Siciliae sedens conspexit Carthaginiensium naves e portu enavigantes, diei noctisque cursu inde distantes. The mention of Lynceus in this passage gives Chapman his adjective *Lyncean* in l. 282.

- I, ii, 284. Flora's connexion with Pompey is mentioned in *Pompey*, 2.
- I, ii, 285. *Galba and Sarmenus*: parasites mentioned by Juvenal, *Satire V*, 3-4. Chapman translated this satire in or before 1629, when it was published along with his *Justification of a Strange Action of Nero*.
- I, ii, 288. *Agamemnon . . . king of men*: it should, of course, be 'king of kings'. Ahenobarbus applied this title to Pompey before the battle of Pharsalia, *Pompey*, 67.
- I, ii, 292. *I hear it thunder*: Pompey dissolved the assembly which was electing Cato prætor under the pretence that he heard thunder, *Cato*, 42. As often Chapman here borrows an incident from a quite different connexion to heighten this scene.
- I, ii, 297-300. The speeches of the consuls are from *Pompey*, 58-9.
- II, i. This is the most perplexing scene of the play. It is almost impossible to reconcile with the idea that Chapman wrote this play with no view to a stage performance. Not only do the elaborate stage directions contradict this idea, but the whole tone of the scene is that of comic relief of such a nature as was demanded by the audience in an early period of the Elizabethan drama. Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, i, 65, thinks that this scene has been retained from the old play mentioned by Henslowe. This would seem to be supported by the fact that a great part of the scene is written in 'hasty prose', which, according to the Dedication, Chapman avoided in writing this play. Yet the diction of the scene is on the whole strongly reminiscent of Chapman, in the prose as well as in the verse portions. The opening speech is certainly his; the name, *Ophioneus*, and the allusion to the old Stoic *Pherecides*, point to Chapman; and the comment on the diversity of religions, ll. 38-41, must be his. Cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 17-23. Fleay suggests that the old play itself may have been by Chapman; but there is no evidence of this.
- On the whole, I am inclined to think that this scene represents Chapman's hasty rewriting—much of the prose sounds like blank verse in the rough—of some old scene—his own or another's—of farcical conjuration, such as the comic scenes in *Dr. Faustus*. If so, he must have meant it as a bit of comic relief in a tragedy destined for the stage, but afterwards, perhaps when he gave up the notion of offering this play to the actors, he dropped the idea of lightening his play in any such manner. This would account for the complete disappearance of Fronto from the action after this scene.
- I, i, 20. *Knacks to know a knave*: the anonymous play, *A Knack to Know a Knave*, was acted at the Rose on June 10, 1592. Fleay holds that we have here an allusion to this play. To follow the usual practice and fix the date of this allusion shortly after the production of the play to which it alludes would be to throw *Cæsar and Pompey*, or this bit of it, at least, back to the very beginning of Chapman's career. This seems manifestly impossible, and I am inclined to think that we have here no allusion to the anonymous play, but simply a casual use of the common phrase which served as its title.
- II, i, 57. *The old Stoic Pherecides*: Chapman refers to this philosopher in his Gloss to *The Shadow of Night*, *Poems*, p. 9. He was one of the oldest of Greek philosophers, anticipating by several centuries the school of the Stoa. His lost work, *Pentemychos*, seems to have been a theogony tracing the development of all things from Zeus. In the progress of this evolution Zeus contended with and overcame certain evil forces, among whom was a serpent-god Ophiuneus, Chapman's *Ophioneus*, who was cast down into the under-world. There is a good account of the teaching of Pherecydes in Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers*, I, 85, seq.
- II, i, 69. *Fronto*? *A good one*: the proper name, *Fronto*, means 'one who has a broad forehead'; but since one of the meanings of *frons* is 'impudence', this name would be a *good one* for such a rascal.

- II, i, 75.** The plover, like so many other birds, the goose, the woodcock, the ninny-hammer, etc., seems to have served at one time as a type of folly.
- II, i, 76.** *Colts-foot*; an infusion made of the leaves of the plant of this name. In *The Nice Valour*, III, ii, it is spoken of as a beverage popular with young men.
- II, i, 144-5.** According to Rabelais, II, 30, Epistemon saw Alexander in hell 'amending and patching on clouts upon old breeches and stockings, whereby he got but a very poor living'. Cyrus was a cowherd in hell. The idea goes back to Lucian's *Menippus*; but the union of the names Alexander and Cyrus may show that Chapman had read Rabelais, who tells how Alexander stole a crown that Cyrus had received as an alms from Epictetus.
- II, i, 161.** *Roses*: ribbons gathered in a knot in the form of a rose and worn on the shoes. See Johnson's note on *Hamlet*, III, ii, 288.
- II, ii.** I think this scene, in which a Nuntius after the fashion of Seneca reports what has happened off the stage, may have been written as a substitute for the preceding scene. Its proper place would seem to be at the beginning of the act.
- II, ii, 5-11.** 'Those who were without Rome hurried from all parts and crowded into the city, and the inhabitants of Rome hastened to leave the city. . . . The consuls fled without even making the sacrifices which were usual before wars', *Pompey*, 61.
- II, ii, 20-33.** This long simile is from the *Iliad*, XX, 164-73:
*As when the harmful king of beasts (sore threaten'd to be slain
 By all the country up in arms) at first makes coy disdain
 Prepare resistance, but at last, when any one hath led
 Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head;
 Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern
 Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs, waddled with stripes to learn
 Their own power; his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
 Secure of killing.*
 Chapman's *Iliad*, pp. 241-2.
- See also *Pharsalia*, I, 205-12, where the simile is applied to Cæsar.
- II, ii, 34-39.** The reference is to Pompey's successful attack on Cæsar at Dyrrachium, *Pompey*, 65, a further account of which is given in the succeeding scenes.
- II, iii, 10-20.** Cæsar's speech is based upon the reflections ascribed to Cæsar by Plutarch during the night after this battle, *Cæsar*, 39. The phrase, *bearing before me*, is somewhat obscure, but is explained by the original: 'Considering that he had before him a goodly country, rich and plentiful of all things'.
- II, iii, 21-72.** This interview with Vibius is an instance of the freedom with which Chapman sometimes handles his source. Plutarch, *Pompey*, 65, only states that Cæsar sent Vibius, a friend of Pompey, with a proposal for peace equivalent to that in II. 61-6. This message was apparently sent before the fight at Dyrrachium. Chapman has invented the capture of Vibius, Cæsar's dismissal of him without a ransom, and his interview with Pompey in the next scene.
- II, iii, 27.** *Quick in his engagement*: alive and engaged, or entangled, among his enemies. With this use of *engagement*, cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 9, where *engaged* is the reading of Q1.
- II, iii, 29-31.** 'Cæsar said to his friends as he was retiring, "To-day the victory would be with the enemy, if they had a commander who knew how to conquer"', *Cæsar*, 39.
- II, iii, 35.** *Put on*: venture, like a stake on the board.
- II, iii, 53.** *Mine own stay's practice*: an obscure phrase, which in the light of the context may be taken as equivalent to 'the exercise of my steadfastness'.
- II, iii, 86.** *Sabinus*, a general in Cæsar's army. The name does not occur in this connexion in Plutarch's *Lives*, but in the *De Fortuna Romanorum*, 6, he is mentioned as commanding, with Antony, the forces at Brundisium.

- II, iii, 113-5. This is only an inflated way of wishing for the speedy coming of the night in which Cæsar may undertake his dangerous voyage.
- II, iv, 4-6. Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 39, gives the number of standards taken by Pompey as thirty-two; and, in *Pompey*, 65, the number of slain as 2,000. Elsewhere, *Cæsar*, 41, he speaks of Cato's grief for the slain: 'After seeing those who had fallen in the battle to the number of a thousand, he wrapped up his face and went away with tears in his eyes'.
- II, iv, 7-34. The speeches of Gabinius and Demetrius represent the complaints made by Pompey's adherents that he did not follow up his first success. It is rather curious that Chapman did not make use of some of the striking sarcasms recorded by Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 41. The brief speech of Statilius seems to be Chapman's own comment on the situation. The speech of Pompey is drawn almost verbally from *Cæsar*, 40.
- II, iv, 40-4. Cato's request is based upon Plutarch's account of a resolution of the Pompeian Senate, following a proposal of Cato, *Pompey*, 65, and *Cato*, 63. The latter chapter records Cato's belief that terms of reconciliation would be offered by Cæsar, cf. ll. 50-2.
- II, iv, 62-70. Cato did not depart for Utica before the battle of Pharsalia, but was left by Pompey in charge of the stores at Dyrrachium, *Cato*, 66. Chapman has departed from history to make Cato a more independent figure. He has also, as Kern notes, altered the attitude of Pompey toward Cato from that of jealous suspicion to one of absolute confidence, in order to exalt the character of Pompey to the plane of Cato himself.
- II, iv, 89-111. The interview between Brutus and Pompey is built up from a brief mention in Plutarch, *Pompey*, 64: 'Brutus, son of the Brutus who was put to death in Gaul, a man of noble spirit who had never yet spoken to Pompey or saluted him because Pompey had put his father to death, now took service under him as the liberator of Rome'. Cf. l. 109. Earlier in the same chapter Plutarch says that Pompey's cavalry, 'the flower of the Romans and Italians, was seven thousand, distinguished by family and wealth and courage'. There is no mention of its being brought to him by Brutus; this is an invention of Chapman's.
- II, iv, 117. This is the well-known dictum of Protagoras.
- II, iv, 120-7. Chapman invents five kings to represent the many kings and princes who assembled in Pompey's camp, *Pompey*, 64. He makes a somewhat curious choice of names, as Epirus and Cilicia were at this time Roman provinces.
- II, iv, 129-42. This elaborate simile is taken direct from *Plutarch's De Fortuna Romanorum*, 4. Chapman has another version of it in *Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymæ*, 1622:

O England, let not thy old constant tie
To virtue and thy English valour lie
Balanced (like Fortune's faithless brevity)
'Twixt two light wings; nor leave eternal Vere
In this undue plight. But much rather bear
Arms in his rescue and resemble her
Whom long time thou hast serv'd (the Paphian Queen)
When (all asham'd of her still-giglet spleen)
She cast away her glasses and her fans
And habits of th' effeminate Persians,
Her ceston and her paintings; and in grace
Of great Lycurgus took to her embrace
Casque, lance, and shield, and swum the Spartan flood,
Eurotas, to his aid.

Poems, p. 248.

With l. 139 cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, I, i, 141-2.

- II, iv, 146-54. The tempest described in these lines is introduced merely to prepare the way for the next scene; hardly, I think, as an omen foretelling the fall of Pompey, as Kern seems to take it.
- II, v. Chapman has added to the dramatic intensity of his work by placing

Cæsar's attempt to cross the sea to fetch the rest of his army after his defeat at Dyrrachium. As a matter of fact, it preceded this battle, and is so described by Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 38. The stage direction, *Cæsar disguised*, is from this chapter, as is also the description of the River Anius, ll. 24-33, and Cæsar's words to the Master, ll. 44-5. Chapman wisely omits the circumstance that Cæsar was after all forced by the storm to return. On the other hand, he puts into Cæsar's mouth, ll. 37-8, a saying of Pompey's in somewhat similar circumstances: 'It is necessary to sail; there is no necessity to live', *Pompey*, 50.

II, v, 3-4. Cf. *Hymnus in Noctem*:

Then like fierce bolts, well ramm'd with heat and cold
In Jove's artillery.

Poems, p. 4,

and *Bussy*, IV, ii, 36-7.

II, v, 7-11. These lines are somewhat obscure, but may, I think, be paraphrased thus: 'O Night, jealous of all the beauties and glories in which the gods have struck [i.e. struck out, evoked] the four elements from thy chaos [i.e. the primeval chaos of Night], blush that you drown them thus [i.e. bring back chaos in thy storm] in this hour which Fate has fore-ordained for Cæsar'. With the use of *digestions* and *chaos* in l. 9, cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 1-3.

III, i, 17. 'That whatever decay has been brought about by my advancing years'.

III, i, 36. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 45-6:

Truth' pace is all upright, sound everywhere,
And, like a die, sets ever on a square,

and *Chabot*, II, iii, 112.

III, i, 38-9. These lines rhymed in Elizabethan pronunciation.

III, i, 56. *So past a man*: this phrase modifies *serv'd*, l. 51.

III, i, 69. *We both concluded*: the sense would be plainer, if we read *were* for *we*; but perhaps the passage may be understood as follows: 'We [i.e. Cæsar and I] both came to an agreement in his free remission of my ransom'.

III, i, 70. *For your respect*: 'out of his regard for you'.

III, i, 83-4. These numbers are from *Pompey*, 69, where Cæsar's troops are given as 22,000, and Pompey's 'somewhat more than double'. In *Cæsar*, 42, the infantry alone is reckoned as 22,000 with Cæsar, 45,000 with Pompey.

III, i, 93. *Cato prophesied*: Pompey is said to have remarked this on an earlier occasion, when Cæsar first entered Italy, *Pompey*, 60. Here the reference is to Cato's words in II, iv, 50-2.

III, i, 97-8. *A sleight of some hid strategem*: possibly we should read *a sleight or some*, etc.; but the passage is intelligible as it stands.

III, i, 116-7. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature*, II, 427, n., calls these lines an ingenious misquotation of Lucan:

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Pharsalia, I, 128.

III, i, 119-32. These lines are from *De Fortuna Romanorum*, II, a section which Chapman had already plundered. See note on *Byron's Tragedy*, V, ii, 178-271. The passage runs as follows: *Nimirum magnus ille Romanorum genius, non ad diem unam spirans, aut exiguo tempore vicens, ut Macedonum; neque in terra tantum potens, ut Laconum; aut mari, ut Atheniensium; neque sero commotus, ut Persarum; neque subito sopitus, ut Colophoniorum: sed jam inde a principio cum urbe adolescens, unaque crescens et augens rempublicam, constanter adfuit terra marique, in bellis et pace, adversus barbaros et Græcos.*

III, ii, 3-32. The Soothsayer's account of his sacrifice and his inference therefrom is enlarged and altered from *Cæsar*, 43.

III, ii, 22-6. Cf. the parallel passage in *The Tears of Peace*, 1609:

*But as Earth's gross and elemental fire
Cannot maintain itself, but doth require
Fresh matter still to give it heat and light;
And when it is inflam'd mounts not upright,
But struggles in his lame impure ascent,
Now this way works, and then is that way bent,
Not able to aspire to his true sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.*

Poems, p. 123.

III, ii, 34-5. 'There was seen in the heavens a fiery torch, which seemed to pass over Cæsar's camp, and assuming a bright and flamelike appearance to fall down upon the camp of Pompey', *Cæsar*, 43; cf. IV, i, 12-13. This omen is also mentioned in *Pompey*, 68.

III, ii, 40-7. 'At daybreak as Cæsar was going to move to Scotussa [a place in Thessaly north of Pharsalia] and the soldiers were engaged in taking down the tents . . . the scouts came with intelligence that they spied many arms in the enemy's encampment moving backwards and forwards, and that there was a movement and noise as of men coming out to battle. After them others came announcing that the vanguard was already putting itself in battle order', *Pompey*, 68.

III, ii, 49-55. This account of the panic, alluded to again in IV, i, 8, is from *Cæsar*, 43.

III, ii, 59-65. This omen is mentioned in *Cæsar*, 47.

III, ii, 75-82. The dialogue between Cæsar and Crassinius occurs in *Pompey*, 71, and *Cæsar*, 44, with slight verbal differences. I quote from the latter: 'Cæsar . . . said: "What hopes have we, Caius Crassinius, and how are our men as to courage?" Crassinius . . . said: "We shall have a splendid victory, Cæsar; and you shall praise me whether I survive the day or die"'.
 III, ii, 92-9. 'Cæsar observing that the expected day had arrived on which they would have to fight against men, and not against hunger and poverty, quickly gave orders to hang out in front of his tent the purple colours [τὸν ποινικοῦν χιτῶνα, i.e. the *vexillum*], which is the signal for battle among the Romans', *Pompey*, 68.

III, ii, 101-7. Cæsar's plan of battle is from *Cæsar*, 44. The word *battle* in l. 106 is equivalent to 'main division', or 'centre', as in the original.

III, ii, 107. The stage direction in this line comes from *Pompey*, 68, immediately after the passage cited above.

III, ii, 116-22. The allusion is to the geese that saved the Capitol when the city of Rome was held by the Gauls, *Livy*, V, 47.

IV, i. As Kern has pointed out, this scene stands in sharp contrast to the first scene of Act III. There the Pompey of Chapman's invention, the calm, self-controlled Stoic, decides quietly and cheerfully to hazard the decisive battle with Cæsar. Here we have the Pompey of Plutarch, driven against his will by the taunts of his followers to risk a contest, of whose successful issue he has little hope, in order to free himself of the charge of cowardice.

IV, i, 19-20. 'Rejecting the clear warning omens of the gods with the nauseous humours of a rude and mad multitude'.

IV, i, 21-3. An obscure passage. I think it means that Pompey's followers indulge in wild anticipations of easy victory because of their previous slight success, *one poor fortune*, over Cæsar's small force, *few* when compared even with half his present army. According to Chapman, Cæsar's army has been increased since the first fight by the force left at Brundisium.

IV, i, 24-8. These lines are expanded from a remark of Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 39, as to the savage temper and endurance of the enemy, i.e. Cæsar's troops, 'as if they were wild beasts'.

IV, i, 37-9. From *Pompey*, 67. Domitius is L. Domitius Ahenobarbus Spinther, Lentulus Spinther, one of the *two Lentuli* of the *Dramatis Per-*

sonæ; and Scipio is Metellus Scipio, father of Cornelia, Pompey's wife. *Universal bishop*, l. 39, is Chapman's rendering of *Pontifex Maximus*, an office held by Cæsar for many years.

- IV, i, 40-4. 'Pompey approved of the physician who never gratifies the desires of his patients, and yet he yielded to military advisers who were in a diseased state, through fear of offending, if he adopted healing measures', *Pompey*, 67.
- IV, i, 51-4. An obscure passage. The first clause is an ejaculation, *Shall I bear*, etc., and is marked as such by the question mark, equivalent to an exclamation mark, in the Q. I take the phrase, *enlarge . . . self-fortunes*, to be the protasis of a conditional sentence, meaning 'let the risk of lives and fortunes, in which my own are included, be twice as great'.
- IV, i, 60. *Good, my lord*: Kern holds that these words are addressed to Vibius, but they are more probably directed to Brutus, the natural leader of the 'young Patricians', cf. II, iv, 92-3. The order of battle in these lines is from *Pompey*, 69, except that Brutus takes the place of Domitius as leader of the cavalry on the left wing.
- IV, ii, 4. Cf. note on IV, iii, 7-14.
- IV, ii, 7-11. See note on the Argument, p. 664. The charge that Cæsar gave is mentioned in *Cæsar*, 45, where it is said that he bade his soldiers thrust their javelins at the eyes and faces of the young patricians.
- IV, ii, 12. The death of Crassinius, as described in the stage direction after this line, is from *Cæsar*, 44. On the other hand, the hand-to-hand combat of Cæsar and Pompey is Chapman's invention, evidently with an eye to the entertainment of the audience. This is one of the many proofs derived from the stage directions that this play was at one time meant for public performance. Cf. also the direction for the removal of a corpse at the close of the scene.
- IV, ii, 16. *His broken eyes*: cf. V, i, 48-9.
- IV, ii, 15-29. Cæsar's speech over the body of Crassinius and his extempore epitaph seem to be Chapman's invention.
- IV, iii. The allusion to a disguise in the stage direction at the beginning of this scene is from *Pompey*, 72. For the most part, however, the scene is Chapman's invention, and the stoical temper exhibited by his Pompey in defeat is in strong contrast to the lethargy of despair described by Plutarch.
- IV, iii, 7-14. These lines are built up on scattered hints from Plutarch. In *Pompey*, 66, he says that after the battle at Dyrrachium some of Pompey's followers were sending their slaves and friends to Rome to get possession of houses near the Forum with the intention of becoming forthwith candidates for office. In *Pompey*, 72, there is a description of the Pompeian camp which corresponds almost verbally to Chapman's lines.
- IV, iii, 34. I take it that in this line Pompey first interrupts the reproachful speech of Demetrius, and then, recovering his fortitude, bids him continue.
- IV, iii, 35-54. The speech of Demetrius and the answer of Pompey may have been suggested to Chapman by Plutarch's report of a conversation between Pompey and the philosopher, Cratippus, after Pharsalia, in which Pompey 'expressed some doubts about Providence', *Pompey*, 75.
- IV, iv. This short scene is mainly built up from *Cæsar*, 46: 'When Cæsar saw the bodies of the slain and the slaughter still going on, he said with a groan: "They would have it so". . . . Asinius Pollio says that the chief part of those who were killed were slaves . . . and that not more than six thousand soldiers fell. . . . Cæsar pardoned many men of distinction, among whom was Brutus. . . . Cæsar is said to have been very much troubled at his not being found, but when Brutus, who had escaped unhurt, presented himself to Cæsar, he was greatly pleased'.
- IV, iv, 9. The obscure phrase, *that left their bloods to ruth*, means, I suppose, 'whose spilled blood moves you to pity'.
- IV, iv, 40-1. 'That it is not my fault that I have lost the one, i.e. their love, nor is it in the true Roman spirit that they have lost the other, i.e. their lives, inasmuch as they sacrificed them needlessly'.

IV, iv, 45. *Your father, Cato* : i.e. father-in-law, as in **IV, i, 63**. Brutus had married Portia, Cato's daughter.

IV, v. With this scene the centre of interest shifts from Pompey to Cato, who has been absent from the stage since **II, iv**. Organically this scene should belong to the fifth act, which is mainly devoted to the death of Cato, and the first scene of that act, which concludes the story of Pompey, should come here, but the practice of interlacing threads of interest is common in Elizabethan dramaturgy.

The stage direction at the beginning of the scene is from *Cato*, 68.

IV, v, 15. The book mentioned in the stage direction after this line was Plato's *Dialogue on the Soul*, i.e. the *Phaedon*, *Cato*, 68.

IV, v, 20-35. These lines are a mere versification of the answer of Cato to the Utican senate, who wished to supplicate Cæsar on his behalf : 'Cato said . . . entreaty belonged to the vanquished, and deprecation of vengeance to those who were wrongdoers ; that he had not only been unvanquished all through life, but that he was victorious as far as he chose to be, and had the superiority over Cæsar in things honourable and just, and that Cæsar was the party who was captured and conquered, for what he used to deny that he was doing against his country long ago he was now convicted of and detected therein', *Cato*, 64.

IV, v, 39-42. An obscure passage, but it may be paraphrased thus : His [Cæsar's] parts, which are so much admired, are outward shows, *tongue, show, falsehood*, which lead to bloody death ; they are vainglory, villainy, and, rated at their best, they could be maintained with what a truly worthy man would cast away as insignificant, *parings*. Mr. Brereton suggests that *parings* means 'the fragmentary good qualities of Cæsar, scraps from the manhood that once was his'.

IV, v, 45. The long philosophical argument which begins with this line and goes on till the close of the scene is founded on Plutarch's brief report of the debate on the evening before Cato's suicide : 'After supper the drinking went on with much gayety and enjoyment, one philosophical subject after another taking its turn, till at last the enquiry came round to the so-called paradoxes of the Stoics, that the good man alone is free [cf. l. 47] and that all the bad are slaves. Hereupon the Peripatetic making objections. . . . Cato broke in with great vehemence, and with a loud tone and harsh voice maintained his discourse at great length, and displayed wonderful energy, so that no one failed to observe that he had resolved to end his life', *Cato*, 67. Chapman has, however, greatly expanded the argument, and after putting into Cato's mouth a genuine stoical defence of suicide, ll. 54-66, goes on to a statement of views on the immortality and resurrection of the body which would have astounded any philosopher of classic times. There can be little doubt, I fancy, that ll. 90-136 embody Chapman's interpretation and defence of the dogma of the resurrection.

IV, v, 67-72. This idea of the superiority of the 'just man' to the law made for the common herd is a commonplace with Chapman. It receives its most emphatic statement a little later on from Cato, **V, ii, 8-10**.

IV, v, 105. *Full creature* : cf. *Bussy*, **V, ii, 41**, the reading of Q₁. See p. 568.

IV, v, 113-4. The sense of these lines may easily be misunderstood : *which* refers not to the *soul*, but to the *parts*, l. 112, i.e. soul and body ; *otherwise* means here 'in the contrary case', i.e. if it is not absolute and beastlike death to which man is subject ; *retains* is the so-called northern plural, agreeing with its subject, *parts*.

IV, v, 127. *Him that sings* : Homer. The two following lines are a condensation of a passage in the *Iliad*, **VIII, 18-26** :

*Let down our golden chain
And at it let all deities their utmost strengths constrain
To draw me from the earth to heaven : you never shall prevail,
Though with your most contention ye dare my state assail.
But when my will shall be disposed to draw you all to me,
Even with the earth itself and seas ye shall enforced be.*

Chapman's *Iliad*.

Lines 130-6 are a curious specimen of the allegorizing treatment of Homer, popular among scholars of the Renaissance, as it was among later Greek commentators. Chapman gives another interpretation of this passage in *The Shadow of Night, Poems*, p. 6. There is a naive pride in the way Chapman puts into the mouth of Athenodorus, ll. 137-9, an encomium on Chapman's own excellence as an allegorizing commentator.

IV, v, 142. With this line Chapman drops the argument and reverts to his source. After having depressed the company by his evident intention of suicide, Cato attempted to cheer them up and divert their suspicions by talking on other subjects. Cf. *Cato*, 67.

V, i. This scene is laid in the island of Lesbos, where Cornelia and Sextus Pompey had been staying during the campaign of Pharsalia. Chapman gives her as attendants, in addition to her maids and the slave, Drusus, the two Lentuli, who, as a matter of fact, only came to Lesbos along with Pompey after Pharsalia, *Pompey*, 73. But this departure from history, is slight in comparison with other freedoms that Chapman has here allowed himself. In the first place, in order to obtain unity of place and of effect, he places the murder of Pompey at Lesbos immediately after his reunion with Cornelia instead of on the shore of Egypt. Again he has totally transformed the character of Cornelia. Instead of the passionate emotional woman, swooning at the sight of her husband and breaking out into wild lamentations, as is recorded by Lucan, *Pharsalia*, VIII, 50-108, and Plutarch, *Pompey*, 74, he has made her a *philosophress*, l. 147, of the Stoic school, and a fit match for Pompey, as Chapman pictures him in the latter part of this play.

V, i, 7-8. *That highest heaven, etc.* : the 'primum mobile'.

V, i, 14. *These letters* : 'the pleasing intelligence that she [Cornelia] had received both by report and by letter had led her to hope that the war was terminated near Dyrrachium, and that all that remained was for Pompey to pursue Cæsar', *Pompey*, 74.

V, i, 20-4. This passage is very obscure, and as it is punctuated in the Q. and in S. is quite unintelligible. I give first the Q. reading :

*Why write great learned men ? men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe ?
Undaunted spirits ? inexorable fate
And all feare treading on ? 'tis all but ayre,
If any comfort be, 'tis in despaire.*

I think if we consider the situation, and disregard the punctuation of the Q., we may arrive at a fairly satisfactory interpretation. Cornelia has just received good news of her husband, news that inclines her more than ever to trust the gods, ll. 15-9, 'Why', she exclaims, 'do learned men [i.e. the sceptical philosophers], rapt with sacred rage [i.e. carried away by enthusiastic conviction of their own teachings], write concerning confidence, belief, and the undaunted spirits that trample upon fate and fear, that all these things are vain as air, and that there is no comfort save in despair [i.e. in absolute negation of Providence]'. I have repunctuated to bring out this meaning. My friend, Dr. Kennedy, suggests another interpretation : 'Why do learned men, rapt with sacred rage, undaunted spirits, treading on fate and fear, write concerning confidence and belief. These are vain as air; in despair alone is man's true comfort'. This is a possible interpretation, but it does not seem to me to suit the context, nor can I believe that Cornelia in her present mood of joyful hope would say that man's only comfort is in despair.

V, i, 37-42. Cf. IV, i, 34-9. The *Phaonius* of l. 41 is Favonius, 'Cato's ape', who appears repeatedly in Plutarch's *Pompey*, 60, 67, 73, although there is no mention of his having been a candidate for office. The spelling, *Phaonius*, is found in North's *Plutarch*.

V, i, 80-162. This whole passage telling of the meeting of the disguised Pompey and his attendant with Cornelia, their dialogue, and Cornelia's cheerful reception of her husband, is as different as possible from the account in

Plutarch, *Pompey*, 74, 75. Here, again, Chapman departs from his source to exalt the Stoic fortitude of his characters.

- V, i, 179. 'That a rest, or balance, might remain due from God to them', a striking anticipation of the last lines of Browning's *The Patriot*:

'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me'? God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

- V, i, 192-3. Cf. II, i, 153-4.

- V, i, 211-3. A difficult passage. I take that, l. 211, as the subject of *rarefies*, l. 213, and for *earthy greatness* as equivalent to 'for the sake of mundane greatness'.

- V, i, 217-21. Kern points out that this story of Empedocles is found in Plutarch's *De curiositate*, I, *Empedocles vero physicus quodam montis hiatus, unde gravis et insalubris in planitiem exhalabat auster, obturato, creditus est pestem ea regione exclusisse*. The same story reappears in *Adversus Coloten*, 32.

- V, i, 243. The characters introduced in the stage direction after this line are the murderers of Pompey as named by Plutarch, *Pompey*, 78.

- V, i, 244. *Ægypt*: i.e. Ptolemy, the King of Egypt. His father, Ptolemy Auletes, had been restored to his throne by Gabinius, Pompey's friend, a few years previously. Cf. l. 245.

- V, i, 253. The stage direction after this line is from *Pompey*, 79.

- V, i, 259. 'See, heavens, what you suffer to be done'. So, at least, I understand the passage.

- V, i, 264. After the murder of Pompey his head was cut off to be shown to Cæsar, and his trunk left lying on the shore, *Pompey*, 80.

- V, ii. The last scene of the drama connects logically with the last scene of the preceding act. Now that the wars of Cæsar and Pompey are over and Pompey is disposed of, Chapman's interest reverts with redoubled force to Cato, the true, if not the titular, hero of the play, who has been too long kept off the stage. For lofty thought embodied in noble and sonorous verse this scene surpasses all others in the play. It is based, naturally, upon Plutarch's account of the last hours of Cato's life, but Plutarch supplies only the framework. Chapman, while on the whole following his source, rearranges or alters incidents to suit his own purposes and the noble poetry of Cato's monologues, and of the speech of Athenodorus, ll. 70-86, is Chapman's own. The whole purpose of the scene is a defence, in dramatic form, of the thesis which Chapman put on the title-page of this play: *Only a just man is a free man*, and this purpose, it seems to me, the poet triumphantly accomplishes. Had the whole play been written in this vein, it would have been worthier at once of Chapman's genius and of his noble subject.

- V, ii, 6. *Give it off*: 'give up, renounce my claim to be master of my own life and death'. Cf. the use of *give over* in l. 63.

- V, ii, 10. *Their subjection*: the forced submission of the outlaws of l. 9.

- V, ii, 15. With this use of *idol*, i.e. εἰδολον, 'image', cf. *Bussy*. IV, i, 16.

- V, ii, 17-8. *To dispose . . . rogues*: 'that we may order all our affairs according to the pleasure and after the fashion of errant rogues'.

- V, ii, 22-5. Cato's noticing the absence of his sword and his inquiry as to who had removed it come from Plutarch, *Cato*, 68.

- V, ii, 31. *Kceps the store*: possesses all abundance.

- V, ii, 51-5. Chapman has properly enough softened down his source here. Plutarch, *Cato*, 68, relates that when the sword was not brought, after some delay Cato called his slaves one by one and demanded it, and 'striking the mouth of one of them with his fist, he bruised his hand, being in a great passion, and calling aloud that he was surrendered defenceless to the enemy by his son and his slaves'. The phrase, *I'll break your lips open*, seems to be Chapman's intentional substitute for the blow recorded by Plutarch.

- V, ii, 79. *That ambition*: i.e. to reform the world.

- V, ii, 82. *Press'd to a living death.* Cf. the line in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 38, repeated in *The Tears of Peace*:

A slave bound face to face to Death till death.

Poems, p. 124.

- V, ii, 91-100. Cato's inquiry for Statilius is recorded by Plutarch at a somewhat earlier period than here, *Cato*, 66. The answer given in Plutarch, namely, that Statilius had declined to abandon Cato, is quite different from that in the text, which is apparently given to provide a striking entrance for this character, a little later on, stage direction after l. 162. The *three hundred Romans*, l. 92, are the three hundred Roman merchants and moneylenders whom Cato had constituted as a senate in Utica, *Cato*, 59, repeatedly mentioned by Plutarch. Lucius Cæsar was a kinsman of Julius, and was, no doubt for this reason, sent from Utica to obtain terms for the city after Cæsar's victory at Thapsus. See *Cato*, 66.
- V, ii, 106-17. Cato's advice to his son is an expansion of the brief statement of Plutarch, *Cato*, 66, that he forbade his son to meddle in political matters, 'since circumstances no longer allowed him to act like a Cato, and to act otherwise was base'.
- V, ii, 130. *That may fit my freedom.* See Text Notes, p. 681.
- V, ii, 137-50. This speech on recognition in the next world and the immortality of the individual soul, no doubt, expresses Chapman's own opinions.
- V, ii, 151-6. 'The sword was sent in by a child, and when Cato received it he drew it and looked at it. Seeing that the point was entire and the edge preserved, he said, "Now I am my own master"', *Cato*, 70.
- V, ii, 161. The stage direction after this line and the ensuing dialogue as far as l. 172 represent a slight alteration of the source on Chapman's part for the sake of stage effect. Plutarch, *Cato*, 70, relates that Cato, 'having some difficulty in dying, fell from the bed, and made a noise by overturning a little abacus that stood by, which his attendants perceiving, called out and his son and his friends immediately ran in'.
- V, ii, 172-7. This is taken direct from *Cato*, 70, except l. 77, which is Chapman's paraphrase of the Stoic paradox, debated at supper on the night before Cato's death, that the good man alone is free, and that all the bad are slaves.
- V, ii, 179-85. Cæsar's entry and speech are founded on *Cato*, 72: 'As Cæsar made most account of Cato, he advanced his force by quick marches. When he heard of his death, it is reported that he said this: "Cato, I grudge thee thy death, since thou hast grudged me thy safety"'. Cf. also ll. 213-4.
- V, ii, 187. Plutarch, *Brutus*, 40, relates that just before the battle of Philippi Brutus told Cassius that he had formerly blamed Cato for killing himself, as thinking it an irreligious act, but that now he was of another mind.
- V, ii, 189-212. In order to round off his play, Chapman brings the murderers of Pompey into Cæsar's presence at Utica. According to Plutarch, *Pompey*, 80, Cæsar turned away from the man who brought him the head of Pompey as from a murderer. He put to death Pothinus, the eunuch who had been an accomplice before the fact in the murder of Pompey, not for this deed, however, but because of a later conspiracy against Cæsar, while the latter was in Alexandria. Achilles, the chief of the murderers, was murdered in the course of the Alexandrian war. Cf. *Cæsar*, 49, and *Pompey*, 80. Chapman's statement that Cæsar ordered the murderers to be tortured to death is an invention of his own to satisfy the Elizabethan demand for poetical justice.
- V, ii, 211. 'Let the treatment of my slaves serve as a precedent'. From this it would appear that certain slaves of Brutus had been put to extraordinary tortures, which he suggests as a precedent for those to be inflicted on the murderers. I find no mention of the torture of Brutus's slaves in Plutarch.
- V, ii, 218-24. Cæsar's charge to the Uticans comes from Plutarch, *Cato*, 71, but according to the biographer the citizens did not need any such order'

Before Cæsar entered the city they gave Cato a splendid funeral, and interred him near the sea, 'where a statue of him now stands with a sword in his hand'.

TEXT NOTES

There are two early quartos of this play, both of the year 1631. The first, represented by the Malone copy at the Bodleian and by a copy acquired in 1907 for the British Museum, has the title-page: *The Warres of Pompey and Cæsar. Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition, Only a just man is a freeman. By G. C. London. Printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Godfrey Emondson and Thomas Alchorne, MDCXXXI.* The second has the title-page: *Cæsar and Pompey: A Roman Tragedy, declaring their Warres. Out of whose events, etc.,* as in the former copy, except that the author's name is given in full, *George Chapman.* The freshness of the blocks seems to show that the former was the earlier impression, and as I have not found any variation between the two in the text, I take it that the title-page alone was changed as the edition was going through the press. The former is much the rarer of the two. The play was republished in 1653, with a title-page exactly corresponding to the second of the two forms already noted as far as the word *freeman*, after which it reads: *As it was Acted at the Black-Fryers. Written by George Chapman. London. Printed in the Yeare 1653. By the true Copie.* No name of publisher or salesman appears on the title-page, and so far as I can see, this edition does not represent a new imprint, but simply presents the old sheets bound up with a new title-page.

Cæsar and Pompey was next reprinted in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, vol. iii. Pearson, 1873. This is professedly an exact reproduction of the original, but it contains some few mistakes. I shall, as usual, refer to it as P.

The next and, up to the present, the latest, edition is that of Shepherd in *Chapman's Works—Plays.* This is a modernization of P., differing at times for the worse. I refer to this edition as S.

In general the text of this play is rather troublesome. There are evidences of revision and omission, and a number of printer's errors, some of which I trust that I have been able to correct. The play is divided into acts only; at the beginning of each appear the words *Scene I*; but there is no further division, and naturally no indication of place. I have attempted to indicate the natural division into scenes, and to indicate the place of each. The list of *Dramatis Personae* given in the present edition is the first ever printed. In it I have given the correct forms, *Sextus*, for the son of Pompey, and *Septimius* for his murderer. See text note on Act V, Scene I.

I, i, 15. Q. *For fall of his ill-disposed purse.* A syllable has evidently dropped out of the line. Brereton [*loc. cit.*] proposes to read [so] *ill-disposed*; I suggest *fallings*, i.e. 'droppings'.

39. I insert the stage direction [*To Athenodorus*].

41-2. In Q. the parenthesis includes the words from *for to danger*, l. 44. But it is plain that the phrase, *his wife . . . mourn*, depends on *knew*, l. 40, and belongs outside the parenthesis.

82. Possibly we should read *more that* for the Q. *more then*; but see the preceding note on this passage, p. 665.

I, ii. In the stage direction before this scene I have substituted, as throughout the play, the modern form *Antony* for the Q. *Anthonius*.

I, ii, 1 and 4. I have marked the speeches beginning with these lines as asides. The whole dialogue as far as l. 15 is, of course, an aside between Cæsar and Metellus.

18. Q. *Hold, keep out.* Q. assigns this speech to 1, which S. expands to *1st Co.*, as if *1st Consul*, cf. l. 197. This is, of course, wrong, as the Consuls are friends of Cato, and the speaker is evidently trying to prevent his entrance, cf. I, i, 51-5. The

- speeches in this passage assigned in Q. to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 [ll. 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, and 27] are by various characters not precisely designated; 1 is apparently one of the *ruffians* of I, i, 51; 2, one of the people; 3 is, perhaps, a senator addressing the *ruffians*; 4, 5, and 6 may also be senators, or, perhaps, rather citizens. S. designates them all as *1st*, *2nd*, etc., Co. I think it simpler to designate them as *citizens*, a term which includes at once the *ruffians* and Cato's friends among the people and Senate.
30. I have inserted the stage-direction *rising*.
- 110-1. Q. includes the words *I slew to soldiers* within the parenthesis, putting a semicolon after *them*.
193. Q. *To take*. Perhaps we should read *You take*, and put a period after *his*; but see preceding note on this passage, p. 666.
201. Perhaps we should read *armies* for Q. *armes*; but if *arms* be pronounced as a dissyllable, the metre will be correct.
209. I have inserted the stage direction, *he snatches the bill*, from the source, Plutarch, *Cato*, 28.
213. *Come down, sir*. Q. assigns this speech to *Gen.*; but there is no character in the play to whom this abbreviation will apply. Following a suggestion of Mr. Brereton, I take it to be a misprint for *Sen.*, i.e. *Senators*. The words are then addressed to Cæsar, who has drawn his sword on Cato. The stage direction in ll. 212-3, *He draws and all draw*, comes in Q. after the two lines into which l. 213 is there divided; S. shifts it to come after Pompey's words, thus making him the first to draw. But it is plain from the context that Cæsar draws first, and his 'mercenary ruffians' follow his example.
256. Q. *subject'st*. S. alters to *subject*; but the double superlative should be retained.
258. Q. *ingeniously*. See note on Bussy, III, ii, 107, p. 565.
283. Q. *beleev'd*. I take this to mean *believ'd*, i.e. trusted in; but there may be some corruption in the text.
291. Q. *My Lords*; S. needlessly alter to *My lord*. Cato is addressing both Cæsar and Pompey.
297. I have inserted the stage direction to *Cæsar*.
- II, i, 19. Q. *thinke I am knave*. S. inserts the *a* which has dropped out before *knave*.
- 25-82. Q. prints this passage as if it were verse, but it is plainly prose.
33. Q. *A villaine*; P. misprints *O villaine*.
50. Q. *command the elements*. This is plainly wrong. We may read either *I command*, or *commanding*. I prefer the latter.
74. I have supplied the stage direction *aside*.
- 77-8. Q. *as if there were*; S. needlessly alters *were* to *was*.
- 81-95. This speech is assigned by Q. to *Fro*. P. misprints *Gro*.
83. Q. has a dash [—] in this line. I take it that a cut has been made here, which has left the line imperfect.
- 96-8. Q. prints as verse, the lines ending with *profession*, *coat*, and *on*. S. prints the last two of these lines as one. But I think the passage is prose.
- 107-17. Q. prints this passage as doggerel verse. I take it to be prose. The same holds good of the following speeches of *Ophioneus* to the close of the scene.
- 154-5. Q. *Though thou*; P. misprints *Thou thou*.
- II, ii, 11. Q. *bloody frights*. Perhaps we should read *sights*, *fights*, or *rites* for *frights*; but I have preferred to let the text stand.
43. After this line I have inserted *Exit Nuntius*, and marked a new scene.
- II, iii, 1-2. Q. Crass. *Stay cowherd, fly ye Cæsar's fortunes?*
Cæs. *Forbeare, foolish Crassinius, we contend in vaine*.
Context and metre show that we should read *cowards* and transpose *foolish* from l. 2 to l. 1.
39. Q. *Counsailles*. S. prints *counsels*; but I think the sense demands *councils*, i.e. of war. So also in l. 42.

68. Q. 'Tis offerd, Sir, 'bove the rate. S. emends above.
73. *This prepares.* Q. prints as the first words of the next line.
105. Q. *what suspicion.* For this very doubtful word I suggest *suspect*, a noun used elsewhere by Chapman (*Gentleman Usher*, IV, iv, 103), which also restores the metre.
- 110-2. The passage as punctuated in Q. is very confusing:
Their stay is worth their ruine,
should we live,
If they in fault were? if their leader! he
Should dye the deaths of all;
 S. retains the question mark in l. 111, but this merely indicates an exclamation, and, like the exclamation mark in the same line, is meant to give emphasis to the passage.
113. After *all* Q. has only a comma.
- II, iv, 54. Q. *Lost no*; so S.; but it seems clear that we should read *Lose no*.
58. After this line I have inserted the stage direction, *going*.
79. I have inserted to *Athenodorus* to make it plain whom Pompey is addressing.
86. In the stage direction Q. misprints *Sat.* for *Sta.*
104. Q. *ingenious.* Cf. note on I, ii, 258, above.
- II, v, 36. Q. *were all, yet more?* As in II, iii, 111, the question mark merely denotes emphasis. So in l. 40 Q. has *master?*
44. Q. *fraight.* S. prints *straight*, but I think it is a mere variant for *freight*.
- III, i, 15. Q. *as the time encrease.* Read *increas'd.* Chapman probably wrote *encreast*, from which the misprint of the Q. would be easy.
69. Q. *we both concluded.* Perhaps we should read *were both*; but see note above, p. 670.
- 90-1. *Come . . . much.* Q. and P. print these words as one line. P. and S. omit *much*, following some copies of Q. [¹Malone, 241, and Brit. Mus., C. 12, g. 5]. But the word appears in all other copies that I have seen, and is evidently required by the context.
92. P. misprints *Tom.* for *Pom* [pey].
95. Q. gives the first part of this line to *Omn[es]*; but it is plain that Brutus does not join with the Consuls in these words.
98. Q. *Of some kid.* Perhaps we should read *Or some.* In some copies of Q. the *f* is faint; in ¹Malone, 164, it is wanting.
138. Q. *crown'd.* So P. and S.; but the context seems to require *crown* to correspond with *drown* in l. 136.
- III, ii, 76. Q. *in an spirit.* P. and S. print *any*, which is, no doubt, right.
90. Q. assigns this line to *Anth.* P. misprints *Cnth*, and S. alters to *Cr[assinius]*.
101. I have inserted the stage direction *To Antony.*
109. Q. *A blest even.* P. misprints *O blest.*
117. Q. *foawles.* P. misprints *fewles*, and S. alters to *souls*; but see note above, p. 671.
127. Q. *blest means.* S. needlessly alters to *best*.
- IV, i, 20. Q. *runder*; S. emends, *metris causa*, to *rude*.
43. After *patients* Q. has a question mark, but the clause is not interrogative; *who*, l. 41, refers to Pompey. See note, p. 672, above.
53. After *self-fortunes* Q. has a question mark, but this seems plainly an error, perhaps caught from the question mark after *own*, l. 52, which I have altered to an exclamation mark.
- IV, ii, 4. Q. puts a question mark after *show'd*, but this makes nonsense of the sentence.
27. Q. *soule of funeral*; the emendation *scroll*, i.e. 'inscription,' I think makes sense of an otherwise unintelligible passage.
- IV, iii, 29. Q. puts a question mark after *ruin'd*; but it plainly belongs after *detracton*, l. 31.
34. Q. puts a question mark after *you*, but I think a dash is better, as Pompey interrupts this speech.
- 67-9. Q. puts question marks after *own*, l. 67, *me*, l. 68, and *acceptance*, l. 69. Only the last is needed.

¹ One of the copies at the Bodleian.

84. Q. *accepted*, S. emends *excepted*, which is plainly right.
90. Something seems to have dropped out of this line.
- IV, iv, 9. The copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, has *blood*; all others *bloods*, which I have therefore retained.
14. Q. *Of all slaine, yet, if Brutus only liv'd*. S. cancels the comma after *yet*; I think it better to cancel the comma after *slaine*.
- IV, v, 123. Q. *Holds their proportion*. P. misprints *Holds this*.
- V, i. In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene Q. has *Septimius*. S. retains this, but I have altered to *Sextus* as the context shows that this is the son of Pompey, not his murderer. The latter enters after l. 243 where Q. has *Enter Achilles, Septius*. *Septius* is an evident abbreviation for *Septimius*, and I have made the necessary alteration. It is not at all likely that such a scholar as Chapman confused Sextus Pompey with Septimius the murderer.
6. After *full* Q. has a period.
13. Q. *making*, an evident misprint for *waking*, which P. prints.
42. In this line Q. has the stage direction *Septimius* [read *Sextus*] *with a letter*. This does not indicate an entrance, but only that Sextus comes forward and joins in the dialogue.
51. Q. *Lost in*; so S. But I think we should read *Left*, i.e. 'left off, broke off'.
57. After this line I have inserted the stage direction *Enter a Sentinel*. S. does not note this entry, and assigns the speeches in ll. 60, 63-4, etc., to *Se.*, the same abbreviation that he uses for *Sextus*, thus making a confusion which does not exist in the Q., which assigns them to *Sen.*
75. Q. *yet*. So S.; but I feel sure *yet* is a misprint for *that*, probably written *yt*.
79. In the stage direction after this line I have inserted the word *disguised*.
- 80-2. Q. prints as verse, the lines ending *the*, *comming*, and *letters*.
- 84-6. Q. prints as verse, the lines ending *seemes*, *by their*, and *husband*.
94. *Augurs*, *madam . . . alias*. P. prints these words in italics. They are roman in Q.
- 120-1. P. wrongly assigns this speech to *Cor[nelia]*. In l. 120 S. reads *possess* for Q. *profess*, an error which has crept into this text.
159. I have inserted the stage direction, *Revealing himself*.
- 161-5. These lines of regular verse are printed as prose by S.
172. Before *ever* Brereton would insert *hath*. This seems to me unnecessary; *more* may be pronounced as a dissyllable.
- 196-7. Q. has a comma after *quiet*, and a semicolon after *farre*. I think the sense demands a transposition of these points.
- 211-4. Something may have been lost in l. 211. After *piecemeal*, l. 212, Q. has a period. I prefer a comma, taking *for* as a preposition. See note, p. 675 above.
244. Instead of *Ach[illas]* as in Q., P. prints *Arch.* as the name of the speaker.
256. I have inserted the stage direction, *Exeunt, etc.*, after this line.
259. Q. prints *See heavens your sufferings*. This is intelligible, but I think the context shows that Pompey is appealing to the heavens, and I have punctuated accordingly.
265. I have inserted the stage direction, *Exeunt Murderers with Pompey*, after this line.
- V, ii, 46. Following Dr. Kern's suggestion, I have altered the name in the stage direction after this line from Q. *Brutus* to *Butas*. See *Cato*, 70; so also in ll. 59, 162, 173, 178.
- 120-1. Q. *Have I ever showne Loves least defect to you? or any dues*. The question mark after *you* destroys the connexion, since *dues* is in the possessive plural after *defect*.
127. Q. assigns this speech to *Por[tius]*. P. misprints *Cor.*, and S. abbreviates *Co*. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.

130. Q. *that may fit*. Perhaps we should read *that may let*, i.e. hinder.

151. Q. *Lay downe*. S. emends *Lay't* [i.e. the sword] *down*. I doubt if this is necessary.

158. Q. *receive her heaven*. So S., but plainly Cato is invoking *heaven* to receive *her*, i.e. his soul.

177. I have inserted the stage direction *Dies*.

181. Q. *are basted*. P. *blasted*, which is, no doubt, correct.

188. In the stage direction after this line Q. has *Achilius*. S. reads *Acilius*, confusing the soldier of Cæsar with the murderer of Pompey, Achilles.

189. I have inserted *three* after *All* to show that it is the three murderers who kneel.

195-6. Q.

to torture

Them with instant rapture.

Evidently something has been lost before *Them*. Brereton suggests *Bear*. I think the word *with* may have originally begun the line, and have been struck out by a proof reader who took it for an anticipation of the *with* before *instant*.

201. Q. gives the words *cruel Cæsar* to *Omn[es]*. I read *Omnes* 3, as in l. 196.

202. It is just possible that the phrase *Hale them out* which is printed as a stage-direction may have been meant as a speech. It occurs in Q. in the middle of the line, but in italics, so that it is probably a stage direction, and I have accordingly transferred it to the margin.



ALPHONSUS EMPEROR OF GERMANY

INTRODUCTION

Alphonsus Emperor of Germany was published in 1654, twenty years after Chapman's death, with the following title-page: The Tragedy of Alphonsus Emperor of Germany. As it hath been very often Acted (with great applause) at the Privat house in Black-Friers by his late Majesties Servants. By *George Chapman* Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley,¹ and are to sold at his Shopp at the Princes-Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard 1654. It is probably to be identified with a play, *Alfonso*, performed at Blackfriars before Queen Henrietta Maria and the Prince Elector, i.e. Charles Lewis of the Palatinate, son of Elizabeth, the 'Winter Queen', on May 5, 1636, mentioned in a list of plays extracted from the Books of Enrollments by Cunningham.² This performance was almost two years after Chapman's death, and can have no bearing on the authorship of the play, as Cunningham's statement that *Alfonso* was by Chapman is not supported by anything in the list he prints, but simply expresses his own identification of the play with that published by Moseley as a work of Chapman's.

In the age of the Restoration this play, so lately printed, seems to have attracted some attention. Langbaine³ assigns it to Chapman; Winstanley⁴ to Peele; Anthony à Wood,⁵ with a fine impartiality to both Peele and Chapman. The attribution of this play to Peele by Winstanley and Wood has, perhaps, more value than has usually been ascribed to it. From Langbaine's statement,⁶ 'I am not ignorant

¹ For Moseley's activity as a publisher, see Masson, *Life of Milton*, vol. vi 400-402. His enthusiasm for the drama seems to have outrun his discrimination, for he attributed the anonymous *Merry Devil of Edmonton* to Shakespeare (entry in S.R., September 9, 1653), Massinger's *Parliament of Love* to William Rowley (entry in S.R., June 29, 1660), and *The Faithful Friends* to Beaumont and Fletcher, an ascription rejected by all critics but Oliphant. Further, he ascribes to Shakespeare in collaboration with Davenport a play, *Henry I and Henry II* (entry of 1653), doubtless the same as the *Henry I* licensed eight years after Shakespeare's death by Herbert as a play of Davenport's, April 10, 1624 (*Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. iii, 229, where Malone speaks in a footnote of Moseley as a fraudulent bookseller), and to Shakespeare alone three lost plays, *Iphis and Ianthe*, *Duke Humphrey*, and *King Stephen*. It looks very much as if Moseley were ready to put the name of a famous poet on the title-page of a play with but little inquiry as to the authenticity of the work, and in view of this we can give but little weight to his ascription of *Alphonsus* to Chapman.

² Printed in his *Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court*, *Shakespeare Society*, vol. vii, p. xxiv.

³ *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, pp. 59 and 401.

⁴ *Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*, p. 97.

⁵ *Athenae Oxonienses*, under the lives of Peele and Chapman respectively.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 401.

that . . . *Alphonsus* is ascribed to him [Peele] in former catalogues, [i.e. bookseller's lists of plays printed or in MS.] which has occasion'd Mr. Winstanley's mistake; but I assure my reader that that play was writ by Chapman, for I have it by me with his name affixt to it', two things are clear, first that a tradition, certainly older than the publication of the play in 1654, ascribed the play to Peele, secondly that the only authority for Langbaine's positive assertion of Chapman's authorship was the title-page of Moseley's edition. If we consider the relative fame of Chapman and Peele at the time of the publication of the play, we shall, I think, be inclined to lean rather toward the tradition than toward Moseley's ascription. Peele had so nearly vanished into oblivion that Phillips¹ could speak of him as 'a somewhat antiquated English Bard of Queen Elizabeth's date, some remains of whose pretty pastoral poetry we have extant in a collection called *England's Helicon*'; whereas Chapman, *teste* the same Phillips, still ranked as 'not the meanest of English poets of that time', i.e. of the age of Elizabeth. There can have been no ulterior motive for the tradition; the motive which induced Moseley to put Chapman's name on the title-page of *Alphonsus* was, no doubt, the same as that which led him to ascribe the *Merry Devil* to Shakespeare, the desire to set off an anonymous play with the name of a famous playwright.

After Langbaine the play seems to have been completely forgotten for a century and a half. It was not included in any of the collections of old plays, and was apparently unknown even to such an indefatigable student of the Elizabethan drama as² Lamb. It was Elze's edition, Leipzig, 1867, with its elaborate introduction that first brought *Alphonsus* before the modern reader. Elze's interest lay naturally enough in the 'wonderfully accurate knowledge of the political organization of the German Empire and . . . the details which vividly pourtray the public and domestic life of Germany'. He takes Chapman's authorship for granted, though he believes the poet must have been aided by a German friend or one of the comedians who had performed in Germany, and asserts that 'the play is written throughout in Chapman's well-known manner'. This statement can only be answered by a complete and peremptory denial. *Alphonsus* is not written throughout in Chapman's manner, nor are there any detached scenes or isolated passages which in any way recall his manner. The student of Chapman's works is confronted on almost every page with Chapman's fondness for certain ideas, similes, and turns of phrase. I have already drawn attention to numbers of these in the notes on the preceding plays in this volume. This trick of repetition makes it easy to identify the work of Chapman; it is by this, in large part, that the anonymous *Sir Giles Goosecap*³ has been assigned to him. In *Alphonsus* I have not been able to find a single parallel to a passage in one of Chapman's undisputed works. There may be, although personally I cannot believe it,

¹ *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, p. xvii.

² The anonymous author of an article in the *Retrospective Review* in 1821 (vol. iv, p. 381) must have read *Alphonsus*. He speaks of it as 'a bloody and clumsy production', but was discriminating enough to note what no one seems to have done before him, that it was 'entirely divested of the descriptive and didactic poetry which so often graces the [other] plays'.

³ *The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecap*, *Modern Philology*, vol. iv, pp. 25-37.

a bare possibility that *Alphonsus* is a work of Chapman's youth,¹ 'written before he had found his own tragic style', or the product of his old age,² 'when the fire of his imagination had cooled and left him calm and collected for the arrangement of the business and incidents of the drama'; but either hypothesis must be defended by other arguments than those of stylistic resemblance to Chapman's undoubted work, and such arguments, apart from the ascription of the play to Chapman by its first publisher, I have as yet been quite unable to discover. In fact, in recent years there has been, with hardly an exception, a general consensus that the play is spurious. Herford³ confesses to 'grave doubts whether it was Chapman's work'; Fleay⁴ ascribes it to Peele; Koeppel⁵ produces strong internal evidence against the authorship of Chapman; Ward⁶ suggests that Chapman's share may have been limited to a revision of a play originally composed by a German writer—a view for which I see no evidence; Boas⁷ finds it 'hard to believe that Chapman had a hand in it'; Robertson⁸ holds that the play 'can be shown to be almost certainly, in large part, Peele's'; and finally Schelling,⁹ while rejecting the ascription of the play to Peele, believes that it is unwisely attributed to Chapman and that its authorship is indeterminable.

Of all these writers, Professor Koeppel alone gives a tangible reason for his disbelief in Chapman's authorship. He points out first that not only is no source known for this play, but also that the remarkable license with which the playwright handles a well-known period of history implies the probable absence of any source, points to a free play of invention on his part, and stands in sharp contrast to Chapman's close adherence to the sources of his tragedies. Of the truth of this last statement the notes and introductions to the preceding plays in this volume have given abundant evidence. Barring *Bussy D'Ambois*,¹⁰ for which no source has yet been discovered, Chapman's method in tragedy is to choose some historic theme capable of tragic treatment, to transfer it from the narrative in which he found it to the dramatic form, retaining many of the details and often much of the diction of his original, making few alterations in the order or sequence of events, and these few always for a plainly discernible dramatic purpose. In spite of his disclaimer in the Dedication to the *Revenge of Bussy* that a poet is not bound to preserve the historical truth, Chapman never departs far from his source. His original contribution to the tragedies is to be found in the philosophic conception which underlies and directs his treatment of the borrowed plots, in his grandiose presentation of certain striking incidents, such as the death of Byron, and most of all

¹ Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 428.

² *Retrospective Review*, iv, 337, followed by Elze, p. 36 and apparently by Swinburne, *Chapman's Works—Poems*, p. xlix, and Stoll, *John Webster*, pp. 94, 213.

³ *Literary Relations of England and Germany*, p. 172, n.

⁴ *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 156.

⁵ *Loc. cit.*, p. 78.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, vol. ii, 428.

⁷ Boas, *Bussy D'Ambois*, p. viii.

⁸ *Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus*, p. 126.

⁹ *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, 136, 228, 437.

¹⁰ Even in *Bussy* it is not unlikely that for the main outline of the story Chapman followed some unknown source; his account of Bussy's betrayal and death is in the main the same as that given by later historians.

in the highly imaginative and didactic verse with which he illustrates and comments upon the story.

How does it stand with *Alphonsus*, and how far has the author of this tragedy preserved the truth of history? A brief outline of the plot will make this clear. Alphonsus of Castile, i.e. Alphonso X, the Wise, married to Isabella, daughter of King John of England, has been elected Emperor of Germany. His rule has been marked by tyranny and bloodshed to such a degree that¹ four of the seven Electors have decided to depose him, and have invited his brother-in-law, Richard of Cornwall, to come to Germany to take the throne. The position of Alphonsus is critical in the extreme, since a majority of the Electoral College wishes to depose him, and the remaining three are by no means warm friends. He succeeds, however, in bribing the Elector of Mentz to propose to the College that, instead of electing Richard, one of their own number be elected as joint Emperor with Alphonsus. In spite of the opposition of the irreconcilables, the Palatine and the Duke of Saxony, this suggestion is accepted, and the King of Bohemia is installed as partner with Alphonsus. The latter, however, has only accepted this arrangement as a device to gain time, and at once begins a series of machinations which lead to the death of his partner, of the Palatine, and of his tool, Mentz. He wins over the Duke of Saxony, who defeats Richard in a pitched battle and takes him prisoner, but at the very moment of his triumph Alphonsus is murdered by his accomplice in these plots, Alexander of Cyprus, whereupon Richard is set free and formally installed as Emperor. In addition we have a sub-plot dealing with the adventures of Edward, Prince of Wales, later Edward I, who comes to Germany with his uncle, marries Hedwig of Saxony, loses his bride through the machinations of Alphonsus, falls into the latter's hands, and is in danger of death, only to be freed at the last moment by the sudden death of the tyrant.

A few words will demonstrate the extraordinary liberties which the play-wright has taken with the facts of history. Alphonso X did not marry Isabella of England, but a Spanish princess. Although elected Emperor by a minority of the College, he never came to Germany, but contented himself with attempting to secure the imperial possessions in Italy. He was not a tyrant, but a wise and just ruler. He did not perish by the hands of an assassin, but outlived his rival, Richard, and resigned his claims upon the Empire after the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg. The relative positions of the Electors to the rivals are quite distorted by the playwright. As a matter of fact, the Electors of Saxony, Brandenburg, and Trier supported Alphonso from the beginning; while the Electors of the Palatinate, Mentz, and Cologne supported Richard. The King of Bohemia, who himself aspired to the Empire, held aloof at first, and actually voted by proxy for both candidates, but later acknowledged Richard. He never occupied the position of joint Emperor assigned to him in the play, was not poisoned by Alphonso, but was slain in 1278 at the battle of the Marchfeld by Rudolf of Hapsburg. Mentz, instead of deserting Richard, was his

¹ There seems a slight contradiction between the speech of Alphonsus, I, i, 18-19, and the statement of Richard that he was invited to Germany with the consent of all the Electors, II, i, 12-14; but this is probably due to the carelessness of the playwright.

faithful and consistent supporter. As regards the sub-plot, Edward I was never in Germany, and did not marry a German princess, but as his first wife, Eleanor of Castile, sister of the Alphonso who is painted so black in this play, and as his second a French princess. The playwright seems to have confused him with his cousin, Henry of Almain, son of Richard, who accompanied his father to Germany and attended his coronation at Aachen. But Henry did not marry a German princess, but Constance of Bearn.

The motive that lay at the back of all this wild distortion of the facts of history is plain enough to the student of Elizabethan literature. It is the fierce anti-Spanish and anti-Papal prejudice that burnt so hotly in England from a few years before the coming of the Armada till some time after the death of Elizabeth. To an Englishman steeped in this prejudice the mere fact that a Spaniard had once been the rival of an Englishman for the Imperial throne was enough to warrant the assumption that the Spaniard was a villain of the blackest dye, a perjurer, a poisoner, a stabber, in short, the perfect Machiavellian; and the picture of Alphonso in this play has been drawn in perfect conformity with this prejudice. Now it is a fact of some significance in determining the authorship of *Alphonso* that Chapman, among the older Elizabethan dramatists, was notably free from this prejudice. A staunch patriot, the friend of Raleigh, the eulogist of Vere, he never shows, even in such poems as *De Guiana* and *Pro Vere* where the very subject would seem to invite it, this common anti-Spanish, anti-Papal animus. On the contrary, the apology for the Duke of Guise and the eulogy of Philip II which he puts into the mouths of Clermont and Byron¹ respectively show, at the very least, that he possessed the faculty, rare enough at all times, naturally and notably rare in his age, of seeing both sides of a great world-struggle. To me, at least, it is quite incredible that Chapman should have drawn such a hateful caricature of Alphonso X, poet, scholar, and legislator, as appears in *Alphonso Emperor of Germany*. There was, on the other hand, one dramatist of Chapman's day whose hatred of all things Spanish carried him beyond the bounds of truth or decency. George Peele, who did not hesitate to slander the fair fame of the good Queen Eleanor, would not have scrupled for a moment to pervert the character of Alphonso.

Koeppel's second argument against Chapman's authorship of this play is on the basis of dramatic style. He points out with indisputable truth that in the genuine plays of Chapman, 'the poetical tone, the poet's wealth of words, ideas, and imagery overloads and hinders the development of the action; the action is, in fact, of secondary interest to Chapman. The dialogue is his main concern. In both the doubtful tragedies [i.e. *Alphonso* and *Revenge for Honour*] the dramatist, or rather the play-wright, intent upon stage effects and *coups de théâtre*, pushes the poet into the background. The action of the play is his chief concern, not the poetical decoration of the dialogue'. It would hardly be too much to say, I think, that Chapman was a moral and philosophic poet who wrote tragedies because the drama was the most popular and paying form of literature in his day, and that the author of *Alphonso* was by instinct and training a playwright who wrote in verse simply because blank verse had become since Marlowe's day the

¹ See *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 200-234, and *The Tragedy of Byron*, IV, ii, 115-155.

accepted and conventional vehicle for serious drama. Certainly the author of *Alphonsus* was not impelled by any inner necessity, as we may imagine to have been the case with Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Chapman, to express himself in this noblest of English metres. He is one of the most prosaic of Elizabethan dramatists. I have as an editor read and re-read *Alphonsus* much oftener than the inherent value of the play could justify, and, with the exception of an isolated line or phrase, I think it would be difficult to point out a single passage of pure poetry except the simile put into the mouth of Edward in the last act :

*Let guilty minds tremble at sight of death ;
My heart is of the nature of the palm,
Not to be broken, till the highest bud
Be bent and tied unto the lowest root.*

V, i, 137-40.

If we compare such a simile as this, the highwater mark of the author of *Alphonsus*, with, for example, the elaborate figure of the home-coming ship in the first speech of *Bussy*, I, i, 20-33, we shall see how gravely Elze erred in saying that this play was written in Chapman's well-known style.

On the other hand, this prosaic author is a play-wright of no mean merit. *Alphonsus* is not, of course, a tragedy in the true sense of the word ; it is crude, superficial, and notably devoid of characterization or internal struggle ; but it has many of the merits of first-class melodrama, an interesting story clearly told, vigorous dialogue, thrilling climaxes, and a catastrophe at once surprising, overwhelming and wholly satisfactory to the popular demand for 'poetic justice'. It is impossible to determine accurately the date of *Alphonsus*, but it must certainly have been written many years before the performance of 1636. The style of the blank verse, the choice of subject, and the dramatic treatment, all point back to a time not much later than the epoch-making work of Marlowe. Now if we compare *Alphonsus*, as, to obtain a true conception of its merits as well as defects, we should do, with the tragedies signed or unsigned of that period, with *Locrine*, *Selimus*, the *Battle of Alcazar*, and *The Wounds of Civil War*, we shall feel, I believe, that its author had a stronger grip upon the fundamental principles of playwriting than most of his contemporaries. And if we compare it with the most vigorous of Chapman's tragedies, the most casual reading will show that it is as superior to *Bussy D'Ambois* in all the qualities that go to make an effective melodrama as it is inferior to it in depth of thought and nobility of expression.

It seems to me, then, that a negative is easily proved and that, on the basis of Professor Koepfel's arguments, we are justified in declaring that *Alphonsus* is not and cannot be the work of Chapman. To prove an affirmative and assign with any degree of positiveness this play to any known author, is another and more difficult task.

The only other name than Chapman's which has been connected with *Alphonsus* is that of Peele. And there is, I believe, something to be said for Peele's authorship of the play. In the first place the tradition which ascribed it to him is, as I have already said, of more value than the publisher's assignment of the play to Chapman. In the second place the fierce prejudice of the play corresponds more closely to Peele's own anti-Spanish animus than to that of any other

possible author. Mr. Robertson,¹ has made a vigorous attempt to demonstrate Peele's authorship. He points out that the archaic endings, such as *ion* [i.e. the dissolution of such terminations as *ion*, *ean*, etc., into two syllables] are in the normal style of Peele's plays and of his period, and that the classical allusions² are in the same case. This goes to show what I firmly believe, namely, that the play was originally composed at the time when Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and Peele dominated the stage, i.e. nearly fifty years before its one recorded performance; but it does not distinctly assign it to Peele.

Further, Robertson calls attention to the presence in this play of 'a score of Peele's favourite or special words, such as *Emperess*, *gratulate*, *policy*, *sacred*, *solemnized*, *suspect* (noun), *underbear*, and *zodiac*. To these I might add a few others such as *empery*, *unpartial*, and *exclaims* (noun). I must confess, however, that I look with much doubt upon the argument from diction. Until we have concordances for all the Elizabethan dramatists, as we have for Shakespeare and for Kyd,³ it is dangerous to describe any words as the 'favourite or special' words of one author. *Empery*, for example, which occurs three times in *Alphonsus* and four times in Peele's undoubted work, is found also in *Byron's Conspiracy* and *Cæsar and Pompey*; *gratulate*⁴ is found in *Bussy*. *Underbear* is found in *King John*, *underbearing* and *underborne* in *Richard II* and *Much Ado*. All I have been able to learn from a careful study of the diction of *Alphonsus* is that it is archaic, including, for example, such forms as *for to* and *for why* (the latter of which occurs four times in Peele, the former, I think, only once), and on the whole much more nearly resembles Peele's usage than Chapman's. Hardly of more importance are a pair of phrases common to Peele and *Alphonsus*: *bloody banquet* (*Alph.*, V, i, 39; *Battle of Alcazar*, IV, i, 6) and *vital blood* (*Alph.*, V, i, 37; *David and Bersabe*, sc. ii, 45, sc. iii, 14), though there are two instances, pointed out in the notes on III, i, 337, 359, where *Alphonsus* seems plainly to echo in rhythm and diction a line of Peele's. Finally such repetitions as are noted in V, i, 181-3 and V, i, 192-6 are, to say the least, akin to Peele's manner. It is worth noting that these phrases and these echoes and these repetitions occur close together in *Alphonsus*, possibly indicating old sections of the play left untouched by a later reviser.

On the other hand, some of the most striking features of Peele's work are noticeably absent in *Alphonsus*. Robertson himself remarks that it runs strikingly less to alliteration than *David and Bersabe* or *The Battle of Alcazar*. He accounts for this on the ground of its being a later work. But in Peele's poems *Descensus Astreæ*, 1591, *Honour of the Garter*, 1593, and *Anglorum Feriæ*, 1595, all of later date than

¹ *Op. cit.* pp. 123-131.

² Certainly the classical allusions are not in the least in Chapman's manner. They consist mainly in a parade of proper names from Greek and Roman history and mythology: Atë, Athamas, Menœtiades, Phalaris, Rhadamanth, etc., whereas Chapman, as I have shown elsewhere (*The Nation*, New York, April 15, 1909), makes large draughts on his favourite classic authors for sentiments, similes, etc.

³ Crawford's *Concordance to Kyd* in *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas* is now complete.

⁴ Also in three plays representing three different periods of Shakespeare's work, *Richard III*, *Henry V*, and *Cymbeline*.

any of his known plays, we find enough instances of alliteration to assure us that Peele did not abandon this trick as he grew older. I cite a few cases at random :

Guarded with graces and with gracious trains.

Desc. Ast., 22.

*Graced by a King and favour'd of his feres,
Famed by his followers.*

Garler, 104-5.

*Lead England's lovely shepherds in a dance
O'er hill and dale, and downs and daisy-plots.*

Angl. Fer., 44-5.

Moreover, the rhythm of the verse in *Alphonsus* seems to me, in the main, distinctly different from that of Peele. It is less monotonous, and makes a freer use of double endings.¹ It lacks Peele's peculiar bombast, his trick of bolstering out a line with swelling epithets. It lacks also one of Peele's peculiar charms, the lyrical note, which appears not only in his lighter work, but also in such chronicle plays as *David and Bersabe* and *Edward I.* The dialogue is, for the most part, livelier and more realistic—in a word, the dialogue of a dramatist rather than of a poet. And this brings me to the last and, I think, the strongest argument against Peele as the 'substantial author', to borrow Robertson's phrase, of *Alphonsus* as it now stands. I have already spoken of the comparative excellence in plot and structure of this play; it occupies, considered from this aspect and from this alone, a place among its contemporaries not far behind the masterpieces of Marlowe and of Kyd. But Peele has, I should say, less sense of plot and structure in his serious work than any playwright of his day. No play of the time is emptier of context than the *Battle*, less coherent than *Edward I.*, more clumsily arranged than *David and Bersabe*. Fresh from a reading of Peele, undertaken with the special view of comparing his style and method with that of *Alphonsus*, I can only say that it seems to me incredible that he should ever have attained such power of dramatic handling of a subject as this play shows.

What, then, is to be our conclusion as to Peele's authorship of *Alphonsus*? For it we have the old tradition, the presence of his special anti-Spanish animus, and a certain similarity of diction, combined with a few cases of pronounced echoes or imitations. Against it we have the absence of some of his special characteristics and the presence of a power of dramatic composition to which he can lay no claim. The most that we can grant Peele is, I think, to admit the possibility that he, perhaps in collaboration with another author, composed an old play on this subject, which has been subjected to so thorough a revision as to leave only a few traces of his hand.

At what date such a revision was undertaken and by whom it was performed are questions to which with our present knowledge we can return no satisfactory answers. I venture, however, on a suggestion which may perhaps serve as a working hypothesis for future investigation. *Alphonsus* is unique among Elizabethan plays for the knowledge

¹ Robertson, pp. 192, 198, notes that the first act of *Alphonsus*, which he confesses cannot be wholly Peele's work, has about 15 per cent. of double endings as compared with 7 per cent. and 6 per cent. in the first acts of *David and Bersabe* and the *Battle* respectively. Such a partial comparison is not, of course, decisive, but it adds force to my assertion.

it reveals of German life and manners, and for its frequent and idiomatic use of the German language. Not only are characters introduced who speak nothing but German, but German words and phrases are sprinkled plentifully throughout the dialogue. I cannot believe with Robertson, pp. 130-1, that an actor who had travelled in Germany for some time, like Pope or Bryan of Shakespeare's company, could have acquired any such familiarity with German life or any such command of the German language. I would rather hold with Elze that the evidence points to a collaborator of German birth and education. And such a collaborator, not in the original composition of the play, but in the revision which I have assumed, might, I believe, be found in the person of Rudolf Weckherlin.¹

Born in 1584 of a respectable family in Württemberg, Weckherlin studied law at Tübingen, and spent some three years in England between 1607 and 1614, where he came to know such men of letters as Daniel, Sylvester, and Sir Henry Wotton. He married an English lady, and shortly before 1624 settled permanently in England, where for over sixteen years he served as an undersecretary of state. He is known to have spent the summer of 1636 at Court, and it is characteristic of his busy and officious disposition that it was said of him that like Bottom he wished to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion all at once. He composed verses not only in German, but in French and English, an ode dating from 1618 has German, English, French, and Latin strophes. His German poems have been reprinted in the *Bibliothek des Literarischen Vereins*, vols. 199-200, but of his English verse only a translation of some German songs has been preserved, although a pageant in honour of Lord Hay was extant in MS. as late as 1845. We have therefore little material by which to judge Weckherlin's mastery of English verse, but he may well be presumed from his long residence, marriage, and occupation in England to have been thoroughly conversant with our language. Is there anything incredible in the supposition that in 1636 Weckherlin, desirous of treating his countryman, the Elector Palatine, to a theatrical performance by the King's Players dealing with a theme chosen from the history of their common fatherland and marked by an anti-Spanish spirit which the son of Frederick of Bohemia could not choose but share, should have hit upon the old play of *Alphonsus*, which he may perhaps have seen during his first visit to England? In his hands alone, or, more likely in collaboration with some playwright of the day, this play would then have undergone the revision which has given it its present form. The presence of a German like Weckherlin at the revising playwright's elbow would easily account for the marked German colour of the play, and Weckherlin was certainly capable of writing the German dialogue.

There are, moreover, one or two small bits of evidence which seem to me to point to Weckherlin in this connexion. One of these is the fact pointed out by Elze, p. 27, that the boors, Hans and Jerick, speak a Low German dialect akin to that used by the servants and clowns in the plays of Heinrich Julius, Duke of Brunswick.² No English

¹ Weckherlin has been already suggested as a possible collaborator by Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 428, n. I have done little more than follow out his suggestion.

² Heinrich Julius of Brunswick, 1564-1613, was the author of eleven plays, all dated in the early nineties and showing marked English influence.

author of the time, however thorough his knowledge of German, can be supposed at all likely to observe such a fine distinction as to make his courtiers talk High German and his peasants the conventional Low German assigned to such rôles by the Duke of Brunswick. But this is exactly the sort of a thing that a somewhat pedantic German of Weckherlin's type might be expected to do.

Further, the word *scherzkin*, which occurs in IV, iii, 70 in the sense of 'darling' is apparently unknown in German; it is not, at any rate, recorded in Grimm's *Wörterbuch*. But we do find there the corresponding South German form, *scherzlein* or *schertzelein*, and the sole example given of the use of this word in this sense is taken from a poem by Weckherlin. Would not the substitution of the North German diminutive *-kin* (for *-chen*), to suit the speaker, a North German princess, be a piece of pedantry exactly akin to the imitation of Duke Julius noted above?

Elze has, to be sure, attempted to anticipate such a hypothesis as I have suggested, by the statement, p. 32, that 'the German elements are so inseparably blended with the plot and character of the tragedy that they must necessarily be considered of simultaneous growth with the play itself', and not a later addition. It is difficult to judge how much weight should be attached to such a statement. For myself I believe that it is possible to conceive an *Ur-Alphonsus* which, while retaining the main outline of the plot, should be almost entirely lacking in the German elements which, naturally enough, seemed to Elze the most important and interesting things in the play.

The only other objection that I can see is that the diction and metre of the play are remarkably archaic for any such thorough revision as I have suggested about the year 1636. But the original play is, as has been said, much older, and the reviser may have preferred, quite properly, to retain the old style rather than to tack on purple patches in the manner of Fletcher or Massinger. It is merely a question of the thoroughness of the revision and of the influence of the German collaborator upon the final and present form of the play.

I cannot avoid the feeling that this is a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion to the hours of study spent upon this play. The only certainty that I can offer the reader is a negative, that Chapman does not appear to have had any connexion with its composition. For a positive conclusion I can only submit a hypothesis which, though it seems plausible to me, may offer more points of attack than I am at present aware of. I shall feel, however, that I have done something for our knowledge of Elizabethan drama, if this hypothesis leads to further investigation of the origin of a unique and from the historical point of view peculiarly interesting play, and, perhaps, in the end to a final settlement of the long debated problems it has suggested.

ALPHONSUS EMPEROR OF GERMANY

NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Alphonso : Alphonso X of Castile, titular Emperor of The Holy Roman Empire, 1257-73.

The King of Bohemia : ¹ Ottocar II, King of Bohemia, 1253-78.

Bishop of Mentz : Archbishop Gerhard of Mainz.

Bishop of Collen : Conrad von Hochstaden, Archbishop of Cologne.

Bishop of Trier : Arnold von Isenburg, Archbishop of Trier.

Palatine of the Rhein : Ludwig II of Bavaria, County Palatine, a leader of the Hohenstauffen party in Germany, and a supporter of Richard.

Duke of Saxon : Albrecht I, Duke of Sachsen-Wittenberg.

Marquess of Brandenburg. The Margraviate of Brandenburg was, as a matter of fact, shared at this time by two brothers, Johan I and Otto III. The latter was himself suggested as a candidate for the Empire before the elections of Richard and Alphonso, but declined the honour.

Prince Edward : the eldest son of Henry III, later Edward I.

Richard : Richard of Cornwall, younger brother of Henry III, and Emperor from 1257-72.

Lorenzo de Cyprus : an imaginary character, as is his son, Alexander.

Isabella : daughter of John of England, actually the third wife of the Emperor Frederic II, *Stupor Mundi*.

Hedewick : an imaginary character. No German princess was ever married to Edward I.

Jerick : i.e. Jörg, or Jörg, the Low German form of George.

I, i, 6. *Hot at hand* : quick at the beginning. See *New English Dictionary*, *sub* Hand, 25 c, and cf. a similar phrase in *Julius Cæsar*, IV, ii, 23, usually misinterpreted by the editors.

I, i, 53. The word *aloft* in the stage direction after this line probably indicates that the bed of Lorenzo was placed in the balcony overhanging the stage.

I, i, 63. *Una arbusta . . . erithacos* : a proverb going back as far as the scholia on Aristophanes, *Wasps*, l. 922 : οὐ τρέφει μία λόχη δύο ἐριθάκους.

I, i, 100-102. As Meyer has pointed out (*Machiavelli and The Elizabethan Drama*, p. 134), this maxim is taken directly from Gentilet's summary of the principles of Machiavelli in his *Discours sur les Moyens de bien gouverner . . . Contre Nicholas Machiavel*, 1576. The twelfth maxim of the third part of Gentilet, as given by Meyer, p. 12, reads : ' Le Prince doit ensuyure la nature du Lyon, et du Renard : non de l'un sans l'autre '. This is derived from *Il Principe*, chap. xviii : Essendo adunque un principe necessitato sapere bene usare la bestia, debbe di quella pigliare la volpe ed il leone ; perchè il leone non si difende dai lacci, la volpe non si difende da' lupi. Bisogna adunque essere volpe a conoscere i lacci, e leone a sbigottire i lupi. Coloro che stanno semplicemente in sul leone non se ne intendono : ' A Prince then being necessitated to know how to make use of that part belonging to a beast, ought to serve himself of the

¹ The proper names given to the seven Electors by the dramatist in I, ii, 1-40 are his own invention. I have here given the real names of the Electors in the year 1257.

conditions of the Fox and the Lion; for the Lion cannot keep himself from snares, nor the Fox defend himself against the Wolves. He had need then be a Fox, that he may beware of the snares, and a Lion that he may scare the wolves. Those that stand wholly upon the Lion, understand not well themselves'—translation of Dacres, 1640 (*Tudor Translations*, vol. xxxix, pp. 321-2). The original of this passage appears to be Plutarch, *Lysander*, vii, 5: 'Lysander said, "When the lion's skin will not serve, we must help it with the case of a fox"'. A close parallel to the comment of Alphonsus on this maxim, ll. 103-7, occurs in the anonymous play *Selimus*, 1594, ll. 1732-4:

*I like Lysander's counsel passing well;
'If that I cannot speed with lion's force,
To clothe my complots in a fox's skin'.*

With the second maxim, ll. 109-11, we may compare Gentilet B, 1 (Meyer, p. 10): 'Un prince, sur toutes choses, doit appeter d'estre estimé devot, bien qu'il ne le soit pas'. Cf. also Gentilet, C, 21 (Meyer, p. 12): 'Le Prince prudent ne doit observer la foy, quand l'observation luy en est dommageable, et que les occasions qui la luy ont fait promettre sont passees'.

With the third, ll. 117-8, cf. Gentilet, C. 6 (Meyer, p. 12): 'C'est folie de penser que nouveaux plaisirs facent oublier vieilles offences aux grands Seigneurs'. This goes back to *Il Principe*, chap. vii, last sentence but one: 'Whoever believes that with great personages new benefits blot on [sic] the remembrance of old injuries is much deceiv'd' (*Tudor Translations*, p. 288).

With the fourth maxim, l. 157, cf. Gentilet, C. 9 (Meyer, p. 12): 'Mieux vaut à un Prince d'estre craint qu'aimé', a distortion of Machiavelli's statement, *Principe*, xvii, that it is much safer to be feared than to be loved. The form in the play is evidently nearer the original than it is to Gentilet.

The fifth maxim, ll. 162-4, is a liberal expansion of Gentilet, C. 18 (Meyer, p. 12): 'Le Prince ne doit craindre de se perjurier, tromper et dissimuler: car le trompeur trouve tousiours qui se laisse tromper'. Meyer remarks, p. 136, that the *poison, murder, and all kind of villanies*, of our text show the influence of Marlowe—in his tremendous, but wilfully distorted, embodiment of Machiavellism in *Barabas*—and of the subsequent dramatic tradition.

Of the sixth maxim, l. 173, Meyer, p. 136, remarks: 'This is not to be found exactly as stated either in Machiavelli or Gentilet, but must have been perverted by the dramatists [sic] from *Principe* xxiii, i.e. the chapter headed, in Dacres' translation, *That Flatterers are to be avoyded*.' Gentilet sums up this chapter in maxim A, 2 (Meyer, p. 10): 'Le Prince, pour eviter flatteurs, doit defendre a ceux de son conseil, qu'ils ne luy parlent ne donnent conseil, sinon des choses dont il leur entamera propos, et demandera avis'. It is evident that the maxim of the play represents an advanced stage of Machiavellism as understood by the English public of the sixteenth century. The dramatist probably gave it its present shape to account for Alphonsus' murder of Lorenzo at the close of the scene.

I, i, 120. This statement is an invention of the dramatist to motivate the feud between Alphonsus and the Palatine. It has no more foundation in history than the statement in l. 123, that Alphonsus sought to banish the Duke of Saxony.

I, i, 135-41. I find no authority for this statement. *Young victorious Otho* may be Otto der Kind, Herzog zu Braunschweig und Lüneburg, but he does not seem to have warred on the Elector of Mainz. The story of Mainz's captivity and ransom is an invention of the dramatist.

I, i, 149. *Holiness*: Elze notes on the use of this title in I, ii, 139 that 'from the times of St. Boniface the Archbishop of Mentz was always considered the highest dignitary of the Church next to the Pope; his was a Holy See (*heiliger Stuhl*) like the Pope's, whilst the other Archbishops were styled Archbishops of the Holy Cathedrals of Collen, Trier, etc.'. The

title of 'Holiness' is applied to Mentz throughout this play; once also to Collen, IV, i, 9.

- I, i, 193. *Aeneas' pilot*: Palinurus. The story of his fatal sleep, due to the god Somnus, is told by Virgil, *Aeneid*, V, 835, ssq.
- I, i, 201-205. Alphonsus here compares himself to an actor, who has destroyed his part, i.e. the notes which Lorenzo has just dictated to him. Some may think that he has been overhasty in so doing, but to prove that he *studies sure*, i.e. gets his part by heart, he will *make a backward repetition*, i.e. repeat it backwards. The last maxim was that a prince should always be jealous of those who knew his secrets, and Alphonsus now puts this into practice by poisoning his privy councillor, Lorenzo.
- I, ii. The scene is laid in the Capella Regia of St. Bartholomew's Church in Frankfurt. The action is closely modelled after that prescribed by the Golden Bull as the due form for the election of an Emperor, but the author has fallen into several slight errors. He gives a wrong order of the Electors in ll. 10-40. According to the Golden Bull, chap. i, the order was as follows: Bohemia, Cologne, Trier, the Palatine, Saxony, Brandenburg; Mainz, who had summoned the Electors, apparently acted as host, since it is expressly stated that he is to lead in the others. The order in voting was somewhat different. Mainz, who called on the others to declare their choice, had the privilege of voting last; the author's statement in I, i, 155 and I, ii, 115 is incorrect. The voting order was Trier, Cologne, Bohemia, Palatine, Saxony, Brandenburg, and Mainz.
- Further, the author has confused the offices of several of the Electors. Bohemia was not *Sewer* to the Emperor (l. 12), but Cupbearer, *Archipincerna*; the Palatine was not exactly *Taster* (l. 19), but Seneschal or Chief Sewer, *Archidapifer*—*Comes etiam Palatinus cibum afferre tenebitur*, Golden Bull, chap. iv. Cologne was not *Chancellor of Gallia* (l. 29), but of Italy; and, vice versa, Trier was not *Chancellor of Italy* (l. 37), but of Gallia, i.e. of Burgundy and Arles. Finally, the author seems to have mistranslated the Latin title of the Margrave of Brandenburg, *Archicamerarius*. This might mean *Treasurer* (l. 40), but as a matter of fact it means High Chamberlain. The function of Brandenburg is specified in the Golden Bull, chap. iv: *Brandenburg aquam lavandis Imperatoris . . . manibus ministravit*.
- I, ii, 5. *The seven pillars*. Elze calls attention to the fact that this epithet is taken from the Golden Bull, chap. xii: *Sacri Imperii Principes Electores . . . qui solidi bases Imperii et columnæ immobiles, etc.*
- I, ii, 16. *Duke of Pomerland*, i.e. Pomerania. Gerhard of Mainz, who supported Richard of Cornwall, had no connexion with Pomerania. The statement that the Archbishop of Trier was Duke of Lorraine (l. 37) is equally unhistorical.
- I, ii, 66. *Palestine*. Richard had taken the cross as early as 1236. He sailed for Acre in 1240, along with Simon de Montfort and other nobles, but only remained there a few months.
- I, ii, 77-79. According to the Golden Bull, the Electors were bound to choose an Emperor before leaving Frankfurt, and if the election was deferred beyond thirty days they were to receive but bread and water until they had reached a decision. There seems some reference to this custom in Bohemia's remark.
- I, ii, 131. *By a full consent*: by a unanimous agreement of the Electors. This is not in accordance with the facts.
- I, ii, 135. *Him*: Alphonsus.
- I, ii, 204. *The Earl of Leicester and the barons*. The reference is to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and the barons who leagued with him to obtain redress of grievances from Henry III. The 'Mad Parliament' in which they compelled him to accept the Provisions of Oxford was held in the year after Richard's election, 1258. Later when war broke out between the King and the Barons, Richard joined his brother and was taken prisoner at Lewes, 1264. The play seems to regard the quarrel as already raging in 1257.

- I, ii, 215. I have not noted any instance of the archaic *for why* in Chapman's tragedies.
- I, ii, 235. *For age and age*: forever and ever. See *The New English Dictionary*, sub *Age*, 10.
- I, ii, 236. *A*: a common Elizabethan abbreviation for 'he'. It is not, I think, used by Chapman in his tragedies.
- I, ii, 253. *Cæsar's*: the reference is to the Emperor Alphonsus.
- I, ii, 261. *Wehrhaftig*: capable of bearing arms.
- I, ii, 261-5. There seems a reference here to the so-called *Schwabenalter*. It was said by way of derision of the lethargic and thick-witted Suabians that it took a boy forty years to grow up to manhood among them *Ein Schwab braucht vierzig Jahr um klug zu sein*. The custom of promoting a boy to manhood by giving him a box on the ear and girding him with a sword is an old German one. Elze calls attention to a passage in Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus* (ed. Keller, vol. ii, p. 179), where the disguised virgin Lebuschka is so promoted by her master: *dannenhero erhielte ich bald von ihm, dass er mir einen Degen schenckte und mich mit einer Maultasche Wehrhaft machte*.
- II, i, 36. *Count Mansfield*: probably a reference, with the characteristic Elizabethan disregard of anachronism, to Count Ernest Mansfield, son of Count Peter Ernest who appears in *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 182-90. Count Ernest had taken a prominent part in the Thirty Years' War, serving first under Frederick of the Palatinate. He had visited England in 1624 to strengthen the Protestant Alliance against the League. He died in 1626, rising from a sick bed to put on full armour and die standing.
- II, i, 46. *The Emperors*: i.e. Alphonsus and Bohemia himself, who has been made joint Emperor, I, ii, 165-78.
- II, ii, 50. *The Ambidexter*: the Vice, or comic character in the old play of *Cambises*, printed 1569-70, the work of Thomas Preston of Cambridge. It seems to have been well known for many years after its first appearance, as it is referred to by Shakespeare in 1 *K.H. IV*, II, iv, 425: *I must speak in passion and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein*. The Vice, Ambidexter, enters 'with an old cap-case on his head, an old pail about his hips for harness, a scummer and a pot-lid by his side, and a rake on his shoulder'. In accordance with his name, he constantly plays a double part in the action:

*My name is Ambidexter, I signify one,
That with both hands finely can play;
Now with King Cambises, and by and by gone,
Thus do I run this and that way.*

It is to this duplicity that the Prince refers when he says that Mentz will *play the Ambidexter cunningly*. The allusion to so old a play as *Cambises* is one of the proofs, I think, that *Alphonsus* in its original form must belong to the sixteenth century. The allusion would hardly have been familiar in 1636 when it was performed at Blackfriars. There is a similar allusion in the old play, *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, formerly ascribed to Peele (Bullen's *Works of Peele*, vol. ii, p. 131); but by Kittredge (*Journal of Germ. Phil.*, vol. ii, p. 8) to Preston.

- II, ii, 89-91. 'Look you, that is not the custom here! My God, is that the English fashion? May [the devil take] you'.
- II, ii, 94. *His country fashion*. The old English custom of greeting guests or strangers with a kiss excited much comment from foreigners. The *locus classicus* regarding this fashion is the letter of Erasmus to Andrelini (*Epistolæ*, no. 103, edited by Allen, 1906): ¹ *Est præterea mos nunquam satis laudatus. Sive quo venias, omnium oculis excipieris; sive discedas aliquo, oculis dimitteris; redis, redduntur suavia; venit ad te, propinantur suavia; discedit abs te, dividuntur basia; occurrit alicubi, basiatur affatim; denique quocunque te moveas, suaviorum plena sunt omnia, Quæ si tu, Fauste, gustasses semel quam sint mollicula, quam fragrantia, profecto*

¹ See Hewlett's charming translation of this passage at the beginning of *The Duchess of Nona* in *Little Novels of Italy*

cuperes non decennium solum . . . sed ad mortem usque in Anglia peregrinari.

- II, ii, 117-8. 'May [the devil take] you! Must I, poor child, be put to shame?'
 II, ii, 122-4. 'Ah, dear lady, take it in good part; it is the English manner and custom'. 'Your Grace knows well that it is a great shame to me'.
 II, ii, 126-7. 'Gracious lady, forgive me; I will never do it again'.
 II, ii, 128. *Upsy Dutch*: Elze explains that 'this phrase is a corruption either of the Middle Dutch *op syn dietsch* or of the Low German *op syn dütsch*. It means "in his German", "in German", or, as the Germans say, *auf gut Deutsch*, and, from the language, has been transferred to German manners altogether'. Here the phrase refers to the German fashion of kissing one's own hand in salutation.
 II, ii, 138-42. 'In truth, [it is] no shame'. 'Gracious, highborn Prince and Lord, if I could speak enough English, I would in truth give your Grace a snub; but I hope I shall sometime learn enough, so that you may understand me'. The word *filz*, l. 141, is the same as the English 'felt', 'stuff', but it is used in the idioms, *filz geben*, *austeilen*, etc., in the sense of 'snub' or 'reproof'. See Grimm's *Wörterbuch*, sub *Filz*.
 II, ii, 158-9. Saxon had given Isabella full power to conclude the marriage arrangements of his daughter.
 II, ii, 167-70. 'Is your Grace content with this?' 'What your Serene Highness wishes, my father wishes, and what my father wishes therewith must I be content'.
 II, ii, 193. *His life's reproach*: reproaches heaped upon his life.
 II, ii, 231. *Selected*: this word modifies *Emperor's*, not *Electors*.
 II, ii, 238-9. The corporate body of the seven Electors is stigmatised, in the language of popular theology, as the whore of Babylon seated upon her seven-headed beast, *Revelation* xvii, 1-9. Such a reference is not at all in the manner of Chapman, but quite like Peele, the 'true-blue' Englishman.
 II, ii, 296-302. Possibly we have here an allusion to the old *Hamlet* and the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre 'Hamlet, revenge'.
 II, ii, 305. *Gripping at our lots*: Elze notes this as a Germanism, as contrasted with the usual English phrase 'draw lots'.
 II, ii, 314. *For to help*: I have not noticed any instance of this archaic form of the infinitive in Chapman.
 II, ii, 321. See Text Notes, pp. 706-7. I interpret the emended lines as follows: 'Dutch boors are devilish rogues', etc. *Towsandt schelms*, I interpret, on the analogy of such phrases as 'Tausendsassa' = 'Teufelskerl', 'Tausend-künstler' = 'Teufel' as equivalent to 'the devil's own rogues'.
 II, ii, 324. *By your Highness*: This seems to me rather a Germanism than idiomatic Elizabethan English.
 II, ii, 325. This clumsy device smacks of the earliest period of Elizabethan drama. A similar one is preserved in *Titus Andronicus*, II, iii.
 II, ii, 345. *Rhadamant*: Rhadamanthus, one of the three judges of the dead along with Minos and Æacus. He appears frequently in Elizabethan drama in this rôle; cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, I, i, 33.
 II, iii, 3. *A plumper boor*: 'a lubberly peasant', Elze.
 II, iii, 28. *Aix*: Aix-la-Chapelle, the city in which the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire received the crown of Germany from 813 to 1531.
 II, iii, 33-36. 'Come here, Hans; where art thou? Why art thou so sad? Be merry! You may earn much money; we will kill him, by gad'. 'Let me see the letters'.
 II, iii, 39-41. 'Hans and Jerick, my dear friends, I pray keep it a secret and kill the Englishman.'

II, iii, 53-100.

Jer. What say you, will you do it?

Hans. What will I not do for money! Look, by gad, there he is.

Jer. Yes, by gad zookers, it's he. Hallo, good morning, good luck, gentleman!

Hans. Gentleman, the devil! he is a boor.

Rich. You are a rascal, keep off !

Jer. Hallo, hallo, are you so proud ? Sir boor, come here, or the devil take you.

Rich. I am a Prince ; don't lay hands on me, you rogues, you traitors !

Both. Strike, strike. We'll treat you like a prince.

Rich. O God, receive my spirit into thy hands.

Jer. O excellent, fine ! He's dead, he's dead. Let us see what money he has on him. Hallo, here's enough, quite enough ; there's for you, and there's for me, and this I'll take into the bargain.

Hans. How so, Jack fool ? Hand me over the chain.

Jer. Yes, like fun ! This chain looks fine on my neck ; I'm going to wear it.

Hans. The falling sickness blast you ! You shall never do that, you rogue.

Jer. What, do you call me rogue ? Take that !

Hans. A hundred thousand devils take you ! Wait a bit, I'll learn you !

Jer. Will you strike or thrust ?

Hans. I'll strike fair.

Jer. Very well ; there's my back, strike away.

Hans. Take that ! And here's my back.

Jer. Once more ! O excellent, are you down ? Now I'll have everything, money and chain, and the whole lot. O fine, cheer-up, jolly ! Now I'm a fine gentleman.

Rich. You villain, rogue, murderer, turn here, do you see me ? Give me the chain and the money back.

Jer. What, are you come to life again ? Then I must defend myself. Will you thrust or strike ?

Rich. That's what I'll do, you rogue !

Jer. Wait, wait a bit. If you're a honest fellow, fight fair. O I'm dying, I'm dying. Let me live.

Rich. Tell me then who wrote the letters. Don't lie, but speak the truth.

Jer. O my honourable, good, noble, worshipful gentleman, there is the money and the chain back again ; you shall have it all back, but who wrote the letters, that I don't know upon my soul.

Rich. Lie still there, still, I say.

* * * *

So die, rogue !

Jer. O, I'm dying, oh, oh, oh ! The devil fly away with you !

Sax. Fie upon you, wretched villain, have you killed your comrade ?

Pal. Let us seize the villain.

II, iii, 113. *Bistu* : an old German contraction for *bist du*, art thou.

III, i, 10. *Wait up* : Elze takes this phrase as a Germanism equivalent to *aufwarten*, i.e. attend.

III, i, 21. *The Fool rides thee*. It seems to have been a common practice in the old drama for the Fool, or Vice, to be carried off the stage by the Devil. Cushman (*The Devil and the Vice*, p. 120) points out that such an exit for the Vice occurs in only one surviving play, *Like Will to Like* ; but a passage in Jonson, *The Devil is An Ass*, V, iv, proves, I think, that the practice was well known. When Iniquity, the Vice of Jonson's play, takes Pug, the Devil, upon his shoulders, he exclaims

*The Devil was wont to carry away the Evil,
But now the Evil outcarries the Devil.*

The phrase *the Evil* in these lines is evidently a synonym for *the Vice*.

III, i, 29. *Reinfal* : a southern wine, highly prized in Germany in the Middle Ages. Grimm, *Wörterbuch*, says that the oldest German form of the word is *raivul*, from *vinum rivale*. The attempt to fix the spot whence this sort of wine came does not appear to have been successful, although various

places, such as Rivoglio in Istria, Rivoli in the territory of Verona, Rivallo west of Trieste, and others, have been suggested.

- III, i, 32.** Elze fancies that something has been lost before this speech. But it is not necessary to assume this. The connexion between the speech of Alphonsus, II. 26-31, and the reply of the Empress, lies in the phrase, *unexpected league*, I. 31. The Empress remarks that Edward like a true bridegroom is too rapt in the contemplation of the bride to revel *lusty upsy Dutch*.
- III, i, 46.** *Es gilt*: an expression used in drinking a health, equivalent to 'here is'.
- III, i, 48.** 'God help me, it shall be a welcome pledge to me'. *Sam*, according to Grimm's *Wörterbuch*, occurs regularly in such phrases as *Sam mir Gott*, i.e. *so wahr mir Gott helfen möge*, *Sam mir der Heilige Grab*, etc. Professor Schick informs me that in Württemberg *Sam Gott* is still a common colloquial response to *Prosit*, the word which accompanies the drinking of a health.
- III, i, 52.** *Troll out*. Elze did not understand this phrase (see Text Notes, p. 708); but it is a not uncommon idiom. See *Tempest*, III, ii, 126, *troll the catch*, and *Paradise Lost*, XI, 616, *troll the tongue*.
- III, i, 53.** 'To that end here's another health, Your Majesty'. 'God help me, let it come'.
- III, i, 61-2.** This custom, spoken of here as a purely local Saxon custom, is the well-known 'Toby-night', or 'nights', ordained as a rule of the Church by the Council at Carthage, A.D. 398. The rule was authorized by the example of Tobith (Toby), who spent the first three nights of his marriage in prayer and so escaped the death which had befallen his brothers. But this custom of abstinence for the first night, or nights, never seems to have been so prevalent in Germany as in France, where absolutions from its observance were actually sold by priests to eager husbands. See on this subject, Karl Weinhold, *Die deutschen Frauen in dem Mittelalter*, p. 268, and Du Meril Edelstand, *Etudes sur quelques points d'Archéologie*, p. 72.
- III, i, 81-3.** 'Will you sleep with me to-night'? 'God forbid, I hope your Majesty will not ask it of me'.
- III, i, 87.** *A Jacob's staff*: an astronomical instrument, formerly used for taking the altitude of the sun. It is mentioned by Webster (*The White Devil*, I, ii, 102), Nash (*Piers Penniless*), and Overbury (*Character of an Almanack-maker*); but nowhere with the implied meaning it has here.
- III, i, 100.** *We'll drink about*. Elze refers to this as a German custom, *Herum trinken*, but something very similar was known in England in Elizabethan times and even later. Cf. the 'round' of healths in *All Fools*, V, ii, 53-76.
- III, i, 112.** *Hüpsch boor-maikins*: i.e. hübsche Bauer-mädchen, pretty peasant girls.
- III, i, 129.** *Sets my teeth an edge*: i.e. gives me an appetite; cf. the use of this phrase in *Winter's Tale*, IV, iii, 7. This use is to be distinguished from the better known phrase, 'to set one's teeth on edge', i.e. to cause an unpleasant tingling. It is in this latter sense that Shakespeare uses the phrase *set my teeth on edge* in *r.K.H. IV*, III, i, 133, where the oldest editions (all the Qq., except 3 and 4, and F₁) read *an edge*.
- III, i, 131.** *Though thy robes be homely*: Isabel is dressed as a chambermaid; cf. II, ii, 26.
- III, i, 132.** In the stage direction after this line the *links* or *puddings* are, of course, sausages. The *mitre* was probably a high peaked hat. The *corances* are chaplets or garlands, German *Kranz*. Cf. the reading of the quartos, *crants*, in *Hamlet*, V, ii, 255, where the folio has *rites*.
- III, i, 140-1.** *Dorp*: village, thorpe. Cf. German *Dorf*. *Schinken*=ham, or, as the stage direction above has it, 'a gammon'.
- III, i, 144.** *Nippitate*: good, prime, an adjective formed from *nippitate*, or *nippitato*, 'good ale'. See *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, IV, ii.
- III, i, 146.** *Rommer dantzen*: 'rommer or rummer is a corruption of *herum*', Elze. The phrase means 'dance around'.

- III, i, 151. *An Almain and an upspring*: an Almain is a dance taking its name from the country of its origin, 'Almaine', i.e. Germany. It seems to have been a slow and stately measure; see the stage direction in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, II, i, 161: *Nine knights in armour, treading a warlike almain*, and Morley's definition of the 'Alman', a form of dance-music, as a heavier dance than the galliard (*Introduction to Music*, 1597, pt. III, p. 207). The *upspring*, on the other hand, is the German *Hüpfauft*, 'the last and wildest dance at the old German merry makings', Elze.
- III, i, 155. The dance represented in the stage direction after this line appears to be a form of the 'Almain'. The *foredance* is the German *Vortanz*. The *New English Dictionary* gives no instance of this word.
- III, i, 157. 'Away, peasant, and make love to-morrow'. *Löffeln* frequently occurs, Elze says, in German writers of this date. Grimm, *Wörterbuch*, says it is originally a piece of students' slang; cf. our slang phrases 'to be spoons on', 'spoony'. *To house*: home, a Germanism, equivalent to the German phrase *zu Haus*, 'at home', or 'home'.
- III, i, 161-4. 'Here's to you, peasant'! 'God help me! Oh, maiden, help me then! Oh, maiden, drink. Here's a health, good friend, a merry draught'.
- III, i, 164. There is a close parallel to the poisoning indicated in the stage direction after this line in *Antonio's Revenge*, I, i, 66-70, where Piero tells how after drinking to Andrugio he dropped poison in the cup and handed it to him to return the pledge.
- III, i, 172. *Pepper'd*. Alexander had been the first to taste the cup, l. 161, so that if it should be poisoned, he is 'done for'. The use of '*pepper'd*' in this sense is common in Elizabethan English, see the *New English Dictionary*, sub *Pepper*, 5.
- III, i, 175-7. 'What is it, what is it, what will you do to me?' 'Drink out, drink out, or the devil fly off with you'. 'Oh, content you, I'll gladly drink'.
- III, i, 179. *Spanish flies*: the popular name of the beetles which furnish the drug cantharides, used here, with reference to the native country of Alphonsus, as equivalent to 'poison'.
- III, i, 180. *This*: i.e. the reappearance in disguise of Saxon and Palsgrave, who had seceded from the conclave of the Electors, cf. I, ii, 191.
- III, i, 201. *Fear myself*: i.e. 'fear for myself', a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom; cf. *Richard III*, I, i, 137: *His physicians fear him mightily*, and *All's Well*, III, v, 31: *You shall not need to fear me*. I owe these references to Mr. Daniel.
- III, i, 227. *For to unlace*: cf. note on II, ii, 314.
- III, i, 271. *Lansknights*: one of the various forms of the English rendering of the German *Landsknecht*; others are 'launceknights', a popular etymology, and the commoner 'lansquenet', through the French. According to Grimm's *Wörterbuch*, both the word and the thing date from the wars of Maximilian I, 1580-90. Strictly a *Landsknecht* was a foot soldier of German nationality as opposed to a Swiss or other foreign mercenary.
- III, i, 289, 291. For the assignment of these speeches, see Text Notes, p. 709.
- III, i, 332. *By night all cats are grey*. Elze calls this 'a German proverb which, I think, will be nowhere else found in English'. It occurs, however, in the *Proverbs* of John Heywood, 1562, Part I, chap. v, 'When all candles be out, all cats be gray.'
- III, i, 337. As Robertson (*loc. cit.*, p. 127) points out, this line is an echo of one in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, II, i, 176:
To ravish all thy beating veins with joy.
- III, i, 348. *Até*: the goddess of mischief.
- III, i, 358. Cf. I, i, 179-82; but there is no need of assuming that the two poisons are the same.
- III, i, 359. Cf. Peele, *Edward I*, sc. xxv., l. 112: *The wanton bates that made me suck my bane*.
- III, i, 378. *Travants*: an English rendering of the German *Trabant*, a guards-

man. I doubt whether the word occurs elsewhere in English; it is not given in the *Century Dictionary*.

Elze calls attention to the fact that an indignity similar to that offered the Empress in the stage direction after this line occurs in *Bussy*, V, i. This is, however, no proof of Chapman's authorship of *Alphonsus*; a similar indignity occurs in Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, IV, iii, but no one has yet suggested that Ford wrote *Alphonsus*.

III, i, 384-5. *Like a strumpet, etc.*; probably a reference to the story of Rahab, *Joshua*, ii, 1-15.

IV, i, 22. *Clown's attire*: the reference is to the boors' or clowns' disguise worn by Saxon and Richard on their return to the Court, III, i, 132, stage direction.

IV, i, 33. *Suspicious of*: the context, I think, shows that this means 'suspected by' and so in danger from, *Alphonsus*; but the phrase might be taken in its usual sense.

IV, i, 89-94. 'But say, dear daughter, where wast thou this past night?' 'Where? Where should I be? I was in bed'. 'If thou wast alone, thou wast greatly frightened'. 'I had no other purpose than to have slept alone, but about midnight my bridegroom came and slept with me, till we were waked with the uproar'.

IV, i, 100. *Did she run together*: Elze suggests reading *did [you] run together*, but the phrase looks to me like a Germanism, *lief sie mit*, i.e. did she run along with you?

IV, i, 112-3. 'Hedewick, the Prince says he did not sleep with you'. 'It pleases him to say so, but I felt it well enough'.

IV, i, 119. 'Eh, dear, why should you ask?'

IV, i, 124. 'That hast thou done, or the devil take me'.

IV, i, 140. *Pack thee*: Elze reckons this reflexive use as a Germanism, but it occurs in English as early as Kennedy's *Flying*, 1508, and in Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601.

IV, i, 183. Cf. similar archaic forms in II, ii, 314, and III, i, 227. Note also an archaic *for why* in l. 203, like that in I, ii, 215. *Underbear* does not occur in Chapman's plays, but is found in Peele, *Garter*, Prologue, l. 26, and *Angl. Fer.*, l. 202.

IV, i, 209. *And not revenge*: This absolute use of *revenge* as a verb in the sense 'inflict punishment', 'take revenge upon', is rare, but not unknown in English; see *New English Dictionary*, *sub Revenge*, 5.

IV, ii, 7. *Tartarian*, of Tartary. As a rule the adjective signifies 'pertaining to Tartarus'; thus *Paradise Lost*, II, 69; but Marlowe, *1 Tamburlaine*, III, iii, 151, has *the white Tartarian hills*, a line which, as Robertson (*op. cit.*, p. 132) points out, is imitated here.

IV, ii, 9-10. Koeppel (*loc. cit.*, p. 79) sees so close a resemblance between the simile in these lines and a passage in Shakespeare as to indicate imitation on the part of the author of *Alphonsus*. Cf. *King John*, V, vii, 30-4:

*There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.*

IV, ii, 29. *The cold swift-running Rhein*: Elze in his note on this line remarks that 'the Rhine could hardly be better characterized in so few words than by the mention of its two pre-eminent features', and surmises (p. 25) that these epithets proceed from the writer's personal knowledge.

IV, ii, 74. With these words *Alphonsus* feigns a recurrence of his pains.

IV, ii, 84. The speech is interrupted here by a feigned swoon.

IV, ii, 96. *I have wrong*: I am wronged. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 329: *The heart hath treble wrong*.

IV, iii. The appearance of Hedewick *with the Child* at the beginning of this scene furnishes one of the most amusing instances of the Elizabethan dis-

regard for the unity of time. The child was begotten on the night after the marriage feast celebrated in III, i; and from that time the action has been continuous, for the death of Bohemia mentioned in IV, ii must take place on the day following, see III, i, 357-8, and 437. Consequently we are forced to imagine an interval of time sufficient for the gestation and birth of the child between IV, ii and IV, iii, that is, between two scenes which on the Elizabethan stage were played consecutively, and without interval. It is against absurdities of this sort that Sidney's attack in the *Defense of Poesie* is directed.

- IV, iii, 1. *Map of misery*: picture, or image of misery. Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 403: *Farewell, the true map of a gull*.

A closer parallel occurs in *Titus Andronicus*, III, ii, 12, where the phrase *Thou map of woe* is applied to a distressed lady. This scene of *Titus* is lacking in the Qq. and was almost certainly written by Shakespeare.

- IV, iii, 9-11. 'O my dear father, I have in these long, long forty weeks, which, it seems to me, have been forty years, learned a little English, and I hope he will understand me, etc.'

- IV, iii, 25. *Lamps*: Elze compares the phrasing of the English translation of the Golden Bull, 1619: 'The seven Electors by whom as by seven candlesticks . . . the holy empire should be illuminated'. But the metaphorical use of 'lamp' to denote a source of moral or intellectual light is much older than this. See *New English Dictionary*, sub *Lamp*, 3.

- IV, iii, 30-2. The text is confused here, probably owing to the haste and confusion of the writer. There are *three generations of the Saxon blood* present, Saxon, Hedewick, and the child; but only two of them are descended from Saxon's loins, and it is only by a figure of speech that the newborn babe (cf. l. 160) can be represented as *kneeling* to its putative father.

- IV, iii, 61. *Athamas*: Athamas was driven mad by a fury sent against him by Juno, and in his madness seized and dashed out the brains of his infant son. His story is told in detail by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, IV, 416-562.

- IV, iii, 70-2. 'Ah, my sweet Edward, my sweetheart, my darling, my dear and only beloved, my dearest husband, I prithee, my love, look kindly upon me; good sweetheart, tell the truth'.

- IV, iii, 73-5. 'For I am thine, and thou art mine, thou hast given me a little child; oh, Edward, sweet Edward, have pity on him', *Allerlievest*, ll. 71, 73, corresponds to the English 'alder-liefest'; see 2 *K.H.* VI, I, i, 28.

- IV, iii, 78. 'Dear Edward, you know I am your dearest wife'.

- IV, iii, 82-4. 'Oh my dearest highborn Prince and Lord, think that our Lord God sits in the throne of Heaven, and sees the heart, and will well avenge my cause'.

- IV, iii, 85. *Hold me . . . up*: Elze takes this as a Germanism, equivalent to *halte mich auf*. I can find no exact parallel to it in English, but it is nearly akin to 'hold in suspense'.

- IV, iii, 94-6. 'O father, oh, my father, spare my child! O Edward, oh, Prince Edward, speak now or nevermore. The child is mine, it must not die'.

- IV, iii, 118-9. 'Ah, father, give me my child, the child is mine'. 'I know that well; he says it is not his'.

- IV, iii, 121. 'O God in his throne! O my child, my child!'

- IV, iii, 134-5. 'Alas, alas, and woe is me, why said not your Excellency so before now, now 'tis too late, our poor child is killed'.

- IV, iii, 139-41. 'My father, I beg upon my knee, let me rather die. Farewell, false Edward, false Prince, I desire it not [i.e. to live with thee]'.

- IV, iii, 142. *Hammer in thy head*: Mr. Robertson, *op. cit.*, pp. 47-8, notes that this phrase is used by Lodge (*Wounds of Civil War*) and Greene (*Orlando Furioso* and various prose works). It does not appear to be used by Peele.

- IV, iii, 147. 'O Lord God, take my soul into Thy hands'.

- IV, iii, 149-50. 'O Lord of Sabaoth, may my innocence come to light'.

- IV, iii, 155. *That*, i.e. that which.

- V, i, 20. *For to divert*: another instance of the archaic infinitive.
- V, i, 21. *Triumph*: For the accentuation cf. III, i, 34 and l. 282 below.
- V, i, 28. *Carry not that conceit*: do not imagine.
- V, i, 37, 39. *Vital blood*; *bloody banquet*: see Introduction, p. 689.
- V, i, 56. The metre seems to demand the pronunciation *Colle'n* here, cf. modern English 'Colo'gne'; but in l. 72 below we have *Col'len*, as usual in this play. I doubt whether any inference as to various authorship can be drawn from this apparent difference in pronunciation.
- V, i, 73. *Object*. For this word Elze suggests *aspect*; but the meaning given in the *New English Dictionary* under *Object*, I, 3, b, 'something which on being seen excites a particular emotion', exactly fits this passage.
- V, i, 75. *Children*: a trisyllable.
- V, i, 123. *Rose-corance*. Cf. note on III, ii, 132. Elze notes that 'in Germany a "*Rosenkranz*" served as a symbol of virginity and therefore in old popular songs it often denotes maidenhead itself'.
- V, i, 132. *Count not of a dignity*. Elze suggests '*count it of a dignity*, i.e. 'I think it a dignity'. But this seems to me a misunderstanding of the passage, which means, I take it, 'I do not take account of my dignity'. See *New English Dictionary* under *Count*, 8, 'to think much, or little, of, to care for', and cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, i, 65: *no man counts of her beauty*.
- V, i, 156. *Alphonso*: This form occurs only in this line and in l. 415 below. Elsewhere we have *Alphonsus*.
- V, i, 181-3. See Introduction, p. 689.
- V, i, 248. *Secrets*: a trisyllable.
- V, i, 278. *Justiful*. This word occurs nowhere in Chapman's plays, and the repetition *rightful*, *justful*, is very much in Peele's style.
- V, i, 290. *The Princes*: i.e. Saxon, Trier and Brandenburg, who have just defeated Richard and Collen.
- V, i, 295-8. The repetition of *victory* in these lines is in Peele's manner.
- V, i, 308-24. The condition imposed upon the Emperor, his acceptance of it, and Alexander's murder of him thereafter with the intent of sending his soul to hell, all find a close parallel in *Jack Wilton* (Nash, *Works*, vol. ii, pp. 325-6, McKerrow's edition). A similar story occurs in the German novel, *Simplicissimus*, already referred to, I, i, 14, p. 96. Langbaine's references in this connexion are to works published too late to be the source of this passage.
- V, i, 327. *Take my heels*: The usual idiom is 'take to one's heels'; but this phrase occurs in *Comedy of Errors*, I, ii, 94, and *Cymbeline*, V, iii, 67.
- V, i, 346. *The coasts*: Elze says 'it is difficult to say what *coasts* the poet has been thinking of'; but *coasts* may mean 'tract', or 'region' which is probably the sense here. See *New English Dictionary*, sub *Coast*, 6, c.
- V, i, 348. *My lord*: i.e. Trier.
- V, i, 360. *Menætiades*: Patroclus. The reference is to Achilles' slaughter of twelve Trojan captives upon the pyre of Patroclus, *Iliad*, XXIII, 175-7.
- V, i, 390-2. Robertson, *op. cit.*, p. 129, calls attention to a parallel in *Titus Andronicus*, V, i, 65: *complots of mischief, treason, villanies*.
- V, i, 430. Robertson, p. 127, cites this line as showing Peele's trick of repetition.
- V, i, 442-3. Cf. *Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce* (*Aeneid*, II, 41). *Troy's overthrow* is, of course, the wooden horse.
- V, i, 460. *Phalaris*: the tyrant of Agrigentum, infamous for his hollow bull of brass, in which he roasted his victims alive. He is mentioned by Pindar, *Pythia*, I, r85.
- V, i, 471, 474-6. The barbarous mode of punishment described here seems to have been common in Germany in the Middle Ages, and to have endured even into the eighteenth century. Elze refers to Gruelin, *Abhandlung von den besonderen Rechten der Juden*, § 35 (Tübingen, 1785), who says that in former times Jews guilty of theft were in many places hanged by the feet or toes between two dogs. Jurists were divided as to the legality of the practice, and in Gruelin's times it had been abandoned. See also

Questorp, *Grundsätze der deutschen peinlichen Rechtes*, vol. i, p. 89 (Leipzig 1794).

TEXT NOTES

There is but one old edition¹ of *Alphonsus*, that published by Moseley in 1654. I refer to this edition as Q. The play was first reprinted, with an introduction and notes, by Karl Elze, Leipzig, 1867. Elze took very considerable liberties with his text, often altering or omitting words without comment or real justification. I call attention to some of the more noticeable of his changes in the following notes, referring to his edition as E.

Alphonsus next appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, London, 1873. This is a professedly exact reprint of the quarto, and is on the whole fairly reliable. I have, however, noted a few errors. I refer to this edition as P.

In 1874 *Alphonsus* appeared, for the last time up to the present date, in *The Works of George Chapman—Plays*, London, 1874. The editor, R. H. Shepherd, follows E. so closely that his work possesses no independent value. Where necessary I shall refer to this edition as S.

The most puzzling feature of the text of *Alphonsus* consists in the German speeches. These seem to have been originally composed in a fairly correct High German, except the speeches of the 'Boors', for which see the Introduction, p. 691, and an occasional Low German word. The original German was barbarously mangled by Moseley's printer, and any attempt at restoration is confronted with serious difficulties, since it is not always possible to decide whether the mistakes in the text are due to the printer or to the author. On the whole I have followed Elze's lead in this matter, departing from his reading, however, where it seemed that in his desire to secure correct German he was altering what was, perhaps, the original text. My aim has been to restore, as nearly as possible, the original German as I conceive it to have been written, since the very mistakes, if they are the errors of the author, may throw light upon the question of the authorship. In this restoration I have been greatly aided by the friendly advice of my colleague, Dr. G. M. Priest, of Princeton University, to whom my special thanks are due. In the following notes I reproduce exactly all German words and phrases altered in my text, so that the reader may determine for himself how far my changes are justified. I have published a careful study of the text of this play in *Anglia*, vol. xxx, pp. 349-379, to which the student is referred for further information, especially for criticism of the changes introduced into the text by Elze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

This list appears in Q., where Lorenzo appears as *Lorenzo de Cipres*; E. emends *de Cyprus*. In I, ii, 240, the same character is spoken of as *Lorenzo de Toledo*. His son is introduced in the stage direction preceding Act I as *Alexander de Tripes*, an evident misprint for *Cipres* which E. has corrected. Alexander again appears in the stage direction after I, ii, 228, and in III, i, 4, as *Alexander de Toledo*. These variations point, I think, to a revision of the play.

In Q. the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes.

I, i, 1. Q. *Boy, give me the Master Key of all the doors.*

E. omits *Boy*.

2. Q. *Exit Alexander.*

53. Q. *unlook'd.* E. *unlooked*, which may represent the pro-

nunciation intended, but I prefer not to emend merely to regularize the metre.

In the stage direction after this line E. omits the word *aloft*.

60-2. Q. prints as two lines,

¹ I have based the present text upon this edition, consulting the copies at the Bodleian (*Malone*, 241) and the British Museum (C. 12. g. 6 and 644. d. 50), modernizing the spelling and punctuation as usual. Lowndes, *Manual*, vol. i, p. 411, notes a copy of this play, dating 1648. I have found no trace of this and fancy it must be a misprint. Throughout these notes I have used Clarendon type to represent the black-letter of the original.

ending *ordinary*, written. E. alters *What's this to What is this, It seems to 't seems*, and prints as three lines ending *Tush, is, written*. I print as three lines, but reject E.'s arrangement and his alterations of the text.

In the stage direction after l. 62 E. prints *Lorenzo's* for Q. *his*.

63. Q. *Una arbusta non alit duos Erithicos*. E. emends *Unum arbustum*; but the form *arbusta* occurs in mediæval Latin, see *Thes. Ling. Lat.* E. also emends *Erithacos*, noting that Q. reads *Erithicus*; but the copies at the Bodleian and the British Museum have *Erithicos*.

69. The Bodleian copy has the misprint *own* for *down*. The British Museum copies are correct.

75-8. Q. prints as prose.

115. I have ventured to insert the word *and* in this line. Without it the metre of the line is rougher than seems natural in the case of a writer usually so regular as the author of this play.

127-34. By a palpable mistake Q. assigns this speech to *Alphon [sus]*. E. emends, giving it to *Lorenzo*. In l. 127 Q. has *Bohemie*. The pronunciation was probably dissyllabic, *Bemya*, cf. the German, *Böhmen*.

147. Q. *ten tun*. E. emends *ten tons*. I print *ton*, but perhaps *tun* should be retained, as the reference is probably to measure rather than to weight.

154-6. Q. prints as two lines, ending *election, next*. E. corrects. In l. 154 Q. reads *victorious*, which E. retains. But the epithet applied to *Mentz*, whose defeat and captivity have just been mentioned, is manifestly absurd. I suggest *vainglorious*.

171. Q. *set down*. S. has *sit* following an original misprint of E. corrected in later impressions.

182. Q. *twenty days*. E. *twenty hours*, identifying the poison with that mentioned in III, i, 358. But discrepancies of this kind should not be removed from the text by an editor.

C.D.W.

184. Q. *This an infection*. S. *This? an infection*, following an unnecessary emendation by E. rejected in later impressions.

190. Q. *For stirring*. E. retains, but suggests *From stirring*. This is unnecessary. I have inserted the stage direction after this line.

202. Q. *renting*; perhaps this variant of *rending* should be retained.

203. Q. *To put them out of doubt I study sure*. E. alters *I* to *I'll* and puts a semi-colon after *sure*, instead of the comma as in Q. These changes show, I think, a complete misconception of the passage. See note, p. 695, and my comment on Elze's change in the article in *Anglia*, vol. xxx.

208. E. inserts the stage direction after this line.

214. I follow E. in beginning a new scene after this line.

I, ii, 29. Q. *Chancellor of Gallia*.

37. Q. *Chancelour of Italie*. E. reads in l. 29 *Chancellor of Italy*: in l. 37 *Chancellor of Gallia*. But such mistakes (see note, p. 695) should only be pointed out by an editor, not removed from the text.

48. Q. *Empress*. E. *emperess*.

88. Q. *I think he never said pray'r*. E. *I think, he ne'er said prayers*.

155. Q. *your Sister*. E. *your daughter*. E.'s emendation is, no doubt, correct, but possibly the Q. reading points to an earlier form of the play in which Hedwig was the Duke of Saxony's sister, not his daughter as now.

160. Q. *And Daughters Kings*. E. changes *And* to *His*.

176. E. inserts the stage direction in this line.

191. In the stage direction E. alters *Pals [grave]* to *Palatine*.

212. Q. *their resolutions*. E. *his resolutions*; but the reference is to both the competitors.

225. Q. *the Winds*. E. *the minds*. E.'s emendation must be accepted, as the context will hardly allow a figurative use of *winds* for *passions*.

235. Q. *for age and age*. E. *for aye and aye*.

261. Q. *wehrsafftig*. E. *wehrhaftig*.

Z Z

II, i, 50. I insert *Exeunt omnes* here in accordance with l. 49, *let us leave this* place, and with E. begin a new scene.

II, ii, 16. E. adds the stage direction after this line. I have added similar directions in ll. 20, 23, 26, 36, 42, 46, 47, and 71. After l. 72 for Q. *She opens, etc.* I read *Hedwig draws, opens, etc.*

77. I have added the stage direction.

89-90. Q. See doch, dass ist hier kein gebranch,

Mein Got ist dass dir Englisch manier, dass dich.

I follow E.'s emendations.

94. Q. Country fashion. E. *country's fashion*.

110. Q. mock her in her mirth. E. emends *your mirth*.

113. E. suspects some corruption in this line, and the *New English Dictionary* gives no meaning for 'leave' that will fit this passage. Mr. Daniel suggests *bears it*, i.e. carries it away; cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, II, iii, 227.

116-8. Q. Gnediges frawlin.

Dass dich, must ich arme kindt zu schanden gemacht werden.

E. emends *muss* and *armes*.

122-4. Q. Ey Lirbes frawlin nim es all fur gutti

Es ist die Englisch manier Und gebrauchte.

Ewer gnaden weissts woll es ist mir ein grosse schande.

E. emends: *liebes, nempt*,—which seems unnecessary—*gütte*—I prefer *güte*—*gebrauch* and *wissts*—I prefer *weiss* es.

126-7. Q. Gnediges frawlin vergebet mirs, ich wills nimmermehr thuen. E. emends *mir's* and *will's*.

128. Q. prints *upsy* in black letter.

136. Q. vergebet mirss ich wills. E. emends *mir's*, *ich will's*.

138-42. Q. For wahr kein schandt. Gnediger hochgeborner Fürst undt herr

Wan ich konte so vil englisch sprechen ich wolt ewer Gnaden.

Fur wahr ein filtz geben, ich hoffe aber ich soll einmahl

So viel lernen dass Die mich vestrhen soll.

E. emends *Fürwahr, fürst, könnte*—I read *könnte*—*fürwahr*,

and *sie* and *verstehen*. I emend further *wenn* for *wan*, and *vil* for *vil* in ll. 139-40.

144. Q. O excellent young Prince,

I take O *excellent* as the ejaculation, which occurs repeatedly in this play, see II, ii, 309; II, iii, 66.

166-7. Q. reads *woll* in both lines. E. emends *wohl*.

168-70. Q. Wass ihr durleichtigkeit dass will dass will mein vatter undt

Wass mein vatter will darmit muss ich zufrieden sein.

The text is plainly corrupt. E. reads *Durchleuchtigkeit*, inserts *will* after this word, and cancels the second *dass will*, plainly a printer's repetition. [I have used the modern form *Durchlauchtigkeit*, and altered *darmit* to *damit*.]

179. Q. *l'evert*. E. to *avert*. The *New English Dictionary* gives 'evert' in the sense of 'turn aside'.

183. Q. *This day this breath of life*. E. *his breath*. Mr. Daniel suggests *the breath*. Neither change seems necessary as *this breath of life* means 'this vital air'.

193. Q. *his lives reproach*. E. reads *his life's reproach*, but suggests the reading 'his life reproach' (probably a misprint for 'reproached'), citing *Measure for Measure*, V, i, 425-6.

212. E. wrongly, I think, omits the question mark at the end of this line.

231. Q. *selected*. E. *elected*.

241. Q. *With pierc'd*. E. corrects *Which pierc'd*. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 256.

252. Q. *What? what the Empress accessary to?* E. alters to *What? was the empress accessary to?* The only change necessary is the shifting of the first question mark and the modernization of *to* to *too* as in the text.

257. Q. *That 9. the greatest*.

E. *That the nine greatest*.

273. Q. *And in my heart*. E. *That in my heart*. A better suggestion is Mr. Daniel's *As in my heart*; but I doubt if any change is needed.

317. Q. *it is enough*. E. *'tis enough*.

321. Q. *Dutch bours as towsandt*

schelms and gold to tempt them. E. notes that the line is corrupt, but suggests no change. I think *as* is plainly a misprint for *are*; *to* may be a mistake for *doth*. Mr. Daniel suggests *with* instead of *and*.

324. Q. *by your Highness.* This may be a Germanism. Mr. Daniel, however, suggests that *by* has been caught from the next line, and that we should read *in* or *with*.

330. Q. *This one nayl helps.* I am strongly of the opinion that we should read *Thus one, etc.*, a change which Mr. Daniel approves.

335. Q. *Such credulous young novices to their death?* E. omits *their*. As often the question mark denotes an exclamation.

345. I follow E. in marking a new scene after this line.

II, iii, 6. Q. *pastimes.* E. *pastime*.

28. After this line Q. has a stage direction, *Enter two Bowers*. This is an anticipation of the proper entrance after l. 32, and I have therefore cancelled it.

33-6. Q. *Kom hier hans wore bist dow, warumb bist dow so trawrick? biss frolick kan wel gelt verdienen, wir wil ihn bey potts tawsandt todt schlagen. Lat mich die brieffe sehen.*

E. emends *wor* for *wore*, *kanst* for *kan*, and *vel* [i.e. *viel*] for *wel*.

39. Before this line Q. has only the stage direction, *Reads the Letter*, without any name of the reader; but from l. 44, where Q. has *Jerick reads*, I take it that he should do so here.

39-41. Q. *Hans und Jerick, mein liebe freinde, ich bitte lasset es bey euch bleiben in geheim, und schlaget den Engellander zu todt.*

E. emends *meine*, *freunde*, and *Engelländer*.

42. Q. *friend.* E. emends *friends*.

44-5. Q. *Hear weiter, den er ist kein bowre nicht, er ist ein Juncker, und hatt viel gelt und kleinothen bey sich.*

E. retains *Hear*—it should, I think, be *Hör*—and alters *den* to *denn*, *gelt* to *golt*—I prefer *gelt*, i.e. money—and reads

kleinoten, where I would prefer *kleinodien*, i.e. jewels.

48. I have inserted the stage direction after *weiter*.

48-50. Q. *ihr solt solche gelegenheit nicht versahmen, und wan ihr gethan habet, ich will euch sagen, was ich fur ein guter Karl bin, der euch raht gegeben habe.*

E. alters *versahmen* to *versaumen*—I prefer *versaumen*—*ihr* to *ihrs* [i.e. '*ihr es*']—which seems unnecessary—and reads *will ich* for *ich will*, *kerl* for *karl*, and *rath* for *raht*.

53-100. In this long passage of German, I cite the original only where it differs from E.'s text or mine, disregarding mere variations of spelling.

54. Q. *nich fur.* E. *nicht für.*

Q. see. E. *sieh.*

55. Q. and E. *dar.* I prefer *dor.*

56. Q. *slapperment.* E. *sapperment.*

57. Q. *guter.* E. *guten.*

58. Q. *divell.* E. *düvel*, a Low German form.

60. Q. *hoffertick.* E. retains this, but I prefer *hoffärtig*.

61. Q. *sleuech.* E. *soll euch.*

62. Q. *bried.* E. *berürt.*

63. Q. *verrahters.* E. *verräther.* I prefer *verräther*.

64. Q. and E. *Sla to.* I prefer the Low German form *tau*. So also in l. 80.

67. I insert the stage direction.

68. Q. *dor.* E. *dar.* I follow Q.

69. Q. and E. *danto.* I read *dortau*.

70. Q. *geue.* E. *gebe.* I read *gev.*

75. I insert the stage direction.

78. Q. *Wiltud.* E. *Wiltu.*

80-1-3. Q. and E. *dar.* I read *dor*.

81-2. I insert the stage directions.

83. Q. *alle mit.* E. *alles mit.*

86-7. Q. prints as prose, E. inserts *quidem* after *Hercules*.

88. Q. *kehre.* E. *wehre*, probably influenced by *wehren*, l. 91, but the change does not seem necessary.

90-1. Q. *labendig.* E. *lebendig.* Q. *mus ich meren.* E. *muss ich mich wehren.*

92-3. I insert the stage directions.

93. Q. *karle.* E. *kerl.*

Q. *fight.* E. *ficht.*

97. Q. and E. dar. I read dor.
 99. Q. wet. E. weet. I read weit.
 100. Q. dor. E. dar.
 Q. still ich sag. E. still sag ich.
 104. Q. sterb. E. stirb.
 106. Q. Fy dich an. E. Pfui dich an.
 Q. dein. E. deinen. I have left the bad grammar of the original unimproved.
 108. Q. Last us. E. Lasst uns.
 109. Q. schelme. E. schelm.
 113. Q. bistum more. E. bistu more.
 114. Q. That thou art so much we are witnesses.
 E. For that thou art so much we're witnesses.
 154. I insert the stage direction.
 156. Q. has only *Exeunt*. I add the rest of the stage direction.
- III, i, 10. Q. neither end. E. nether end.
 17. Q. *Exit*. I read *Exiturus*, since Alexander does not leave the stage till l. 21.
 29. Q. *Schink bowls of Reinfal*. E. puts a comma after *Schink*; I take it to be a form of *Schenken*, to pour out. In my study of the text of this play in *Anglia*, vol. xxx, p. 364, I suggested the reading *Rheinpfalz*, but now prefer to retain the old text.
 46. Q. es gelt. E. 's gelt. I read es gilt.
 48. Q. Sain Got es soll mir en liebe drunk sein.
 E. emends *Sam, ein, lieber, and trunk*. I am not sure that one should emend the grammar of the Prince's German; he may have been meant to speak incorrectly. I have therefore allowed *liebe* to stand.
 52. Q. *Trowl out*. E. *Drawl out*. This change is for the worse; *trowl* is a mere variant of 'troll'.
 54. Q. Sain. E. Sam.
 55. Q. spoken. E. spoke.
 67. Q. fallace. E. fallacy. But *fallace* occurs in Caxton and Hakluyt; see *New English Dictionary*.
 81. Q. dis nicht ben mee schlafen. E. dis nacht bey me schlafen.
 83. Q. mist, begeran. E. nicht begeren. I read begehren.
 92. Q. unto. E. to.
 100. Q. We drink. E. emends *We'll drink*.
101. Q. say. E. says.
 112. Q. *A hipse bowr maikins*. E. *And hüpsch bowr-maikins*, I read *boor* for *bowr*.
 117. E. inserts the stage direction.
 125. Q. *Away Marshal bring them*. E. *away, and bring them, marshal!*
 129. Q. an edge. E. on edge. See note, p. 699.
 132. Q. holds. E. hold.
 141. Q. schinkel. E. schinken.
 146. Q. spell, daunseu. E. spiel, dantzen, i.e. tanzen. E. says that Q. reads *daunteu*; but the copies in the Bodleian and the Brit. Mus. read *daunseu*.
 158. I insert the stage direction.
 161. Q. skelt bowre. E. 'S gelt, bowr. I read 'S gilt, bauer.
 162. Q. Sain. E. Sam.
 Q. *helpe mich doch ein Jungfraw drunck*. E. emends *help mich doch! Ey jungfraw, drinck!*
 163. Q. Es gelt guter fienendt ein frolocken drink. E. reads *freundt, fröhlichen and trunk*. I read *gilt* for *gelt*.
 164. Q. Sam, [not Sain, as in P.] and frundt.
 175. Q. does not give the name of the speaker. E. rightly assigns it to *Palat*, i.e. the Palsgrave. Q. *Whas ist whas ist wat will you nut* [not *mit* as in P.] *mee machen*. E. reads *Was . . . was . . . what—I prefer wat—and mit*.
 177. Q. geb . . . gein drink. E. reads *gebt, gern trincken*.
 179. I insert the stage direction.
 180. Q. *Saxon and Palsgrave, this, etc.* I take the first words as an ejaculation, and punctuate accordingly.
 183. I insert the stage direction.
 183-9. Q. ends these lines with *yourself* and *well* respectively. E. prints as three lines, ending *yourself, methinks, well*. The rhyme shows that a couplet is required.
 198. Q. schuce. E. juice; but it is plainly a misprint for 'scuse', i.e. excuse.
 203. E. inserts *not* after *is*.
 224. Q. *Bride-Chamber*. E. *bridal chamber*.
 246. Q. *Princess*. E. emends *princes*. For *all at once* Mr.

Daniel suggests *all and one*, but no change seems necessary.

248. I have inserted the stage direction, *Alexander conceals himself, etc.*

288. E. inserts *then* before *your*. After this line E. begins a new scene. There is no change of place, however, and I think the action is continuous.

289. Before this line Q. has *Enter Alphonsus*, to which E. adds *and after him Alexander*. But this does not clear up the difficulty. If ll. 289-90 are spoken by Alphonsus, as in Q., it is he who has overheard the 'plot', and not Alexander. But the following passage, ll. 295-314, shows that Alphonsus is ignorant of the details of the plot while Alexander knows them. It is plain, therefore, that it is Alexander who has played the eaves-dropper, and I have therefore inserted a stage direction to this effect after l. 248. The direction in the Q., *Enter Alphonsus*, is an anticipation of his proper entrance after l. 290, to which place I have removed the direction. As a result of this anticipation, ll. 289-90 are mistakenly assigned in Q. to Alphonsus. I have inserted the proper stage direction and transferred these lines to Alexander, thus clearing up, I think, a passage that in the original was confused and contradictory.

297-8. Q. prints *Intends . . . chambers* as one line.

369. Q. *He hath*. E. *He's*.

378. The line is imperfect; perhaps *me* has been lost at the end.

392. Q. *Egestus*. E. *Egisthus*.

403. Q. *your friends*. E. *you friends*.

408. The stage direction was added by E. Mr. Daniel suggests that *Thus and thus*, l. 408, imply blows.

413. The line is imperfect; perhaps a dissyllable, like 'guiltless', has been lost before *head*.

416. I have inserted the stage direction.

IV, i, 19. Q. *Crossier Staff*. E. *crozier's staff*.

75. I have inserted the word *below* in the stage direction.

89. Q. *Sast dorch liebes doister who wart dow die selbirmas*.

E. *Sag doch, liebe dochter, wo wart dow dieselbe nacht?*

I print *tochter, warst, and du*.

90. Q. *Als who who solt ich sem*.

E. *emends wo, wo, and sein?*

91. Q. *Wert dow allrin . . . wart dow*

. . . vorschrocken.

E. *Wart dow allein . . . wart dow*

. . . verschrocken.

I prefer *Warst du* in both cases.

92-4. Q. *Ich ha mist audes gemeint dam das ich wolt allrin gesiflaßne haben, abur umb mitternaist kam mriner bridegroom bundt sislaffet . . . getunnuel*.

E. *emends hab nicht anders, dann, allein, geschlafen, aber, mitternacht, meiner, undt schlaffet, getummel*.

I follow E. except for some slight variations in spelling.

112. Q. *satt mist be dir schlafin*.

E. *emends hatt nicht bei . . . geschlafen*.

113. Q. *Es gefelt . . . zum sagun*

. . . habes woll gerfralet.

E. *emends gefellt, zu sagen, hab es wol gefület*.

I print *gefällt, wohl gefühlet*.

118. Q. *Lab ich bin you geschlafen*. E. *emends Hab and bey*

119. Q. *I leff, warum solt ihrs fragen*. E. *emends Ey lef, solt, fragen?*

I print *Ei lief, and ihrs*.

124. Q. *Das haste gethan order holle mich der divell*.

E. *emends oder hole, düvel*.

I print *hastu = hast du*.

138. E. adds the stage direction.

165. Q. *No Saxon know, etc*. E. reads *No, Saxon, no, etc*. I see no reason for this change.

178. I have added *Saxon and the others* [i.e. all but Richard, Collen, and their men] to the stage direction.

194. Q. *remedie*. P. misprints *temedie*.

217. After this line E. marks a new scene.

IV, ii. In the stage direction at the beginning of the scene Q. reads *the Couch*. E. alters a *Couch*.

32. Q. *th' unpartial fates afflict*. E. alters the *impartial fates inflict*.

For this use of *afflict* cf. V, i, 187.

38. Q. *he points*. E. *Death points*.

56. I mark this line as an aside. S. alters the Q. *knew*, retained by E., to *know*; but *knew* is the subjunctive in a condition contrary to fact; see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 361.
68. Q. *pains*. E. *pain*, to agree with l. 77 below, but the change is unnecessary.
- 82-4. Q. *Live long in happiness to revenge my death,*
Upon my Wife and all the English brood.
My Lord of Saxonie your Grace hath cause.
E. alters to read *happiness!*
To revenge . . . brood, . . . cause. This seems to me an unwarranted interference with the text. All that is needed is a dash after *cause* to show that the speech is broken off here. Probably Alphonsus pretends to swoon.
89. After this line E. inserts the stage direction *stabs him*. I place this after l. 90, and insert *drawing* here.
93. I insert the stage direction.
94. Q. *so gazing*. E. *gazing so*.
118. E. adds *bearing off Mentz* to the stage direction.
143. After this line E. marks a new scene. An interval of forty weeks, ll. 9-10, has elapsed, so that logically scene iii should go with the fifth act.
- V, iii, 9-12. Q. *deere vatter . . . dis . . . 30. weeken . . . dunc-ket . . . 40. jahr . . . ein litte . . . me verstohn*. E. emends *dear, dise* [i.e. *diese*] *viertzig weeken* (suggested by the 40 *jahr* of l. 10), *dunket, lütt, and mich verstohn*. I read *dis* (for *this*), *dünket*, and *me verstahn* (for *verstehen*). The English words which close the speech are printed in Q. in black letter. The mixture of English and German in Hedewick's speeches in this scene is probably intentional. I retain the German form *lütte*, Q. *litte*, before *pity*, where E. reads *little*.
30. I have inserted the stage direction.
36. Q. *allyed*. P. misprints *a lyed*.
- 70-5. Q. *Ah myne seete . . . allerlievest . . . I preedee mein leefee . . . freundlich one, good seete harte tell de trut . . . at lest . . . dyne allerleefest schild . . . dan ich . . . dyne . . . myne . . . seete . . . erbarmet*. E. emends *Ach mein süsse, allerlievest, pr'ythee* [*sic*], *leve, freindlich an, sweetheart, tell the truth, least, dein allerlievest child, dein, mein, süsse and erbarme*. I have kept somewhat closer to the original, which occasionally seems aiming to represent a German pronunciation of English, as in *preedee, trut'* and *schild*. I also read *denn ich* for *dan ich*, and retain the Q. *erbarmet*.
- 77-8. Q. *doe yow excellencie . . . seete Edouart yow weete*. (P. misprints *leete* and *sweete*.) E. emends *does your excellency . . . Süsse Eduart, yow weet*. I print *do your*,¹ *Lieve Eduart, and weit* (for *weisst*).
- 82-4. Q. *hieborne . . . dinck . . . sits . . . dat hart . . . woll recken*. E. emends *high born, denck, sitzt, the hart, wol rechen*. The speech is a hopeless confusion of German and English. I print *denk, sits, dat heart wohl rächen*.
91. I insert the stage direction.
- 94-6. Q. *O myne Vatter . . . myne kindt . . . speak . . . die kindt . . . it soll*. E. emends *mein Vatter, mein Kindt, speak, dies Kindt, es soll*. I print *de* (for *the*) *Kind, it soll*.
117. E. inserts *this* between *is* and *thine*.
118. Q. *geve . . . die kind ist*. E. emends *gebe, das Kindt*. I print *de Kind*, as in l. 95.
121. Q. *in seinem trone*. E. alters to *in deinem*. This seems unnecessary.
132. Q. *I will*. E. *I'll*.
135. Q. *ist to late, unser arme kindt ist kilt*. E. emends *is't too late, unser armes Kindt is kill'd*. I retain the German *ist* before *too*.
- 138-41. Q. *ich mark . . . ich sholdt . . . meine knee, last . . . falce . . . begehrrs*. E. reads *I mark, ich should, meine knie, false*. I print *ich*

¹ I have been misled by P.'s misprint *leete*. The true reading is *Süsse*.

- mark, ich should, meine knee, lass, and begeh'r's.
147. Q. in deiner henden. E. emends in deine hende.
148. E. adds the stage direction.
- 149-50. Q. Sabote . . . mocht. E. emends Sabaoth, möchte!
160. Q. newly born. E. new-born.
175. Q. the Father and the Grand sires heart. E. the father's, etc.
181. To the stage direction of Q., *Exeunt*, E. adds bearing off the dead bodies.
- V, i, 3. Q. Sun set. E. sunset. I take set to be a verb.
10. Q. spoken. E. spoke.
14. Mr. Daniel suggests that we should add *on the walls* to the stage direction. This seems plausible, as Alphonsus and his party probably entered 'above'.
34. 40, 44. I add the stage directions.
55. Q. *Viz.* E. *Videlicet.*
107. Q. *Or wherefore.* E. *O wherefore.* This seems uncalled for.
120. Q. *Sh'hath.* E. *She's.* I keep the old grammatical form, reading *Sh'hath.*
132. I add the stage direction.
146. Q. *curs't heart.* E. *curs'd heart.* I prefer the original form with its implication, 'shrewish'.
156. Here and in l. 415 below Q. has *Alphonso.* E. alters to *Alphonsus.*
187. Q. *Afflicted, speedy, etc.* E. notes that *Afflicted* seems a corruption, but suggests no change. Mr. Brereton suggests *A strict and speedy.* I prefer to read *Afflicting* in the sense of 'inflicting'. Cf. IV, ii, 32.
- 228-9. S. prints *entrap* as the first word of l. 229; but I prefer to let the old reading stand, since fictions may well be trisyllabic.
255. E. suggests reading *Not that I do believe it steadfastly.* S. inserts *now* after *I*, and Mr. Daniel suggests *not* after *do.* I follow Q., which seems to be quite intelligible. The first foot shows syncope.
267. I add the stage direction.
268. Q. *Empress.* E. *empress.*
282. Q. *Saxon triumphs over.* E. *And Saxon triumphs o'er.* This change obliterates the old accentuation, *triumphs.*
314. Q. *spit in's face.* E. *spit him in his face.* This does not seem idiomatic English.
316. E. believes this verse should be assigned to Edward. This is possible; but I prefer to follow Q.
317. S. puts a dash at the close of this line. This seems an improvement on the period of Q.
324. E. adds the stage direction *Stabs him.* I prefer *Kills him*, as Alphonsus never never speaks again.
330. Q. *You have, etc.* Mr. Daniel suggests *Who have, etc.*, but no change seems needed.
342. Q. *Alexander hath slain.* E. *Alexander's slain.*
347. E. adds the direction *Exit Brandenburg.*
396. Q. *And if.* E. *An' if.*
401. E. gives the speech *Proceed* to Saxon. I follow Q. in assigning it to Brandenburg.
417. Q. *Twixt jest and earnest was made.* S. omits *was.*
438. Q. *Hang.* S. *Hung.* I prefer to retain the old form.
456. Q. *the deceit . . . over.* E. *my deceit . . . o'er.*
481. E. omits the stage direction of Q. *Exit Alex.* I restore it and add *guarded.*
- The Q. closes the play with the word *FINIS*, omitted by E. There is no direction for the final exit of the characters.



REVENGE FOR HONOUR

INTRODUCTION

ON November 29, 1653, R. Marriott, an enterprising publisher of the Commonwealth period, entered in the Stationers' Registers seventeen plays which had come into his hands. Among these was '*The Paraside or Revenge for Honor* by Henry Glapthorne'. In the following year Marriott published *Revenge for Honour*, doubtless the same play as that entered in the Registers, but ascribed the authorship to Chapman. The double title which appears in the entry led Mr. Fleay¹ to identify this play with one licensed by Herbert, May 27, 1624, for the Prince's Company, then playing at the Red Bull, under the title of *The Parricide*.

I am, as a rule, inclined to look with suspicion upon the identification of plays merely because they happen to have the same or similar titles, but the entry in the Registers is so strong a link between the play licensed by Herbert and that published by Marriott that it would seem an excess of scepticism to deny the probability of their identity.

The question of the authorship of this play is the first, in fact the only important, question that demands consideration. In itself the play is so slight, so unreal, so devoid of high poetry, or true characterization, that it might well pass unnoticed among the minor products of the decadent drama. But if we accept Chapman's authorship, as, for example, Dr. Stoll² does, we are forced to modify very considerably our conception of Chapman as a man and as a poet, to attribute to him a versatility in style and technic, an imitative quality, and a disregard of the ethical aim of the drama, which is at variance with all that we know of his life and work. For his authorship, the sole piece of objective testimony is the publisher's assertion made twenty years after the poet's death. I have spoken above, pp. 683-4, of the value, or lack of value, of such assertions, and in this particular case Marriott's testimony seems to me quite invalidated by the fact that he had formerly described the play as by Glapthorne. Had the reverse been the case, had Marriott entered the play as by Chapman and published it as the work of Glapthorne, we would be justified in

¹ *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 326. Herbert's license is reproduced by Fleay, *London Stage*, p. 304. [Nothing further is known of the stage history of this play except Langbaine's statement, p. 64, that he saw it acted at the Nursery in Barbican. For this place, see Pepys (Wheatley's edition, vol. vii, p. 255, *n.*).

² *John Webster*, p. 213. Stoll accepts this conclusion, and asserts somewhat dogmatically that 'our noble poet is here leaving his old "Senecal" vein of *Bussy* and *Byron* for the new-fangled airs of the Jacobean court-poets'. But Dr. Stoll accepts without investigation Marriott's ascription of the play to Chapman. See also Stoll's later utterance 'in *Modern Language Notes* vol. xx, p. 208.

ascribing the alteration to further information and honesty of purpose on Marriott's part. But as it is, I do not see how we can believe otherwise than that he, like Moseley¹ in the case of *Alphonsus*, put Chapman's name on the title-page merely for advertising purposes, abusing the reputation of a great poet to sell a comparatively worthless play.

Swinburne, the first critic to discuss this play,² came to the conclusion that it was impossible to resolve the question of its authenticity. He saw 'no definite reason to disbelieve it the work of Chapman, and not a little reason to suppose that it may be'. Had Swinburne been aware of the entry in the Stationers' Registers, or known of the internal evidence which connects this play with Glapthorne, it is to be presumed that he would have expressed himself otherwise. Even as it was, he was too keen-sighted not to notice and too frank not to admit the striking differences in diction, versification, and ethical power between this play and the body of Chapman's work. It belongs, he admits, rather to 'the school of Shirley than that of Chapman'.

Since Swinburne's essay, with our increasing knowledge of Elizabethan drama in general, and of Chapman in particular, the doubt as to Chapman's authorship has deepened until we may say that, with the single exception of Dr. Stoll, no one believes the play to be genuine. Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 327, declares that he knows no author to whom he can assign it, and dares not 'imitate the rashness of those who set value on Marriott's statement'. Bullen in his articles on Chapman and Glapthorne in the *Dictionary of National Biography* declares that 'Chapman had certainly no hand in it, but it may have been revised by Glapthorne'. Ward, *History of Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 431, says that 'if by Chapman, *Revenge for Honour* must be reckoned among his later plays.' Koepfel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897, p. 79, is strongly inclined to doubt the ascription of the play to Chapman in his old age, and would ascribe it as well as *Alphonsus* to some unknown and youthful author.³ Boas, *Bussy D'Anbois*, p. viii, points out the difference in the theme and versification of this play from Chapman's known work, but thinks it may be his on account of the presence of certain parallels⁴ of phrase and thought. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 448, speaks of it as a play 'by some inconsiderately assigned to the pen of Chapman'.

The most careful study of this play is by D. L. Thomas in *Modern Philology*, April, 1908, and to this I refer the student for a detailed and, I believe, quite convincing presentation of the evidence against Chapman's authorship. I shall content myself here with re-stating his main points, adding occasionally what further evidence I have been able to discover.

¹ See above, p. 684. Dr. Thomas, in the study referred to on this page, points out that Chapman's name was 'desirable for title-page use' as is shown by the reprints of *Bussy* in 1641, 1646, and 1657, by the re-issue of *Cæsar and Pompey* in 1653, by the 'continuous popularity' of his Homeric translations (see Dryden, *Dedication of Examen Poeticum* as to the 'incredible pleasure and extreme transport' with which Waller and the Earl of Mulgrave read these works), and by Moseley's ascription to him of *Alphonsus* in 1654.

² *George Chapman*, pp. 123-7.

³ See also Koepfel's later utterance repelling the criticism of Dr. Stoll, *Beiblatt zur Anglia*, vol. xviii, p. 18.

⁴ I have been able to discover very few of these, none that seem to me in the least indicative of Chapman's authorship.

In the first place, the choice of subject and method of treatment are wholly different from Chapman's genuine work. Professor Schick¹ has pointed out that *Revenge for Honour* is in part at least derived from Knolles' *History of the Turks*,² 1603. There we hear of a young prince, Mustapha, who 'so possessed the minds of all men in general, but especially of the men of war, that he was reputed the glory of the court, the flower of chivalry, the hope of the soldiers, and the joy of the people', a description which would suit to a nicety the character of Abilqualit in our play. He is universally regarded as the heir-apparent of the empire; but an enemy arises against him in the person of Roxolana, the favourite wife of his father, Solyman, who wishes to secure the throne for one of her own sons. In alliance with a Bassa, Rustan, Roxolana succeeds in persuading Solyman that Mustapha is plotting against his life and throne. Finally a proposed marriage between Mustapha and a Persian princess brings about the crisis. Solyman marches at the head of an army into the province where Mustapha is stationed, summons the prince before him, and on his arrival orders him to be strangled without delay. The order is carried out, the cruel father crying to the mutes who were struggling with the prince, 'Will you never dispatch that I bid you? Will you never make an end of this traitor for whom I have not rested one night these ten years in quiet?' Mustapha's death was followed by a mutiny among the soldiers, who broke into Solyman's tent with drawn swords. Solyman addressed them 'stoutly', but was forced to promise an inquiry into the charges brought against his son, and to banish Rustan. The youngest son of Roxolana, who had accompanied Solyman, was presented by his father with all the treasure of the slain prince, but refused to receive it, reproached Solyman for his unnatural murder, and slew himself over his brother's body.

This tragedy of court intrigue among the Turks seems to have furnished the author of the *Revenge for Honour* with the figure of the heroic and calumniated prince, the stern and suspicious sultan, and the execution of the prince by the hands of the mutes of the palace in the presence of his father. But there are many incidents in the play for which no source can be found in the history, and at least one striking alteration which points to another possible source. In Knolles the accuser of the prince is his step-mother Roxolana; in *Revenge for Honour* it is his younger brother, Abrahen, a villain of the type of Richard III or Edmund. It is possible that this alteration is due to a reading of the tragedies of Fulke Greville. One of these, *Mustapha*, deals with the very story told by Knolles, the other, *Alaham*, for which no source has yet been discovered, offers a series of very striking parallels³ with *Revenge for Honour*. It presents two brothers, the elder virtuous, the younger a villain, sons of an aged Oriental monarch,

¹ *Beiblatt zur Anglia*, vol. xviii, p. 22.

² In the account of Solyman the Magnificent, pp. 757-65 of the edition of 1621.

³ These parallels, to some of which Koeppl had already called attention, were pointed out to me by my colleague Dr. Croll, author of the thesis, *The Works of Fulke Greville*, Philadelphia, 1903. Dr. Croll also calls my attention to certain similarities of thought, especially in the appeal to Nature as against human standards of morality. As *Alaham* was not printed until 1633, the author of *Revenge for Honour*—if this play is to be identified with *The Parricide* of 1624—must have read Greville's work in MS.

and tells of the plot of the younger against his father and brother, of the blinding and execution of the father and brother, of the amours of the villain's wife, and of his final death at her hands by means of a poisoned robe. The similarities between the two plays are apparent, the differences such as might be easily due to deliberate alteration by the later playwright.

But the tale of borrowing is not yet complete. Dr. Stoll (*op. cit.* p. 213) has pointed out a number of extremely close parallels between *Revenge for Honour* and the Beaumont and Fletcher play, *Cupid's Revenge*, produced as early as 1612. *Cupid's Revenge*, as is well known, goes back in turn to the *Arcadia*, but there is one very striking incident common to the two plays which is wanting in the *Arcadia*, the stabbing of the hero at the close of the action by the woman whom he had seduced, and whose reputation he had lied to preserve. There can be little doubt, I think, that the surprising and extremely effective catastrophe of *Cupid's Revenge* was 'lifted' by the author of the *Revenge for Honour*.

It needs no demonstration to any student of Chapman that this ingenious system of adapting and re-arranging, this mosaic work of borrowed stage-effects, is not his method of dramatic composition, particularly in the field of historical tragedy. We have but to recall the *Byron* plays, *Chabot*, and *Cæsar and Pompey*, to assure ourselves that, if Chapman had ever chosen the story of Mustapha as the theme of a tragedy, he would have kept much closer to the facts of history, used time and again the very words of his source, and wrought out of the story some lofty moral lesson. But the author of *Revenge for Honour* cared for historic truth as much and as little as he cared for the moral element in tragedy.

Again, as Thomas has pointed out, *Revenge for Honour* presents a wholly different system of dramaturgy from that of Chapman. Chapman's technic is archaic and Senecan. He employs the Nuntius and the Umbra of the Senecan tradition; he introduces omens, pre-sentiments, and prophecies; he abounds in epic narrations. All this is markedly absent from the modern and facile technic of *Revenge for Honour*. The author stands, not upon Seneca, but upon Beaumont and Fletcher, and uses, not unskilfully, all the well-known devices of their school, the interweaving of love and politics into a tangled intrigue, comic relief, not as a separate underplot, but in occasional dialogues of careless and often obscene jesting, and more especially the exploitation, not to say abuse, of the trick of surprise, the sacrificing of genuine tragic effect for the sake of securing an unexpected and sensational *coup de théâtre*. Nothing in the work of Beaumont and Fletcher¹ is quite so startling as the sudden resurrection of Abilqualit in IV, i, unless it be the absolutely unmotivated murder of the prince by his dying mistress in the last scene.

Furthermore, the diction, general style, and versification of *Revenge for Honour* are as different from the genuine work of Chapman as can be well imagined. There is no trace in this play of Chapman's pedantic choice of words and deliberate obscurity of expression, of his large and full-mouthed rhetoric, of his elaborate and often magnificent imagery. The diction and style of this play point, like its choice of

¹ I use this term loosely to indicate the body of plays that passes under their names without pronouncing on the vexed question of the authorship.

subject and technic of composition, to a writer of the new school, a poet who sought for clearness of speech, simplicity of construction, and fanciful, rather than imaginative, imagery. Only in his fondness for similes does the author of the *Revenge* approach Chapman, and his similes are for the most part briefer and more properly dramatic than Chapman's. They lack the elaboration and epic expansion of the older writer's.

Finally the versification differs at every point from that of Chapman. The influence of Fletcher is very apparent, not only in the frequency of double and triple endings,¹ but in the employment of the genuine Fletcherian cadence:

When you in peace are shrouded in your marble.

IV, i, 59.

and the use of the characteristically Fletcherian monosyllabic² and stressed eleventh syllable:

Though he doth know, as certainly he must do.

III, i, 112.

Chapman's versification is so consistent and characteristic, so independent of outside influence, that it is quite impossible to mistake for his the work of such a patent imitator of Fletcher.

We may sum up the whole matter in the words of Dr. Thomas: 'The only hypothesis that can explain Chapman's authorship of a tragedy so different from the rest of his work is that late in life . . . he decided to write a tragedy resembling those being constructed by some of the successful dramatists of the younger school. This means that he chose a subject of a kind not found elsewhere in his works—of oriental court life—treated his sources in a new way, built up the structure much on the plan of one of Fletcher's plays, wrote contrary to his avowed theory of tragedy [i.e. 'elegant and sententious excitation to virtue and deflection from her contrary'] excluded omens, presentiments, and supernatural agencies, foreswore his allegiance to the Kyd-Seneca tragedy . . . reversed his whole *looking-forward* method to the *looking-backward* method of surprise, constructed smoothly and regularly, expressed himself with ease and grace, employed the Fletcherian versification, and in general cast off like a garment all that had been most distinctive of him, whether of strength or weakness. Many of these differences are not superficial, but fundamental, and seem to represent differences in genius and taste, in inclination and training. That even a poet of much less pronounced and individual manner than Chapman and of less advanced age could so completely have changed is improbable almost to the degree of impossibility and absurdity'.

Abandoning, then, as quite discredited the idea that Chapman was in any way concerned with *Revenge for Honour*, we turn to see what positive evidence there is of authorship by any other known writer. The entry in the Stationers' Registers points at once to Glapthorne.

¹ Elste, *Der Blankvers in den Dramen Chapmans*, Halle, 1892, finds 44 per cent. of double endings, and 4.4 of triple, in the *Revenge*, as compared with 31.2 and 1.1 in *Cæsar and Pompey*, which of all Chapman's plays exhibits the highest percentages. *Byron's Conspiracy* shows only 24.3 per cent. and 0.5 per cent. respectively.

² Cf. also II, i, 287; IV, i, 46, 60, 136.

Practically nothing is known of the life of Henry Glapthorne. The biography prefixed to the collected edition¹ of his works gives us in default of all material information as to his life a series of extracts from a critical review of his work and a libellous pamphlet more amusing than instructive, containing the charges brought against a certain loose-living and hard-swearing George Glapthorne² by his scandalized Puritan neighbours of the Isle of Ely in 1654. Even the industry of Mr. Bullen has been able to discover nothing more definite for the *Dictionary of National Biography* than the vague 'floreat 1639.' Five plays of his, however, have come down to us, all printed in 1639 or 1640, and Mr. Bullen³ reprinted in 1882 a play, *The Lady Mother*, that had remained in MS. until that year. Two other plays entered in the Stationers' Registers September 9, 1653, *The Duckess of Fernandina* and *The Vestal*, have been lost.

In addition to his plays we have a thin volume of poems published in 1639, and *Whitehall a poem, with Elegies*, published in 1642. This latter volume was dedicated to Glapthorne's 'noble friend and gossip, Captain Richard Lovelace'. As *Wit in a Constable* was dedicated to Strafford, it is easy to see on what side of the great struggle that put an end to his play-writing Glapthorne's sympathies lay. Nothing whatever is known of him after 1642. He may have perished in the Civil Wars or, like his friend Lovelace, may have been reduced to poverty and obscurity in the Commonwealth.⁴

The internal evidence which points to Glapthorne's connexion with *Revenge for Honour* is more convincing than the entry of his name as author in the Stationers' Registers. It consists of a series of parallel passages, first pointed out by Dr. Thomas, to which my subsequent reading of Glapthorne has enabled me to make some additions, though none quite so striking as those he first noticed. These passages are printed, with a few exceptions, in the following notes, where they are quoted from the sole edition of Glapthorne by volume and page. Some of the most striking examples may be found on pp. 723, 724, and 725. But the value of evidence of this sort is cumulative, and parallels insignificant in themselves become valuable when members of a series. These parallels are far too close to be the result of mere accident. They either imply deliberate plagiarism, or repetition on the part of the original author of favourite images, ideas, and phrases. Plagiarism cannot in this case, I believe, explain the parallels. They are too numerous, and connect *Revenge for Honour* not with one or two of Glapthorne's plays,

¹ *The Plays and Poems of Henry Glapthorne*, London, 1874.

² That this George was a kinsman of Henry there is not a tittle of evidence, but the enterprising biographer insists on making them brothers, and draws a pretty, but quite imaginary, picture of the loving companionship of the refined poet and his roistering brother.

³ In *Old English Plays*, vol. ii. It was licensed in 1635, in which year also Glapthorne wrote *The Hollander*. This may be taken as the beginning of Glapthorne's career as a dramatist, which ended, so far as we can tell, in 1639 or 1640, just before the closing of the theatres.

⁴ Two at least of Glapthorne's plays were revived after the Restoration, Pepys saw *Argalus and Parthenia* at the Theatre on January 31, 1661, 'the house exceeding full,' and *Wit in a Constable* at the Opera on May 23, 1662, 'the first time that it was acted'. The first of these plays is mentioned by Downes in a list of old plays revived between 1663 and 1682; the second in a list of plays acted in Davenant's theatre between 1662 and 1665; see Genest, *The English Stage*, vol. i, pp. 343 and 62.

but with all of them. I have counted nine parallels more or less close with *Wallenstein*, four with the *Ladies' Privilege*, three each with *The Lady Mother* and *The Hollander*, two, not very satisfactory, with *Argalus and Parthenia*, one or two with *Wit in a Constable*, and one with Glapthorne's *Poems*; and I have little doubt that this list could be increased by any one who cared to make a close analysis of Glapthorne's work. Now it is quite incredible that the author, or reviser, of *Revenge for Honour* should have set himself deliberately to pillage the work of a dramatist so little known as Glapthorne. To do so he must have had all Glapthorne's works lying before him as he wrote, and transferred his borrowings, word by word at times, from the printed to the written page.

Repetition, on the other hand, gives us a perfectly satisfactory explanation. Mr. Bullen remarks in his introduction to *The Lady Mother* on 'the bland persistence with which certain passages are reproduced in one play of Glapthorne's after another'. And there are certain tags, 'fillers' we might call them, used to begin or round off a verse which form part of Glapthorne's stock in trade. Even a cursory perusal of his plays sets the reader to work marking cross references on the margin, and when one passes from the signed plays of Glapthorne to *Revenge for Honour* one simply carries out the process. In fact, I should be inclined to believe that more parallels to Glapthorne's signed work can be found in this play than in any one of them to any other—more, I feel sure, than can be found in *The Lady Mother*, which Bullen published as Glapthorne's on the strength of such parallels.

To Glapthorne's authorship of *Revenge for Honour* there are, however, certain objections. In the first place, if the play is to be identified with *The Parricide* of 1624, Glapthorne can hardly be the author, for there is nothing to show that he began writing for the stage before 1635. But this identification, while probable, is not absolutely certain.

Again, *Revenge for Honour* differs in certain respects from Glapthorne's signed plays. Dr. Thomas holds that 'in choice and treatment of subject, in dramatic structure and devices, and in character-treatment, no striking resemblance appears' between them. The versification also, he holds, is unlike; Glapthorne uses 'a much smaller proportion of feminine¹ endings'. Finally, *Revenge for Honour* is generally pronounced too good a play for Glapthorne, and there can be little doubt that in construction, sustained interest, and startling effects, it is distinctly superior to his one tragedy, *Wallenstein*, which is a curiously old-fashioned chronicle play to have been written after 1634.

All these difficulties will disappear, however, if we think of Glapthorne, not as the original author, but as the reviser of *Revenge for Honour*. We may then identify it with *The Parricide*, and assume that play to have been written by 'an apt and gifted pupil of Fletcher's',²

¹ I am not sure that I should lay much stress on this point; it seems to me not unlikely that Glapthorne's verse might have developed in this direction; indeed *Wit in a Constable*, probably his last play, seems to show such development.

² Hardly by Fletcher himself, as Mr. Thomas suggests, who would not have been writing for any other company than the King's Men in 1624, while *The Parricide* was licensed for the Prince's Company. Dr. Thomas's attempts to discover a possible author of this play among the writers for this company,

and to have been revised, either for the stage or for the press, by Glapthorne. If Glapthorne lived into the time of the Commonwealth, he may well have been reduced to such straits as to have been glad to patch up an old playhouse MS. for publication.

As to the extent of Glapthorne's revision we cannot, I believe, obtain any satisfactory evidence. No scenes stand out as peculiarly his; IV, i, which contains the greatest number of parallels, does not seem to me to differ particularly in substance or form from other scenes of the play. I should imagine that the revision was fairly thorough and that Glapthorne's facile and imitative vein led him to throw his additions and revisions into the marked Fletcherian metre of the original. I doubt whether the closest analysis could differentiate the old from the new matter in this play.

After all it does not greatly matter. If we have freed Chapman from the charge of having written so theatrical and insincere a piece of work as this, and established a connexion between it and an obscure playwright¹ of the last days of the decadence of the drama, our task is done. *Revenge for Honour* is not without interest as a specimen of the melodrama current in the days of Fletcher's greatest popularity, but in an edition of Chapman's works it has, I fear, already taken up more space than it deserves.

Dekker, Day, Sampson, Ford, Broome, and Middleton, have met with no success.

¹ Mr. Brereton (*Sydney University Library Publications*, No. 2) has advanced the ingenious theory that *Revenge for Honour* is an elaborate hoax perpetrated by 'Chapman and his associates' on some amateur actor, 'perhaps the stage-struck proprietor of a popular tavern'. I doubt whether Mr. Brereton himself takes this seriously. The connexions existing between *Revenge for Honour* and other Elizabethan dramas go far to show, I think, that the play was written in good faith by its author, or authors, and, after all, it is too characteristic a specimen of late melodrama to be taken as mere burlesque.

REVENGE FOR HONOUR

NOTES

Prologue, l. 19. *In another sphere*: Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 326, takes this phrase to allude to the change of the Prince's Company, for whom *The Parricide* was licensed, from the Curtain to the Red Bull in August, 1623. The speaker in this case would be referring to the applause he had won in the former theatre. Mr. Brereton thinks that the phrase implies that the speaker is 'a gentleman who hopes to win on the boards approval equal to that which he has gained elsewhere'.

I, i, 5-11. There are two parallels to this reference to the sutler's wife in *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, pp. 25, 45.

I, i, 10. *The trailer of the puissant pike*; the phrase is borrowed from Shakespeare's *Trail'st thou the puissant pike*, *K.H.V.*, IV, i, 40. It occurs also in *Wit in a Constable*, vol. i, p. 232.

I, i, 18-19. An evident rendering in the Oriental dress proper to this tragedy of the well-known English saying 'to dine with Duke Humphrey', i.e. to go dinnerless. According to Stowe (*Survey*, p. 125, ed. 1876), the 'fair monument' of John Beauchamp in St. Paul's was commonly 'misnamed' Duke Humphrey's. A man too poor to pay for his dinner, who loitered in St. Paul's while others were at meals, was said to 'dine with Duke Humphrey'. This saying is of frequent occurrence in Elizabethan literature. The first recorded instance is in G. Harvey's *Four Letters*, 1592.

I, i, 25. *Wear the buff*: go naked.

I, i, 55. *Dull as dormice*: the phrase is repeated below, III, ii, 8-9.

I, i, 65. *Simanthes* is called Hermes on account of his busy, intriguing nature.

I, i, 66-7. *The ovens in Egypt*: a reference to the practice, dating back to the earliest times, of artificial incubation in Egypt.

I, i, 77-80. One of the countless allusions in Elizabethan literature to the practice on the part of army officers of abusing the compulsory impressment of soldiers, common under the Tudors and early Stuarts, by selling immunity from military obligation to those able and willing to pay for it. The *locus classicus* on the subject is 2 *K.H. IV*, III, ii.

I, i, 112. *Enucleated*: extracted. This unusual word does not occur in Chapman's plays. I have found it in Glapthorne, vol. i, p. 189.

I, i, 120. *Flatus hypochondriacus*: probably the 'hypochondriacal, or windy melancholy, proceeding from the head alone'; cf. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, I, ii, memb. I, subs. i.

I, i, 123-4. *Averroes*, the famous Spanish-Arabian philosopher and physician of the twelfth century.

Avicen, or *Avicenna*, A.D. 980-1037, a corrupt form of Ibn Sina, the most celebrated of the Arabian physicians and philosophers.

Abenhuacar, Samuel Ibn Wakar, or Huacar, physician to Alphonso XI of Castile in the fourteenth century, said to be the author of a tract, *Castilian Medicine*.

Baruch, possibly Isaac ben Baruch Albalia, a Spanish Jew of the eleventh century, philosopher and astrologer.

Abolaffi: The old reading *Abostii* is an evident mistake for *Abolaffi*, itself a corruption, perhaps under Italian influence, of the name of a distinguished family of Spanish Jews, Abulafia, from which the Italian name Bolaffi is derived. Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia was a famous cabalist

of the thirteenth century; Meir ben Todros ha-Levi Abulafia was a Talmudist of the twelfth and thirteenth. I doubt whether the dramatist had any individual in mind.

- I, i, 149-51. Probably an allusion to the abolition of monopolies by the Parliament of 1624, although it may refer to the earlier attack on them in the Parliament of 1621; see *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xx, p. 208.
- I, i, 248. *Its own Mars*: its own presiding deity. Mars is spoken of as the Genius, or Angel, of Abilqualit.
- I, i, 258. *Viperous wickedness*: an allusion to the old belief that young vipers ate their way through the bowels of their mother, whence 'is assigned', says Sir Thomas Browne, 'the reason why the Romans punished Parricides by drowning them in a sack with a viper'. For an elaborate discussion of this belief, see Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, III, 26. A passage in Glapthorne agrees with the text in likening ambition to the viper:

*That he should do this
And like the viper's young, devour that heart
That bred and nourish'd him.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 22.

Cf. also below IV, i, 212-14.

- I, i, 290-2. Cf.

*The big wars
That make ambition virtue.*

Othello, III, iii, 349-50.

- I, i, 350-1. Cf. *Dulce bellum inexpertis*, Erasmus, *Adagia*, p. 232, ed. 1583.
- I, i, 353-5. The simile is from the *Arcadia* (ed. 1867, p. 315): 'The very cowards no sooner saw him but, as borrowing some of his spirit, they went like young eagles to the prey under the wing of their dam'. It is, perhaps, worth noting that this passage occurs in Book III, which contains the story of Argalus and Parthenia. Glapthorne dramatized this story in his play of that name published 1639. Cf. also

*An eye
Piercing as is an eaglet's when her dam,
Training her out into the serene air,
Teaches her face the sunbeames.*

The Lady Mother, p. 109.

- I, i, 377. *To inform succession*: to tell posterity. This peculiar use of the word *succession* occurs again in IV, i, 129. I have not found it in Chapman's work; but it occurs at least twice in Glapthorne, *The Ladies' Privilege*, vol. ii, pp. 92, 153.
- I, i, 389. *Regardless*: i.e. unregarded; I have not noted the word used in this sense in Chapman's plays.
- I, i, 404-5. 'Your opinion of me is higher than my gratitude can ever think of repaying'.
- I, i, 427-8. 'The fact of my youth will free me from being suspected of such a subtle device.' This use of *quit*, in the sense of 'acquit' or 'free' occurs in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 96, *Chabot*, IV, i, 261, and elsewhere in Chapman.
- II, i, 31-3. The young of the lapwing run from their nest on the ground almost as soon as they are hatched. There is repeated reference to this fact in Elizabethan literature; see *Hamlet*, V, ii, 193-4, and the note thereon in the *New Variorum*.
- II, i, 94. *Many-headed beast, the people*; the phrase seems borrowed from Shakespeare's *the many-headed multitude*, *Coriolanus*, II, iii, 18.
- II, i, 106. *This*: probably equivalent to 'this is', as Brereton suggests (see Text Notes, p. 727); but perhaps the phrase *All . . . truth* might be taken in apposition with *It*, the subject of *confess'd*.
- II, i, 152. *People*, a possessive case without the usual termination; see Text Notes, p. 727.

- II, i, 185. *Impale your glorious brow*: cf. '*Impale the forehead of the great King Monsieur*', Bussy, III, ii, 380.
- II, i, 201-5. The idea expressed in these lines is practically the same as that in *The Revenge of Bussy*, IV, v, 38-43, but a comparison of the phrasing and construction of the two passages will show how much Chapman's style differs from that of the author of this play.
- II, i, 266. 'Throw aside that quality, his love for his children, which makes him indeed our father'.
- II, i, 290-1. Pliny, *Natural History*, xxxvi, 34, says of the stone *Gagates*, i.e. jet, *accenditur aqua, oleo restinguitur*. This explains the somewhat confused text; *jet on fire* is 'burning jet' and *extinguish* is used intransitively.
- II, i, 350-2. Cf. 2 *Tamburlaine*, IV; i. 65-8.
- II, ii, 3-7. With this passage cf.

*The modest turtles which
In view of other more lascivious birds
Exchange their innocent loves in timorous sighs,
Do when alone most prettily convert
Their chirps to billing; and with feather'd arms
Encompass mutually their gaudy necks.*

The Ladies' Privilege, vol. ii, p. 99.

Cf. also

*Do I think
When I behold the wanton sparrows change
Their chirps to billing, they are chaste?*

The Lady Mother, p. 124.

- II, ii, 28-9. Mr. Crawford gives me a couple of parallels which illustrate this passage, the first from Webster's *Monumental Column*:

*Resembling trees the more they're ta'en with fruit,
The more they strive and bow to kiss the ground.*

The second from Massinger:

*I will like a palm tree grow
Under my [own] huge weight.*

Believe as you List, I, i.

- II, ii, 32-38. In her union of ambition and sensual passion Caropia, as Thomas has shown, is clearly modelled after Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*.

- III, i, 61-2. Cf.

*I will go to death,
In full peace as does an anchorite that's assur'd
Of all his sins' forgiveness.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 61.

- III, i, 82. *Circular fire*. The phrase must, I think, be used for 'circling fire', perhaps with a reference to the ring of fire about a martyr at the stake.

- III, i, 152-6. The author is fond of dwelling on the horror of the supposed rape: cf. below, III, ii, 126-8, IV, i, 11-13, and IV, i, 74-5.

- III, i, 184-6. With these lines, cf.

*Your entreaties
Are cast on me as fools throw oil on fire,
Striving to extinguish it.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 61.

and

*You will rage more than unlimited fire
In populous cities.*

Ladies' Privilege, vol. ii, p. 102.

and

*The passage of unlimited fire
In populous cities.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 31.

The original of the phrase is probably Shakespeare :

*As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.*

Othello, I, i, 76-7.

III, i, 232. *Blood*, i.e. nearness of blood, kinship.

III, i, 271. This simile is a favourite with Massinger; Boyle, *Englische Studien*, vol. ix, pp. 219-25, points out three passages containing it. An older instance, perhaps the one from which Massinger drew his phrasing, is in Chapman's *Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 12-18.

III, ii, 30. *Bat-fowling*: a method of catching birds by night by dazing them with a light, and then knocking them down. The term is used here jestingly to describe the supposed nocturnal adventures of Abrahen. *Wagtails* is a familiar or contemptuous term, applied especially to harlots. Lethe uses it to the country wench in *Michaelmas Term*, III, i, 211.

III, ii, 63. *Hoodwink men like sullen hawks*: the allusion is to the 'hood' which the trained hawk wore on coming abroad before she was 'unhooded' and flown at her quarry.

III, ii, 123. The stage direction after this line is the sole preparation we have for the surprising revival of Abilqualit after his supposed death in IV, i.

IV, i, 16-19. With these lines cf.

*I will quite put off
The name of father, take as little notice
Thou art my offspring, as the surly North
Does of the snow, which when it has engender'd
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 57.

IV, i, 59. Cf.

If I were now creeping into my marble.

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 79.

IV, i, 70-9. This passage seems a composite of two passages in Glapthorne. One of these has already been pointed out by Thomas:

*Suppose
I had with patience borne this scandalous name
Of a degenerate coward, I not only
Had nipp'd the budding valour of my youth,
As with a killing frost, but left a shame
Inherent to our family, disgrac'd
My noble father's memory, defam'd,
Nay cowarded my ancestors, whose dust
Would 'a broke through the marbles to revenge
To me this fatal infamy.*

The Ladies' Privilege, vol. ii, p. 141.

The other presents an even closer likeness. As in the text, it is the speech of a father rebuking a son for having disgraced his rank:

*Young sir, your honour
Is not your own, for it you're but my factor,
And must give me account, a strict account
Of the errors you run in; to the dust
Of my great ancestors stand I accountant
For all my family, and their blest ashes
Would break their marble lodgings and come forth
To quarrel with me, should I permit this bar
To stain their glorious heraldry.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 58.

IV, i, 116. *Precede his nature*: get the upper hand of his natural love to his son.

IV, i, 125-80. The similarity between this passage and one in *The Maid's*

Tragedy, IV, ii, has been pointed out by Dr. Stoll. In both cases the hero repeatedly makes certain avowals to another character, which are at once reported to the King and promptly denied by the hero. The serio-comic effect in a tragic situation is the same in both plays.

IV, i, 186. The Mutes have apparently completed half their task of blinding Abilqualit. At least it appears so to Abrahen, who is ignorant that his brother has arranged with the Mutes to go through a mere form of execution.

IV, i, 236-7. These lines present another close parallel with *Wallenstein*. There a son says to a father, who has just commanded a deed which involves the son's death :

*You are such,
So merciless a tyrant, as do love
To feed on your own bowels.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 61.

A similar figure occurs in Chapman, but in quite different phraseology :

*What is a father? Turn his entrails gulfs
To swallow children when they have begot them?*

The Gentleman Usher, V, iv, 54-5.

IV, i, 245-7. Another close parallel with Glapthorne. Cf.

*With what impudence
Canst thou behold me, and a shivering cold,
Strong as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
Not freeze thy spirits up, congeal thy blood.*

The Hollander, vol. i, p. 102.

There is a general likeness also between this whole speech and that of *Wallenstein* after the death of his son, *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 63.

IV, i, 253. *Weep till we be statues* : partly an allusion to Niobe turned into stone on account of her mourning for her children, partly referring to the ornamental statues of fountains. Webster, *Devil's Law Case*, I, ii, says of a weeping woman, 'You would have thought she had turned — fountain'.

IV, ii, 16-19. There is a certain similarity between this passage and one in Glapthorne. There as here the lines are addressed to a weeping lady :

*So violent rain weeps o'er the purple heads
Of smiling violets, till its brackish drops
Insinuate among the tender leaves,
And with its weight oppress them.*

The Hollander, vol. i, p. 103.

IV, ii, 84-6. The comparison of death to a welcome rest after sickness or watching is common in Glapthorne. Cf.

*I shall go
As willingly to death as to my rest
After a painful child-birth.*

The Lady Mother, p. 191.

In *Wallenstein* Isabella, when menaced with instant death, speaks in the same vein as Caropia does here :

*Should your fury riot on my life,
'Twould not affright me, I should meet my death
As willingly as I should do my rest
After a tedious watching.*

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 60.

Thomas cites further a passage from *The Ladies' Privilege*, vol. ii, p. 133, which is closely parallel to the last quoted.

IV, ii, 134-7. This seems a reminiscence of the well-known passage in *Othello* :

*Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.*

Othello, V, ii, 347-8.

- V, i, 20-1. Cf. III, ii, 48-9 above. It may be more than a coincidence that Newman, who plays in *Wallenstein* much the same rôle as Selinthus in this drama, that of the 'honest and merry' (i.e. foul mouthed) lord, addresses a young soldier as 'my Myrmidon', *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 35.
- V, i, 54-5. 'Love, thy flames burst out in the presence of the beloved one; in her absence they exist in desire for her'.
- V, ii, 14-16. Of this simile Swinburne says (*George Chapman*, pp. 123-4): 'Only in one image can I find anything of that quaint fondness for remote and eccentric illustration in which the verse of Chapman resembles the prose of Fuller. . . . Even here the fall of the verse is not that of Chapman'. Aelian, *De Nat. Animal.* IV, 31, reports that the elephant will not drink clear water, but I have not found a source for the cause assigned in the text.
- V, ii, 35-7. A favourite allusion of Glapthorne's. Cf.

*Happy Arabians, when your phœnix dies
In a sweet pile of fragrant spiceries,
Out of the ashes of the myrrh-burn'd mother,
That you may still have one, springs up another.*

Argalus and Parthenia, vol. i, p. 65.

- Cf. also *The Hollander*, vol. i, p. 102, and *Poems*, vol. ii, pp. 179, 182, 185.
- V, ii, 39-40. *Intends my will*. I believe an acceptable meaning may be given to this passage if we take *intends* in the sense of 'expands,' 'dilates'; see *New English Dictionary*, sub *Intend*. Abrahen means that his passion for Caropia has passed the bounds set by reason, and has expanded his will into an unalterable determination to possess her.
- V, ii, 156-8. Thomas points out a parallel in Glapthorne:

*And let their words, oaths, tears, vows, pass
As words in water writ, or slippery glass.*

Argalus and Parthenia, vol. i, p. 43.

In this passage, however, the words are put into the mouth of a woman railing at the inconstancy of men. The original is probably the well-known passage in Catullus:

*Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.*

Carmen lxx.

- V, ii, 272. After inhaling the poison of the handkerchief Abrahen expends his last breath in a kiss, raises his head to curse his brother, and dies.
- V, ii, 289. Caropia's sudden and wholly unexpected murder of Abilqualit is patterned after Baccha's murder of Leontes in *Cupid's Revenge*, V, iii. Cf. Introduction, p. 716.
- V, ii, 331. *That fatal instrument*: the poisoned handkerchief.
- Epilogue, l. 14. *Hang up the poet*: Brereton thinks that this line was spoken by the actor for whose gulling the whole play was written, and was meant to make him still more ridiculous. See Introduction, p. 720, n.

TEXT NOTES

Revenge for Honour was first printed in 1654. Two copies of this edition are found in the British Museum; one of them (E. 231) has the following title-page: *Revenge for Honour, A Tragedie, by George Chapman, London, Printed for Richard Marriot, in S. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleetstreet, 1654.* The other (654. d. 51) has a slightly different title-page, showing after the word *London* only the phrase, *Printed in the year 1654.* A second edition, of which copies exist in the Museum and at the Bodleian, appeared in 1659, published by Moseley. It was not reprinted until 1873, when it was included in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman* (vol. iii). As usual, I refer to this edition as P. It was also reprinted in Shepherd's edition of the *Works* (vol. i—*Plays*) in a modernized form with numerous emendations, some of which I have adopted. I refer to this edition as S.

The text of *Revenge for Honour* presents few difficulties. I have followed the first quarto, comparing it in doubtful cases with Moseley's edition, Q₂. As I have not noticed any differences between these editions, I use the symbol Qq. to denote an agreement of the first and second quartos.

The metre of this play is loose and irregular, and the lines have been carelessly arranged by the old printer. I have tried to restore the proper arrangement wherever possible, and have called attention to such changes in the notes.

Prologue. l. 17. Qq. *The*; P. misprints *Whe*. S. corrects.

l. 18. Qq. *main*; P. misprints *mean*. S. corrects.

I, i. 17. Qq. *ancouge*; S. '*mong*.

49. Qq. close the line with *Prince*. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, October, 1907) suggests [*the*] *Prince*. I am inclined to believe that the proper name, *Abilqualit*, has dropped off the end of the line, and emend accordingly.

65. Qq. *Court*; P. misprints *Count*.

82-5. Qq. print as five lines, ending *nature, garments, Supper, thanks, brother*. S. prints the speech of *Sel.* as prose, and Brereton speaks of the passage from *Well then to brother* as blank prose. But it is easy to arrange it as verse, and I have done so in the text.

87. Qq. *honors*. S. reads *hours*, but this is unnecessary for the sense, and the metre of the play is throughout very irregular.

99. Qq. *oppress mans soul*; Brer. suggests [*a*] *man's soul*.

108. Qq. *to any of*. S. inserts *one* before *of*. I prefer *man*.

117-19. Qq. print as four lines, ending, *humanitie, read, virtues* and *then*.

124. Qq. *Abenbucar, Aboflu*. I emend *Abenhuacar, Abolaffi*. See note, p. 721.

127. Qq. print *A want or* as the last words of l. 126.

133-5. Qq. arranges as three lines, ending *brief, else, Physician*.

136. Qq. *expalcat*; S. emends *expatiate*.

146. Qq. *Catum*; S. reads *coitum*. I prefer *coition*.

147. I insert the stage direction.

174-6. Qq. print *Abil.*'s speech as two lines of prose.

181-2. Qq. print [*It . . . I* as one line.

186-9. Qq. print as four lines, ending *trust, command, creature* *Lord*.

224. Qq. *said*; S. emends *sad*.

231-2. The text is somewhat perplexing. S. suggests the reading *Endeavour if it be good, to assist you, Or to reclaim, if ill, from your bad purpose*.

I prefer to keep the original order, and to enclose the words *or to good* in parenthesis.

258. Qq. *sinlesse, harmlesse*; S. reads *sin less harmless*, which seems to me nonsense.

277. Qq. *fac'd*. I keep the original, but would suggest *found* as a possible reading.

326. Qq. *ye*; S. emends *he*. Perhaps we should read *I*.

336. Qq. *what*; S. reads *That*, but this is unnecessary.

369. Qq. *lead*; P. misprints *iead*.

404. Brereton suggests dropping *You*. This would give a plainer sense, but see note, p. 722.

406. Qq. *deceive*. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 144) suggests reading *deserve*, but this is unnecessary.

450. Qq. *with people*. S. inserts *the* before *people*.

II, i. 17. Brereton thinks 'probably, but by no means certainly, we should omit *them*.'

43. Brereton would read *cause*, a possessive case like *people* in l. 152 below. I prefer to take it as an objective in apposition with *danger*.

53-6. Qq. print as five lines, ending *religious, thanks, Abilqualit, say, creature*.

74. Qq. *glorious*; S. emends *glories*.

105-6. Qq. print as three lines, ending *once, truth, applauses*.

106. Qq. *a*; S. alters to *as*. But, as Brereton says, *this* = 'this is'.

152. Qq. *people*; S. *people's*, an unnecessary change which has crept into the present text.

170-1. Qq. print as three lines, ending *expedition, us, Lord*.

193. Qq. *cast*; I emend *casts*.

205. I insert [*aside*]. Brereton proposes to read *Alone! The engine*; but I think we may retain the original, and interpret 'The engine (i.e. his device) works by itself'.
295. S. reads *Force you endure*; but this violent alteration of the text is quite uncalled for.
309. Qq. have *your* as the last word of this line.
311. I have inserted the stage direction after this line.
325. Qq. *with*; P. misprints *wiith*.
327. Qq. *whether*; S. emends *whither*.
335. Qq. *has*; S. *He has*, which is unnecessary, as an easily understood subject is often not expressed. Cf. I, i, r69.
336. Qq. *he takes*; S. *he may take*. I do not think such regularizing of the characteristically loose old construction is permissible to an editor.
- 337-8. Abrahen's speech is printed as one line in Qq.
- 371-2. Osman's speech is printed as one line in Qq.
385. Qq. *march*; P. misprints *mareh*.
- II, ii, 24. Brereton would put a comma after *to boast*, thus making the infinitive depend upon *woo'd*, l. 23; but it seems simpler and more in accordance with the context to take *to boast* as depending upon *desir'd* in l. 22.
- 45-7. Qq. print as three lines, ending *made it, from the, dream*.
51. Qq. end this line with *misfortune*, printing *we* as the first word of l. 52.
- 55-60. Qq. print as six lines, ending *together, but, approach, happinesse, forces, intimations*.
- III, i, 1. I have inserted the direction [*without*].
9. I have inserted the stage direction.
34. Q. *count*; S. emends *commit*.
102. Qq. print *That* as the first word in l. 103.
128. Qq. print *And so* as the first words of l. 129.
134. I have inserted [*aside*].
136. The stage direction *Enter Mura* occurs in l. 135 in Qq. and should be printed here in parenthesis, not in brackets. Cf. p. 126, ll. 87, 90.
154. Qq. print the words *what . . . violate* in parenthesis.
208. Perhaps *him* has dropped off the end of this line.
211. Qq. print *This wildnesse* as the first words of l. 212.
212. Qq. *befit*; S. *befits*.
- III, ii, 1. Qq. *lest*, which S. retains. Brereton emends *less*.
45. Qq. *who gather'd*; S. inserts *have* after *who*.
52. Qq. *became*; S. emends *Become*.
62. Qq. print *lose* as the first word of l. 63.
75. Qq. *less*; S. wrongly alters to *Lest*.
91. Qq. print *on him* as the first words of l. 92.
97. I have supplied the stage direction after this line.
120. Qq. print *so pray* as the first words of l. 121.
128. Qq. *as it got*. S. inserts *had* after *it*.
- 138-9. Qq. print Abil.'s speech as one line.
139. Qq. print *This warrant* as the first words of l. 140.
141. I have inserted [*aside*].
143. Qq. *accustom'd*. S. emends *unaccustom'd*. The context shows this to be necessary.
- 141-6. Qq. print as six lines, ending *of it, they, accustom'd, neere, resolv'd, defend*.
147. Qq. *Carpoia's*, which P. silently corrects.
- IV, i, 44-5. In Qq. only the words from *thou'rt* to *Empire* are included in the parenthesis.
54. Qq. *exemplar*; S. *exemplary*. The change is unnecessary. In Shirley's *Cardinal*, III, ii, we find a parallel, *exemplar justice*.
94. Qq. *according*; P. misprints *according*.
110. Qq. *the*; S. emends *thy*. I have accepted this, although it is possible that the article is used for the possessive pronoun.
113. Qq. *too*; I emend *'Twere*.
125. I have inserted the *aside* in this line as in ll. 171, 173 below.
- 135-6. Qq. print these two lines as one, and read *fures*, which S. emends *furies*.
139. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.
160. Qq. *is*; P. misprints *his*.
- 165-6. Qq. prints as three lines, ending *blameless, troubled, frenzie*.

196. I have inserted *To Abilqualit*.
201. In Qq. the words *Enter, Enter* are printed in the margin in italics like a stage direction. I think it is plain that they are spoken by the mutinous soldiers without, and have inserted a stage direction accordingly.
- 201, 203, 204. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.
209. The stage direction in this line is found in l. 208 in Qq.,¹ and should be printed in parenthesis, not in brackets.
- 220, 229, 232, 238, 265. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.
- 277-8. Qq. print *our royal to see* as one line.
289. Qq. *start*; S. emends *Starts*.
- 312-3. Qq. print *Anon* as the first word of l. 313, and *Subject* as the first word of l. 314.
330. I have inserted the stage direction *rising*.
- IV, ii, 14. I have added *exit Perilinda* to the stage direction to prepare for her re-entrance, l. 75 below.
27. Qq. *off-spring of*; Brereton suggests *off'ring to*. I think *off'ring* is certainly right, but we may retain the original *of*.
- 36-7. Qq. print Caropia's speech as one line.
40. Qq. print *which* as the last word of l. 39.
- 53-4. Qq. print Caropia's speech as one line.
71. P. misprints the speaker's name in the latter part of this line as *Au*.
81. Qq. prints *him* as the first word of l. 82.
- 82, 95, 104, 115, 130. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.
- 95-9. Qq. print as five lines, ending *pray, do you, for the, piecemeale, dog!*
- 101-2. Qq. end these lines with the words *last* and *with*.
- V, i, 19-20. Qq. print the words *Never to close* as one line.
26. S. inserts *your* before *friends*.
37. I have inserted the stage direction.
41. Qq. *those these*, an evident mistake for *though these*. S. made the correction.
46. Qq. *Very*. P. gives us the 'Wellerism' *Wery*.
- V, ii. In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene Qq. read *Enter Abrahen, Simanthes and Mesithes*. The entrance of *Mesithes* is an anticipation, for his true entrance occurs below in l. 16. Qq. place it after l. 15.
30. Qq. *is a most stubborn Malady in a Lady, not cur'd*. The words *in a Lady*, are destructive alike to metre and sense. Brereton conjectures that they represent a misprint of *Malady*, which word was later inserted in the text, without the misprint's being removed. This explanation is probably correct, although it seems to me that the phrase might be an actor's 'gag', interjected as an aside to the audience.
39. Qq. *intend*; S. alters to *indeed*. Brereton suggests *in th' end* or *enter'd in*, but admits that these are unsatisfactory. I believe that all that is necessary is to replace the final *s* which has dropped off. For the sense, see note, p. 726.
- 52-3. Qq. print as two lines, ending *order, presence*.
55. Qq. put the entrance of Caropia after l. 54. As this was apparently for typographical convenience, I have not hesitated to alter it.
- 75, 102, 179. I have inserted *aside* in these lines.
133. Qq. print *when your* as the last words of l. 132.
199. I have supplied the direction *Cries within*. Cf. note above on IV, i, 201.
200. I have inserted the necessary entrance before this line.
- 211, 266. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.
229. Qq. *our strengths and fates*. *Fates* is evidently an anticipation of the same word at the close of the line. The emendation of S., *fortunes*, seems to me a very certain one.
235. Qq. *but our just arme has strength to punish*. S. inserts *enough* before *strength*. I believe an acceptable line may be obtained¹ by transferring *thy*, printed as the first word in l. 236 in Qq., to the end of l. 235.
272. Qq. *kiss'd*; Brereton suggests *kiss* = expend my breath in a

kiss; but I believe the past tense may be retained.

297. Qq. *you dear Abilqualit*; S. inserts *With* before *you*. This seems a necessary emendation.

306. Qq. print *with justice* as the first words of l. 307.

322-325. Qq. print as four lines, ending *anon, him, faithfull, be*. Brereton suggests arranging the passage, ll. 322-7, as five lines, ending *Prince, souldiers, sav'd,*

and I, Farewell, and making *Sure* to *not* a short line. This is perhaps a better arrangement than mine, but I wished to preserve the arrangement of the Qq. wherever it was possible to discover even a rough rhythm in it.

336. Qq. *Festival*. I restore the final *s*, which I think has dropped off.

Epilogue. l. 9. Qq. *What*; P. misprints *Wnat*.





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